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FROM

the Publishers

BACONIANA

"Therefore we shall make our judgment upon the things themselves as they give light one to another and, as we can, dig Truth out of the mine."

—FRANCIS BACON.

VOL. V. THIRD SERIES

BACONIANA

A Quarterly Magazine



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BACONIANA

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE



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The Bacon Society.

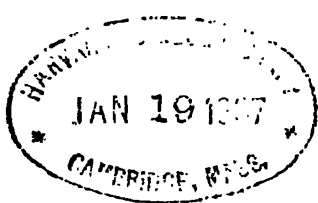
(INCORPORATED.)

THE objects of the Society are expressed in the Memorandum of Association to be :—

1. To encourage the study of the works of Francis Bacon as philosopher, lawyer, statesman and poet ; also his character, genius, and life ; his influence on his own and succeeding times, and the tendencies and results of his writings.
2. To encourage the general study of the evidence in favour of Francis Bacon's authorship of the plays commonly ascribed to Shakespeare, and to investigate his connection with other works of the Elizabethan period.

The annual subscription of Members, who are entitled to vote at the Society's business meetings, is one guinea ; that of Associates is half-a-guinea.

The Society's Library and Rooms are at 11, Hart Street, London, W.C. (close to the British Museum), where the Secretary attends daily, and from 7 to 8 o'clock will be happy to supply further information.



Eng Lit 233

BACONIANA.

VOL. V. *Third Series.* JANUARY, 1907. No. 17.

THE MOST RECENT CONCLUSIONS OF GERMAN SCHOLARSHIP ON THE B.-S. QUESTION

PROFESSOR GUSTAVE HOLZER, of Heidelberg, is one of the most earnest and enlightened Baconians in Germany. He has already published two pamphlets referring especially to the interior significance of the *Tempest*, some account of which has appeared in BACONIANA. He has now contributed a succession of three papers to the *Südwest Deutsche Schulblätter*, a monthly organ of teachers and University scholars in Baden, Wurtemberg, &c. The first of these appears in the September number, and gives a general *resumé* of the Anti-Shaksperean side of the controversy; the known facts of William Shakspere's life being summarized with the characteristic completeness of German scholarship. We need not reproduce this. After this exhaustive enumeration of facts known about William Shakspere's life, the Professor discusses the enigmatical Stratford monument. Some time after Shakspere's death, says Professor Holzer, the well-known stone bust was placed in the Church, "no one knows by whose direction—*a quo, quibus auxiliis, cur, quomodo, quando*,—this was done; and on it were the

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oft-quoted pompous inscriptions"—the Latin, which is given in its original form, and the English one in Max Koch's German translation. On these inscriptions the writer remarks, "The last-quoted lines bear unmistakable traces of Ben Jonson's mind and style. The bust itself is a coarse, heavy piece of inferior workmanship (*Ein plumpes Machwerk*). Observe only the assuming expression, the sullen self-satisfaction of the self-made gentleman. The left hand rests on a packet of writings (for he really was a writer!); in his right hand (fortunately not in the left) he holds his 'mighty pen,' and is writing—*on the cushion*. . . . Surely some waggish Puck must be behind the scenes—some jester; perhaps the Keeper of the Great Seals had something to do with it. *Mundus vult decipi*—and the skilful imitator of many pens has been here practising the arts in which his dexterity had been so often proved." On all the biographic particulars about Shakspeare, Professor Holzer comments with scholarly insight:—

"Can it possibly be that not one original authentic written line, no genuine transcript of the Dramas, not a trace of the 'sugared' sonnets which were addressed to many different people of high rank—that nothing of this kind has come down to posterity? Was there a general conspiracy, *de parti convenu*, to extinguish and annihilate all this, merely that that respectable person, William Shakspeare, might not be compromised? And pray what earthly reason had William Shakspeare for secrecy? Why should *he* conceal the fact that he was a great poet? Why hide *his* light under a bushel? Then, also, we have not a single book, with perhaps some wise words or some autograph, showing it was given by or given to this great man. What has become of the large library which the Shakespeare poet *must* have possessed, out of which in his hours of study and seclusion he gathered his all embracing knowledge?

All burnt up! Consumed with the Globe Theatre, together with the priceless manuscripts and theatre books: and probably all burnt once more in the great fire of London: and then again burnt quite irretrievably in some Stratford conflagration! Spiteful, envious, scarcely conceivable fate! But after all, William Shakspeare's house was *not* burnt when his books were!!"

Then, again, we have no glimpse of work, of quiet, earnest study in William Shakspeare's life. All that we actually know points only to practical matters—to money-making; there is plenty of prose, no poetry, not a trace of information about his presumed correspondence with the great men of his time—men whom he met at Court or in society. Ben Jonson calls him a straw thing—a mere dummy. Except as an actor for the entertainment of Elizabeth or James, he was not likely ever to go to Court. If he had, some reference would assuredly have come down to us in the surviving State papers, full as they are of detail about all Court happenings; or in the records of a time so full of action, writing, and correspondence. He was, so far as we know, a handsome, clever man, a competent and discerning theatre manager and shareholder, and became gradually, as a player, a rich and substantial citizen. And in due time he satisfied his heart's desire, and became a certificated gentleman—most likely through the assistance and advocacy of his patron and double—to the great gratification also of his family and friends. This is William Shakspeare as portrayed by authentic, genuine documents. The theatre was, evidently, only a milking cow. Hamlet said of his actor, "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" And William Shakspeare would say much the same thing.

We may easily suppose that Dr. Hall, Shakspeare's

son-in-law, would have no objection to the nimbus of glory that had lighted upon his family; and the respectable Stratford townsmen—even those who could not read—good-natured, keen men of business, would chuckle if they were told that their rich fellow-townsmen and boon companion was regarded in the great world yonder as a remarkable jay in peacock's feathers. And would William Shakspeare, under some sort of obligation to hold his tongue, disclose the real nature of these circumstances? Apart from ingeniously devised tradition, including the enigmatical Stratford Memorial, as well as the seven introductory poems in the 1623 Folio, there is *no* documentary information, not a single authentic statement, not one wretchedly written line by William Shakspeare himself, handed down to posterity (and that from a time when printing and writing were abundant), that furnishes any matter-of-fact, indisputable proof that William Shakspeare was really a poet. The Stratford Memorial is destitute of those indispensable marks of verisimilitude which entitle it to be accepted as evidence. Professor Holzer continues:—

“The judgment of scepticism must contend that if the asserted poetic gifts of William Shakspeare are genuine facts, it is a phenomenon standing by itself, unsampled by experience. In nature, in the actual world as we know it, such a fact is non-existent. All that Shakspeare research has professed to discover since the time of Nicholas Rowe (1709) up to to-day about Shakspeare's genius, his wonderful knowledge, the greatness of his mind, his devotion to and skill in the work he accomplished, his noble character, his many virtues, etc., all that is written in a thousand books and has been spoken in ten thousand orations, are merely ingenious and more or less accurate echoes and reflections of the writings of the poet, and as such

worthy of all acceptation and recognition. But so far as the actor William Shakspeare is concerned these *ex post facto* deductions (Rückschlüsse) are absolutely frail, unsupported, unscientific, spider-woven creations, insignificant inferences, unwarranted deductions, only *argumenta a silentio*. Very easy and very convenient it is to spin out arguments of this sort about that of which history supplies nothing definite, nothing documentary. We may use our faculties of combining, speculating, and fancying to any extent we please—there is no limit. Cleverly excogitated results derived from the plays, the sonnets, &c., nicely set down in order according to inner and outer schemes of arrangement, we may construct at pleasure; but it is an air-drawn fabric, hanging upon nothing. Thereupon follow those well-known charming, captivating, fancy-begotten, conventional, hackneyed — ultimately nauseating — fashions and generalities of which there is no end. Worse still, the result is, that false, misguding representations of the personality of the poet are spread abroad, and work unspeakable mischief."

The October continuation of Professor Holzer's survey of the "Bacon-Shakespeare Frage" discusses the known facts about the poet whom we know as William Shakespeare, and the more or less successful attempts made by Baconians to fill up the gap left by all previous biographers of Bacon in the earlier part of his life—between 1579 and 1592. Professor Holzer points to the researches and studies of some English and American Baconians directed especially to this point, especially mentioning Parker Woodward, R. M. Theobald, George Stronach, and G. C. Cuninghame. Most of all, he names Rev. Walter Begley as the strongest champion on the Baconian side. "By the unwearied researches of Begley, too early snatched away by the inexorable stroke of death, a hitherto unknown

biography of Bacon has been discovered, by which earlier records have been partly confirmed and partly completed. This most important discovery, *Histoire Naturelle*, edited by Pierre Amboise . . . was nothing to do with Begley!!

Space does not allow any extended notice of Professor Holzer's *precis* of the additions to Bacon biography thus supplied, nor is it necessary, as both Mr. Begley's book and articles in *BACONIANA* contain all this in a form easily accessible to our readers. In a footnote, Professor Holzer puts the orthodox view of the case in a striking and amusing way. "We are soberly asked to believe that Will Shakspeare, of Stratford, when a youngster of fifteen, came across Stephen Gosson's pamphlet, the 'School of Abuse,' and other critical and dramatic writings. He was greatly influenced by them—indignant with some, inspired by others, and he at once resolved to denounce the 'hypocritical saints,' and to distance the best of those whom he admired. A little later he jotted down *Venus and Adonis*, as a result of his own life's experiences, and he carefully stuck the manuscript into his pocket when he journeyed to London—a remarkable forecast of our own pocket editions." Professor Holzer's third and concluding article does not need any extended notice from us. It is concerned entirely with the historical side of the question, and especially with the 32 Noctes Verulamiani, and Ben Jonson's poem prefixed to the 1,623 Folio—some of which poems the Professor translates. We think the Professor should add another chapter to his summary of evidence, and show what a vast mass is contained on the literary side—the countless indications of identity of thought, language, knowledge, that have been pointed out by Baconians. Perhaps this will be supplied when the series is published in a separate volume. No one is

better qualified to do this than Professor Holzer. His command of the English language is perfect, and he knows that many Baconians regard the literary side of the controversy as at once the most interesting and the most valuable, the most conclusive of all. Its evidence is unimpeachable, and its value in the analysis of Elizabethan literature cannot be over estimated.

Professor Holzer has a very capable fellow-champion in Dr. W. Ihne, son of a former Professor of German in England, who has had some share in the footnote which we have quoted. Evidently our German colleagues have taken a pretty accurate measure of both Baconian and orthodox research, and can visit with deserved ridicule the perpetually renewed attempts of Shakespearean critics to construct Shakspeare's life-story out of their own inner consciousness. These fictitious biographies are neither so amusing nor so instructive as most historical novels; and so the world is beginning to discover. Sir Walter Scott is a better novel writer than Sidney Lee.

R. M. THEOBALD.

ROBERT GREENE

NOVELS and light literature published as from the pen of the above person occupied the attention of the Elizabethan reading public from 1580 to 1600. Yet practically nothing is known about Greene.

The dates and places of his birth, marriage, death and burial are not known.

There is no evidence as to who were his parents, his wife, or child, nor where he was educated. A suggestion which may yet be verified from college records is that a certain Robert Greene entered St. John's College, Cambridge, on 26th November, 1575, as a serving scholar, and proceeded B.A., 1578-9. But no college record has yet been vouched to show that he graduated M.A. at Clare Hall in 1583. A tale entitled *Mamillia*, 2nd part, was entered S.R. on 6th Sept., 1583, but was not published until 1593, a date later than Greene's alleged death. This work is dedicated "from my studie in Clare Hall. By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes in Cambridge." Yet *Mamillia*, 1st part, entered S.R. 3rd Oct., 1580, was printed 1583, as by Robert Greene, Graduate in Cambridge.

Greene may have taken his M.A., and may have been at Clare Hall, but sufficient proof is not yet forthcoming.

According to the Biliteral Cipher Story of Francis Bacon, Greene was one of Bacon's literary screens or masks. This is what he says :—

"Several small works under no name won worthy praise. Next in Spenser's name also they ventured into an unknown world. When I at length having written in divers stiles, found three who for sufficient reward in gold, added to an immediate renowne as good pens willingly put forth all workes which I had composed, I was bolder."—*Deciphered from Novum Organum*, 1620.

"Spenser, Greene, Peele, Marlowe have sold me theirs."—
Deciphered from Jonson's Works, Folio 1616.

It is the fashion to descry the alleged cipher and its story. Those who have the moral courage to accept the cipher for a moment, if only as a working hypothesis, may be disposed to follow this article to its end, and I promise they will be interested.

The cipher allegation is consistent with Greene, "the putter forth," having been the serving scholar of St. John's, who drifted from Cambridge to London in search of employment, and he may even have taken holy orders. Computing the age of the young serving scholar as fourteen when he entered St. John's, Cambridge, he would, in 1583, when he came to London, be about the same age as young Bacon. Harvey states (*Four Letters*) that Greene died under the age of twenty-nine.

Bacon had, I think, already published *Euphues* (1579), in the pen-name of Lyly, and *Shepheard's Calendar* (1580) in the name of Immerito. But the *Mirror of Modesty* entered S.R. in April, 1579, and *Mamillia*, 1st part, entered S.R. 1580, seem to have been kept back from the printer until 1583 and the next year, when Greene became available and willing to act as sponsor. The suggestion that the *Mirror of Modesty* and *Mamillia*, 1st part, were written by Greene at Cambridge does not accord with the sort of confession entitled *The Repentance of Robert Greene*, printed in 1592, in which it is stated that he left Cambridge and spent a long time on the Continent, then returned, "and after I had by degrees proceeded Maister of Arts I left the University and away to London where . . . I became an author of plays and a penner of love pamphlets."

Francis Bacon left Cambridge at the age of fifteen without taking a degree, and the following year went to France under the best conditions possible for experi-

ence and study, namely, in the train of the English Ambassador.

M. Jusserand, writing of Greene, states, "Learned he was, versed in the Greek, Latin, French and Italian tongues." So was Francis Bacon. Mr. H. C. Hart, recently writing in *Notes and Queries*, remarked that Greene was a versatile genius. Mr. Spedding claimed this concerning Bacon. "Proverbial philosophy is unusually rampant in Greene's method," says Mr. Hart. The same may be said of Bacon's method.

Greene alludes in his *Vision* to the importance of men of first-class abilities using them in persuading men to honest and honorable actions. Bacon in his references to the Orpheus legend urges a similar line of conduct.

We find Greene, like Bacon, continually utilising and incorporating the work of other men. Bacon admitted that he lit his torch at every man's candle. Tieck, the German critic, thought some of Greene's lines the work of the youthful Shakespeare.

Storenjoko, the Russian critic, was struck with the astounding resemblance between Greene's *Philomela* and Shakespeare's *Imogen*. Professor Brown affirmed that in style Greene was the father of Shakespeare.

Mr. White assigned to Greene the authorship of *Loves Labour Lost* and *Comedy of Errors*. Gabriel Harvey, his clever contemporary, accused Greene of being the ape of Euphues. Harvey, in 1589, wrote of Euphues as "young Euphues" when the first work of that name was printed in 1579. At that time Francis would be nineteen. There is, at present, no deciphered claim of *Euphues* as an early work of Bacon, though I think it will turn out to be such. Harvey, writing to *Immerito* in 1580, refers to him as "so honest a youth in the city, so true a gallant in the Court so toward a lawyer and so witty a gentleman."

It is to be noticed that the writer of the works ascribed to Greene was a lawyer also.

If Bacon was the writer there is no incongruity.

Here are some instances of legal phraseology :—

"Mark the words, tis a lease parol to have and to hold."—*Looking Glass for England.*

"This lease this manor or this patent sealed."—*James IV.*

"I have left thee by my last Will and Testament only heir and sole executer of all my lands and moveables yet with this proviso."—*Mamillia*, 2nd part.

"Neither is the defendant overthrown at the first plea of the plaintiff.—*Ditto.*

According to the so-called *Repentance* and other confessional works in Greene's name, *Greene makes himself out to have been a licentious vagabond*, and writes an elaborate apology for his life, urging others to take warning from his example, and improve their own conduct. I quote the words, putting in italics a few which seem equivocal :—

"*But however my life hath beene* let my repentant end be a generall example to all the youth in England to obey their parentes to flie whoredome drunkenness swearing blaspheming contempt of the word and such grevous and grosse sinnes least they bring their parents' heads with sorrow to their graves and leaste (with mee) they be a blemish to their kindred and to their posteritie for ever."

Yet, when we examine the few contemporary descriptions of Greene, we find the witnesses as respectfully complimentary of him as Gabriel Harvey, the brilliant young Cambridge Lecturer, was of "Immerito" (Two Letters of Notable Contents).

This is what Chettle said (*Kind Hearts Dream*, 1592) :—

"A man of indifferent yeares, of face amiable, of body well proportioned, his attire after the habit of a scholarlike gentleman only his hair was somewhat long."

In Greene's *Funeralls*, 1594, R.B. says :—

"Greene pleased the eies of all that lookt upon him."

"For judgment Jove for learning deepe he still Apollo seemde
For fluent tongue for eloquence, men Mercury him deemde
For curtesie suppose him Guy or Guyons somewhat lesse
His life and manners though I would I cannot halfe expresse
Nor mouth nor mind nor Muse can halfe declare
His life his love his laude so excellent they were."

What Harvey said to the contrary was only part of the collaborated joking in which Harvey took a full share. Harvey pretended that he was "altogether unacquainted with the man."

Other things being equal, these encomiums would accord with a fair description of young Francis Bacon.

In the Martin Mar-Sixtus pamphlet, printed 1592, Greene is referred to as the "red-nosed minister." This clever pamphlet was probably the work of Sir Walter Raleigh, of whose capacity as an author the writer of the *Arte of English Poesie* (1589) speaks cordially. Raleigh may either not have known that Robert the parson was merely a mask for Bacon's work, and, therefore, abused the assumed writer; or I suspect that, as a member of the Court circle, he knew very well Bacon's position in the matter, and joined in the pamphlet warfare for amusement.

There is slight further proof that Greene, the mask, had been a minister in some MS. notes written on the title-page of a 1599 print of the "Pinner of Wakefield," viz.: "Written by . . . a minister who acted the pinner's part in it himself. Teste W. Shakespeare. Ed. Juby saith it was made by Ro Greene." Mr. Fleay is disposed to identify Greene with "Robert the parson," one of the players in the Earl of Leicester's company. These actors accompanied the Earl to the Continent in 1586, and if the mask was away, the fact

that in 1586 nothing was printed in the name of Greene is probably thus accounted for. It is possible the real Robert Greene died about 1590-91. Stowe records the burial of a man of that name on 14th November, 1590, at St. Botolfs, Aldersgate. That Francis Bacon appears to have decided about 1591-2 to drop light literature, and let his "Greene" shade die most dramatically in the public eye, has some support from his letter to Burleigh, which Mr. Spedding ascribes to this date.

In this Francis announces that he had vast contemplative ends, and had taken all knowledge for his province. In working out Bacon's resolve to bury himself as Greene, Harvey collaborated. The fictitious autobiography and the pamphleteering between 1591 and 1594, arising out of the "death" of the pseudo Greene, are, I think, the most amusing incidents in Elizabethan literature. From the autobiography and the pamphlets modern biographers and editors have evolved what they honestly supposed to have been correct details of Greene's life. How otherwise could they have passed by the obvious jest in the *Groatsworth of Wit* (1592), in which the supposed dying father remarks of his son: "he is still Greene, and may grow straight." They have also allowed themselves to be imposed upon by Harvey, who stated (*Four Letters*) that Greene had a bastard son, "Infortunatus Greene" (why Greene?) This surely was only a jibe by Harvey at Francis Bacon's fondness (in writing in the name of Greene) of the word "infortunate" (see examples in *Notes and Queries*, by Mr. Hart, 1905, page 81).

Mr. J. P. Collier, always ready to go one better, professed to have found the following entry in the Parish Registry of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, under date 11th August, 1593:—

"Fortunatus Green was buried the same day."

This is likely to be another of Mr. Collier's forgeries and also one of his mistakes, as the name is not correct.

Gabriel Harvey is responsible for further mystification. According to the *Repentance* the following letter was written by Greene on his death-bed :—

"Sweet wife as ever there was any goodwill or friendship between thee and mee see this bearer (my host) satisfied of his debt : I owe him tenne pound and but for him I had perished in the streetes. Forget and forgive my wrongs done unto thee and Almighty-God have mercie on my soule.

"Farewell till we meet in heaven for on earth thou shalt never see me more.

"This 2 of September.

"Written by thy dying husband.—*Robert Greene.*"

Harvey, in his *Four Letters*, states that he saw the hostess of the dying Greene, before the 8th September, and that Greene had given his host a bond for ten pounds, *on which* was written the following letter :—

"Doll I charge thee by the love of our youth and by my soules rest that thou wilt see this man paid : for if he and his wife had not succoured me I had died in the streetes.—*Robert Greene.*"

There could hardly have been two letters, so that the Harvey-Immerito combination in this instance did not collaborate very well.

The Earl of Leicester died early in 1588, and was succeeded in the Chancellorship at Oxford by Sir Christopher Hatton. In Wood's *Fasti*, following an account of this succession, are two rather significant entries. The first states that in April of that year Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was incorporated M.A., being accounted one of the best poets amongst the nobility of England. The next is, that Robert Greene, M.A., of Cambridge, was also then incorporated.

On the assumption of the cipher story that the

young men Francis Bacon and Robert Devereux were brothers, these entries may represent a bit of pleasantry by Hatton, with whom, as his letters show, Francis was on good terms.

At any rate several works published by Greene subsequent to this date have the reference, "utriusque Academiae in artibus Magister."

The cipher story that Bacon wrote the works ascribed to Greene and Marlowe receives some probably unintended support from recent articles by Mr. H. C. Hart in *Notes and Queries*, July, 1905, to July, 1906.

Mr. Hart shows that from Bowes' 1586 translation of Primaudaye's *French Academy* Greene's excerpts were "frequent and painful and free." Primaudaye's chapter on *Fortune* is virtually annexed by Greene in *Tritameron*, 2nd part (1587), except one passage.

Why did "Greene" omit this passage? Mr. Hart finds the excepted passage used in the play of *Tamburlaine*, afterwards ascribed to "Marlowe."

This points very strongly to the use by one writer of different portions of the book for different purposes. Two persons cribbing from one common source would hardly be so particular.

That "Greene," in *Menaphon*, printed 1589, quotes from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 2nd part, not printed until 1590, rather supports this view. The works of Greene, Bacon, and Shakespeare have much in common, as many critics have noticed.

I content myself with one illustration as sufficient for the limits of my space. For others I refer the reader to Mr. H. Bayley's recent work, *The Shakespeare Symphony*.

"Greene," in *Mamillia*, 2nd part, printed 1590, says:—"I remember the saying of Dante that love cannot roughly be thrust out, but it must easily creep."

In 1619, not printed until after Bacon's death, a letter from him to King James has :—"Love must creep in service where it cannot go."

In *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, not printed until 1623—seven years after the ascribed author's death—there is the same sentiment :—

"Love will creep in service where it cannot go."

One day, let us hope, some qualified and courageous literary expert will set to work to dig out England's greatest author and benefactor from the obscurity with which he enshrouded most of his writings. For the credit of English literature the task should not be left to foreign nations.

PARKER WOODWARD.

OID *cum* SHAKESPEARE, *cum* MAR-
LOWE *cum* BEN JONSON

THE motto which Shakespeare chose for "the first heir of his invention," *Venus and Adonis*, is the following :—

"Vilia miretur vulgus ; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua."

This couplet is taken from Ovid's *Amores*, Book I. xv. 36 ; and it is worth notice that this poem is one of those translated by Marlowe, and known as Ovid's *Elegies*. The translation is very skilful, very accurate, generally very closely literal, so that a struggling student might use Marlowe as a crib in grinding through the *Amores*. These verses are thus rendered by Marlowe :—

"Let base conceited wits admire vile things,
Fair Phoebus lead me to the Muse's springs."

Following Marlowe's translation is one by "B. J.,"

and it appears complete in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*. Jonson's translation of the same couplet is:—

“Kneel hinds to trash : me let bright Phœbus swell,
With cups full flowing from the Muse's well.”

It is curious and interesting to see Shakespeare and Marlowe and Ben Jonson and Ovid all harnessed together in one team. There are many indications in the Marlowe version of Ovid's *Amores* that Marlowe and Shakespeare are inextricably coupled together; and that when Marlowe paraphrases, instead of translating literally, Shakespeare uses the same words. Thus, Marlowe translates *longas hiemes* (I. viii.) by “winter's lasting rage.” “Winter's rages” are heard in *Cymbeline* IV. ii. 260; and a close approximation to it in *Sonnet* xiii. :—

“Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold.”

And again in Marlowe's *Edward II.* II. i. 61, —

“The shepherd nipt with biting winter's rage.”

Rage is a very favourite word with Shakespeare.

In the 13th Elegy Ovid writes, “*Adspice quot somnos juveni donarit amato,—Luna!*” Literally, “See what slumbers the moon bestows on the youth she loves.” Marlowe names the youth—

“The moon sleeps with Endymion every day.”

And the same joint slumbers of the moon and Endymion are referred to in *Merch. Ven.* V. i. 109.

The bitter question put by Shylock—“Hates any man the thing he would not kill?”—is evidently a reflection of the line in Ovid's *Amores* II. ii. 10, “*Quem metuit quisque, perrise cupit,*” which “Marlowe” renders—

“Believe me whom we fear we wish to perish.”

The comparison between death and its “cold image,”

sleep, so frequently repeated, in varied modes of expression, in Shakespeare (see Promus 1204) is derived from Ovid's *Amores* II. ix. 41. *Stulte* [the Promus, as printed, has *FALSA* : perhaps a misreading of the MS.] *Quid est somnus gelidæ nisi mortis imago ?*—and “Marlowe” translates it, very literally,

“Fool ! What is sleep but image of cold death ?”

In the last Elegy of the second book, line 35, we find the words “*Quod sequitur, fugio ; Quod fugit, ipse sequor,*” translated by “Marlowe,”

“What flies, I follow, what follows me I shun.”

This recalls the speech of the fourth Counsellor in the *Gesta Grayorum* : “The proverb is a country proverb, but significative, ‘Milk the cow that standeth still, why follow you her that flieth away?’” And this, again, recalls the lines in Sonnet 143 :

“Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent.
So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee from far behind.”

And,

“Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues,
Pursuing that which flies and flying what pursues.”

—*Mer. V. II. ii.* 187.

These comparisons are pointed out in the translation of the Promus 553. Unfortunately two of the references are wrong ; the “SECOND Counsellor” should be the fourth ; and the last quotation is given as *Mer. V. II. 3*, instead of *II. 2*.

The 15th Elegy of the first book also anticipates the sentiment which closes Bacon's Essay of Death :—
“Death hath this also : that it openeth the gate to good

fame, and extinguisheth envy." Mr. Reynolds, in his edition of the Essays, quotes the passage from this Elegy :

"Pascitur in vivis Livor, post fata quiescit,
Cum suus ex merito quemque tuetur honos."

Translated nearly alike in the two versions—Marlowe's and B. J.'s—

"Envy the living, not the dead doth bite,
For after death all men receive their right."

There is another very striking anticipation of Shakespeare in the 14th Elegy of the third book. The subject is described as "*Ad amicam, si peccatura est, ut occulte peccet,*" and the whole drift of it, repeatedly expressed with ingenious variations and reiterations, is this:—The poet tell his mistress to hide her frailties if she cannot avoid them. She is to wear modesty as a garment even if it is not a native quality of her character—she is to "put it on" when she dresses, — "*Indue cum tunicis metuentem crimina vultum.*" The whole Elegy is well reflected in the speech of Luciana to Antipholus of Syracuse—*Com. Er.* III. ii. 7-28. Both poets tell their wooer to "Muffle your false love with some show of blindness." Both give the counsel that virtue should be assumed even if it is not possessed: *Sit tibi mens melior, saltemve imitare pudicas, Teque probam, quamvis non eris, esse putem* (13, 14).

"Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint."

Both Ovid's Latin and Marlowe's translation are too naked and unabashed for entire quotation. The same advice is given by Hamlet to his mother:—

"Assume a virtue if you have it not."—*Ham.* III. iv. 160.

And he tells her of custom,

"That to the use of actions fair and good,
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on."

Obviously Bacon's philosophy of behaviour, as a dress that can be put on or taken off, is reflected in both these plays, as it is in about fifty passages in Shakspeare (See Chapter VIII. in my "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light"). And it is curiously anticipated by the one word "Indue" in Ovid.

As a sequel to these references to Marlowe's translation of Ovid's Elegies, I am glad to be able to add what Rev. Walter Begley wrote on the same subject. This is the chapter in his uncompleted work on Marlowe.

R. M. THEOBALD.

OVID'S ELEGIES: TRANSLATED BY C. M.

These have been universally attributed to Marlowe, and I should not have thought of raising a doubt if it had not been for my researches into Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*.*

I will only say that Ben Jonson, when he brings Bacon on the stage, at the very beginning of the *Poetaster*, as Ovid Junior, composing a new revised edition of Ovid's fifteenth Elegy, does certainly seem to suggest the Baconian author of these translations, or anyhow of the latter and revised one.

It is against common-sense to suppose that any author intending to turn one of Ovid's Elegies into English verse, should at once take the previous translation of the same Elegy by another author, and, changing only a word or two here and there, put it forth as his own. Nothing can induce belief that Ben Jonson, or B. J., or anyone else except the original author, is responsible

* Cf. Is it Shakespeare? Index, &c.

for the second revised version of the first. Whoever wrote the first, wrote the revised also. We have not here two independent attempts by different authors. Whatever, then, was the reason that those two versions should be presented to the public in the second edition of *Hero and Leander* with the title put over the second one, "The same by B. J."—when it must be clear to the common sense of even the uncritical reader that the two versions were from the same pen—only the second had a few verbal and metrical improvements.

It is most amusing to see how the critics are non-plussed by these two Elegies, and at what extraordinary and contradictory conclusions they arrive. Mr. Bullen, the last editor, having had the advantage of perusing his predecessor's amazing attempts, gives us the following footnote to the title of the second version :—"The same by B. J., *i.e.*, Ben Jonson, who afterwards introduced it into the *Poetaster*. This version is merely a revision of the preceding, which *must* also have been written by Ben Jonson. (Not in Isham copy or Ed. A.)." Notice the "*must*," which I have italicised. How categorically and imperatively it settles the question! But Elegy XV., in its first version, was in the original edition and all succeeding ones, and Mr. Bullen will find it rather hard to show how Ben Jonson got this particular Elegy mixed up and printed with Marlowe's when they were first published. Is it supposed that Ben Jonson had any more of his work among Marlowe's Elegies? Ben Jonson and Marlowe never wrote in collaboration, for Jonson was unknown to fame at Marlowe's death and for some little time afterwards.

It really seems as if the Bacon theory is the only one to explain these versions. The matter is simple enough on this supposition, and could be thus explained. Bacon (or Ovid Junior, as Ben Jonson called him), wrote some English translations of a few of Ovid's *Amores*, and

they were printed "at Middleborough," under the title of *Epigrammes and Elegies by J. D. and C. M.* J. D. was the Sir John Davies to whom Bacon, in 1603, wrote the famous letter referring to "concealed poets," and C. M. was supposed to stand for Christopher Marlowe. Not long afterwards another edition appeared—also printed "at Middlesbrough"—containing "All Ovid's Elegies, 3 Books by C. M., Epigrammes by J. D." [There is no date on these books. Col. Cuninghame suggests *circa* 1597.] Now we get for the first time the second version of Elegy I. xv., and the initials B. J. given as the author. My suggestion is that both are Bacon's composition, and as he had improved his original version and wished to print it, he was obliged to attribute it to someone, for everyone would know that it could not be Marlowe's, who had been in his grave for several years. Therefore Bacon put some initials to the new production, viz., B. J. (perhaps John Bodenham), which a casual reader might take for Ben Jonson and think no more of it. But on my supposition Ben Jonson would not thus pass it over, for he would know well enough that it was not his, and so I suggest that he made use of his knowledge in the *Poetaster* when he brings before us Ovid Junior, correcting this very Elegy, and saying, "Yes! it shall go so," and it goes into the *Poetaster*, as it had before in the volume. If Jonson had really made the second translation he would not have given it to Ovid Junior, but if he knew the real author of both, then the *Poetaster* makes things perfectly clear, and the way Jonson puts the matter meets all the difficulties.

But with regard to these Ovidian Elegies I can offer what seems to be a stronger proof still, hitherto unnoticed. Referring to the two title-pages, we see that the Elegies, some years after Marlowe's death, were apparently first published *in part*, and then, when Marlowe had been a little longer in the grave, they were

completed in three books. Now if they were written by Marlowe and left behind him at his death, why was the first edition incomplete? If the reason was that another version of Marlowe's translation had been found, why was not this much required explanation given? For it surely required a little explaining why a man's poems or translations should grow in size after his death.

To say the least this is suspicious; but I have referred to a stronger proof, which comes from John Stow's *Annales*, 1615, p. 811, as follows:—"Our moderne and present excellent poets, which worthely florish in their owne workes, and all of them in their very owne knowledge lived together in this Queenes raigne, according to their priorities as neere as I could, I have orderly set down." Then follows a long list, beginning with George Gascoigne, Esquire, and ending with M. George Withers. In this list—and here is my proof—only two poets are coupled together, and they are Sir Francis Bacon and Sir John Davies!

Now why should these two be thus coupled, and why should Bacon, of all men, be put among the illustrious poets, when, so far as we know, he had never published a line of poetry in his own name of any kind in 1615? I think the answer is obvious. John Stow coupled these two because he had reason to know that the Epigrammes and Elegies of J. D. and C. M. were really written by Sir John Davies and Francis Bacon, and as these poems were published together he did not make a separate entry to the two, but wrote them down as joint authors, thus:—Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, & Sir John Davies, Knight; this ampersand being the only one in the whole list. When Sir John Davies published his collected works in 1622, he did not include these Epigrammes. Why? We may conjecture; we do not know.

It should also be noticed that the several early editions of the Elegies, which came in pretty rapid succession,

had all, including the first, the imprint *Middlebrough*. Why Middlebrough? Simply, I think, as a great joke. They were probably all printed in London; and as Mr. Edmunds found a copy of one of the Middlebrough editions of the year 1599 in the Lamport cupboard, Jaggard would probably be the printer. The joke about the imprint would arise from the fact that such lascivious poems should issue from Middlebrough, the very place which the Brownists and rabid Puritans put as a blind on their own very indifferent productions. In fact, it was as amusingly deceptive as the somewhat parallel case of Mirabeau, two centuries later, who published the *Erotica Biblion* as emanating from the Press of the Vatican itself (à Rome de l'Imprimerie du Vatican, 1783).

REV. WALTER BEGLEY.

ALCHEMY AND THE HOLY GRAIL

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE BACON SOCIETY,
DECEMBER 20TH, 1906.

ALCHEMY is a subject variously defined by various writers. According to some it is a pretended science, having for its object the transmutation of the baser metals into gold, and those practising it were either dupes or fools. Others maintain that the Alchemists were not in pursuit of material objects at all, but were, in reality, the philosophers and reformers of their period, whose true ARS MAGNA, disguised under a jargon of symbolism, was a conversion of the baser elements of humanity into the gold of goodness.

The most convincing exponent of what I will call the ethical theory is E. A. Hitchcock, an American writer, who died some fifty years ago. I am fortunate in pos-

sessing what there is reason to believe is the author's personal copy of this rare and long out-of-print book. It contains pencilled revisions and notes which I have found to be extremely suggestive. Hitchcock, however, pushes his theory so far as to maintain that the genuine Alchemists were never experimental chemists at all, nor are we indebted to them for any of the casual discoveries with which science credits them. Least of all were they in pursuit of gold, although their writings, wrongly interpreted, misled many into that vain and chimæric quest.

There can, however, be no reasonable doubt that chemical experiment, if not the essence of Alchemy, was at all events an important side issue, and before proceeding to deal with the ethical theory I will instance a few of the seemingly numerous cases where there is good reason to suppose the physical transmutation of metals was achieved.

Of these, perhaps, the best known and the least comprehensible is that of Nicholas Flamel, who died somewhere about 1419. From the position of a poor scrivener Flamel sprang suddenly into great opulence. In his will he left a detailed account of the events which led to his possession of the great secret of transmutation, and he concludes with the words :—

Before the time when I wrote this discourse which was at the latter end of the year of our Lord 1413 after the death of my faithful companion [Perrenelle, his wife] whose loss I cannot but lament all the days of my life, she and I had already founded and endowed with revenues fourteen hospitals, three chapels, and seven churches in the City of Paris, all which we had new built from the ground and enriched with great gifts and revenues with many reparacions in their churchyards. We have also done at Boulogne about as much as we have done at Paris not to speak of the charitable acts which we both did to particular poor people principally to widows and orphans.

These enormous benefactions, as the records of

several churches in France can divulge, were undoubtedly made. Within the past 150 years statues of Flamel, and the remains of some of his buildings, inscribed with hieroglyphics, were still standing, and to this day I understand the M.S. of his book, entitled *The Treasure of Alchemy*, is reposing in what was the Royal Library. Another seemingly well authenticated instance of gold making is recorded among the *Acta* of the Judicial Faculty of Leipsic. The case came into the law courts, owing to a curious legal question which arose out of it. One evening the Countess of the Castle of Tankerstein was besought sanctuary by a stranger, who, by inadvertence, had killed one of the Royal deer, and thereby forfeited his life. Struck by the noble appearance of her visitor, the Countess gave him protection, and in gratitude the mysterious unknown transmuted all the plate in the castle from silver into gold. On hearing of the sudden wealth of his wife, her husband, the Count, who was a spendthrift absent at the time from home, sued for possession of the gold on the ground that, as owner of the soil, he was entitled to all treasure found thereon. The Countess contended that artificially-produced gold could not justly come under consideration of the law applied to buried treasure, and she craved to be permitted to remain in undisturbed possession. The records show that the Court decided in her favour.

What is apparently conclusive proof of the possibility of transmutation is to be seen in Vienna. It is a silver medal preserved on the Imperial Treasure Chamber partly changed into gold by Alchemical means. It is, however, not my intention to enlarge on this side of the subject. There is a scepticism born of ignorance, and in these surprising days of X-rays, frozen air and radium, there are probably few who will deny the possibility, even the probability, that here and in the

past advanced minds may have hit upon processes of which the secret has been lost. The better class of Alchemists deprecated the gold-groppers as "money-loving sots," maintaining that the true search was to satisfy their intellectual capacities and their spiritual yearnings. "Would to God," exclaims the author of *An Open Substance*, "that all men might become adepts in our art, for then gold, the common idol of mankind, would lose its value and we should prize it only for its scientific teaching." It is the constant reiteration of sentiments such as this which have led Hitchcock and others to the suspicion that the writings of the Alchemists were, in the main, symbolical, and that under the words *gold, silver, lead, salt, sulphur, mercury, antimony, arsenic, orpiment, sol, luna, wine, acid, alkali*, and a thousand and one other words and expressions, may be found the views of the several writers upon the great questions of God, Nature and Man. I cannot do better than present this idea in Hitchcock's words. "The Alchemists," says he, and he supports his assertion with an imposing array of evidence, "were Reformers in their time, obliged to work in secret, but nevertheless making their impression on the public. They lived for the most part in an age when an open expression of their opinions would have brought them into conflict with the superstition of the time, and thus exposed them to the stake—where, indeed, many of them perished, not having been sufficiently guarded in their language. They were religious men when the spirit of religion was buried in forms and ceremonies and when the priesthood had armed itself with the civil power to put down all opposition and suppress all freedom, intellectual, moral, civil and religious. It was in that midnight of darkness that a light from heaven as it seemed was treated of in books for the initiated, as THE ELIXIR OF LIFE, THE

WATER OF LIFE, THE UNIVERSAL MEDICINE, and THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE. The volumes in which this thought of the time was enshrined were written in symbolic form to hide the subject from the crowd and to screen the authors from persecution."

I propose this evening, ladies and gentlemen, to bring to your notice a group of facts, some of which are, to the best of my belief, new to the extent that they have never hitherto been brought into correlation. Some of these seem to me to go some way towards the substantiation of the ethical theory of Alchemy, and they constitute, I think, tangible evidence of the wide-spreading influence exercised in the past by a class of thinkers whom we have for the most part dubbed "charlatans" and "impostors."

Tradition claims that what we now term Alchemy had its origin from the semi-mythical philosopher Hermes Trismegistus, whence the name "Hermetic" Science. Until the sixth or seventh century of our Era it was known as the Sacred Art, the Divine Science, the Occult Science, the Art of Hermes.

The precise object of the quest has never yet been satisfactorily defined. We find this mystical something described as The One Thing, The Essence, The Philosopher's Stone, The Stone of Wisdom, The Heavenly Balm, The Divine Water, The Virgin Water, the Carbuncle of the Sun, The Phoenix, and other terms equally bizarre. The suggestion of the ethical theorists is that all this jargon is merely a veiled mode of expressing the state of divine wisdom and eternal beatitude which is the result of self-conquest and self-culture.

Certainly it cannot be denied that Alchemistical writers perpetually warn their readers against the literal interpretation of their words. "The philosophers," says one, "ever discourse in parables and figures." "Let

the studious reader," says another, "have a care of the manifold significance of words, for, by deceitful windings and doubtful, yea, contrary speeches (as it would seem), philosophers unfold their mysteries with a desire of concealing and hiding the truth from the unworthy." It is universally admitted that, to prevent their works being thumbed by the illiterate, mediæval writers took very extraordinary pains. "The cause of this concealment among all wise men," says Roger Bacon, "is the contempt and neglect of the secrets of wisdom by the vulgar sort, who know not how to use those things that are most excellent. Or, if they do conceive any worthy thing, it is altogether by chance and fortune, and they do exceedingly abuse that their knowledge to the great damage and hurt of many men, yea, even of whole societies; so that he is worse than mad that publisheth any secret unless he conceal it from the multitude, and in such wise deliver it that even the studious and learned shall hardly understand it." This is not very promising, but we must bear in mind that it was only when veiled, and very closely veiled, that in those days Truth dared venture out of doors. "Some," continues Bacon, "have used characters and verses, and diverse other riddles and figurative speeches," and then he proceeds to enumerate certain other excellent devices. "I deemed it necessary," he explains, "to touch these tricks of obscurity because haply myself may be constrained through the greatness of the secrets which I shall handle to use some of them."

The Elizabethan dramatists well appreciated the figurative character of Alchemy. In Ben Jonson's play, *The Alchemist*, the sceptic of the piece, in reply to a staggering volley of technicalities, is answered that, "these are named,

"Intending but one thing; which art our writers
Used to obscure their art."

Then he asks :—

“ Was not all the knowledge
Of the Egyptians writ in mystic symbols ?
Speak not the Scriptures oft in parables ?
Are not the choicest fables of the poets,
That were the fountains and first springs of Wisdom,
Wrapped in perplexed allegories ? ”

It is astonishing in view of such staring assertions that so few serious attempts have been made to unravel these perplexed allegories and extract the kernels from the husks.

St. Paul's warning that the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life was repeated by the great Alchemist, Cornelius Agrippa. “ Whatever we read,” says Agrippa, “ about the irresistible powers of the Magic Art or the wonderful sights of the Astrologers will be found to be fables and lies as soon as we take those things in their external and literal meaning. Their external forms cover internal truths, and he who desires to see those truths must be in possession of the divine light of reason which is in possession of very few.”

In Alchemical works we encounter many references to what is sometimes termed *lingua magica* and sometimes *lingua angelorum*. “ This tongue,” says the author of *An Easy Introduction to the Philosopher's Gold*, “ is not only absolutely necessary and wisely fitted to veil Nature's secrets from the unworthy and prophane, but is also bravely proportioned to the intellectual imaginations of man.” This secret angel's language was without question the language of symbolism, an art more ancient than the hills. It was evolved from the belief that the material universe is nothing but a manifestation of a spiritual counterpart whence it derives its existence. “ The sages,” says Michael Sendivogius, “ have been taught by God that this natural world is only an image and material copy of the heavenly and

spiritual pattern ; that the very existence of this world is based upon the reality of its heavenly archetype."

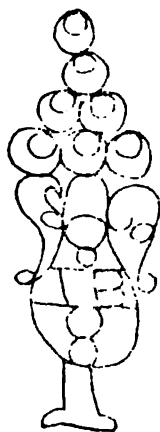
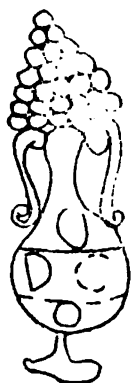
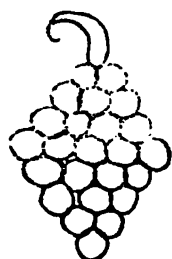
It is because this doctrine of correspondence is the key which unlocks so many of the doors of Alchemy that I desire to impress it upon you. From it was constructed an elaborate language of symbolism by means of which it was comparatively simple to communicate ideas which, expressed literally, would have involved the authors in destruction. Allusions to their brutal and sanguinary surroundings are of constant occurrence among Alchemical writers. "I dare affirm," says one, "that I do possess more riches than the whole known world is worth, but cannot make use thereof because of the snares of knaves." Clearly he is referring to the Treasure of Heaven, for he continues, "I disdain, I loathe, this idolizing of gold and silver by the price and vanity whereof the pomp and vanities of the world are celebrated. Ah, filthy evil ! ah, vain nothingness ! Believe ye that I conceal these things out of envy ? No, surely, for I protest to thee that I grieve from the very bottom of my soul that we are driven, as it were, like outcasts from the face of the Lord throughout the earth. We travel through many nations just like vagabonds, and dare not take upon ourselves the care of a family, neither do we possess any fixed habitation. And although we possess all things, yet can we use but a few. What, therefore, are we happy in, excepting speculation and meditation only. Many do believe (that are strangers to the art) that if they should enjoy it they would do such and such things ; so also even we did formerly believe, but being grown more wary by the hazard we have run, we have chosen a more secret method. For whosoever hath once escaped imminent peril of his life, he will, believe me, become more wise for the time to come." I have cited this passage because it is a very simple specimen of esoteric writing, for which,

indeed, it assigns the reason, and also because it is so perfectly obvious that the writer is not discussing the manufacture of physical gold.

One small Alchemical Treatise bears the significant title, *Zoroaster's Cave, or the Philosophers' Intellectual Echo to One Another from Their Cells*.

The author of *The Troubadours, Their Loves and Lyrics*, tells us that "The body of the learned, or the inner circle of that body, seems to have formed a secret society, whose purpose was to keep as much knowledge as possible confined to itself, after the manner of the Druids, or the Egyptians and Chaldæan sages; when compelled to put the more occult portions of their scientific acquirements into a more permanent form, they adopted one perfectly unintelligible to the vulgar." It does not appear to have struck this writer that the Alchemists might possibly be a branch of the learned who had adopted a secret jargon under which they could with safety, and without interference, exchange ideas.

It is conventional for historians to ignore the many secret associations which were at work in the twilight of the dark ages, but the treatment of the Alchemists seems to have been many degrees worse than mere neglect. If not dismissed as charlatans and impostors, they stand condemned for the "mystical trash" which they are alleged to have let loose upon Europe. Hallam is conspicuous in his denunciation of that "unworthy innovator," Paracelsus. He tell us that Agrippa had drunk deep at the "turbid streams of cabalistic philosophy." According to him the system of Agrippa was the "mere creed of magical imposture," and in general influence the Alchemistical theories were, we are told, more pernicious than the technical pedantry of the Schools. You will bear in mind that I have already read you a passage from this same Agrippa



SELECTION OF "POLL" WATER-VASE

warning against the literal interpretation of his writings, and with the exception of the treatment which has been meted out by posterity to our great Englishman, Bacon, I know nothing more unjust or so infinitely pathetic as the shallow judgment which has been passed upon the Alchemystical philosophers.

The motto of Fenelon was, "Love to be Unknown," and in studying the under-currents, one queries, with Sir Thomas Browne, "Who knows whether better men have not been forgot than stand recorded in the book of time, who nevertheless may be registered in the Book of God?" The true history of the Alchemists and of their forerunners and successors will, I am persuaded, if it ever come to be written, prove to be nothing less than the record of the moral and intellectual evolution of Europe.

I invite you to examine some of the facsimiles of paper-marks shown herewith. They are representative of thousands and thousands of similar character, which any seeker may find for himself. It is generally assumed by orthodox bibliographers that paper-marks were the trade signs of paper-makers, but an investigation of this theory proves it to bristle with technical difficulties which render it untenable. Driven into a corner by the logic of facts which I need not here discuss, but shall be happy to do should anyone care to challenge my conclusions, Orthodoxy has fatuously suggested that the "curious shapes" which are assumed by these mysterious marks were due to the workmen having varied them for their own amusement. As a matter of fact, the great majority of paper-marks in mediæval literature are not trade signs at all, but symbols of the many secret and invisible associations which were at work sowing seeds of sweetness and light, and risking their existence in the attempt to shake off the nightmare of ecclesiasticism. For the purpose of illustration I have selected merely

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two or three of the hundreds of philosophic symbols which prove the reality and the extent of ethical Alchemy. Just as the fossil is a positive proof of former life, so these curious marks in paper seem to me tangible evidence of the energy and virility of the "mystical trash" condemned by Hallam. The first object that I have chosen to point this suggestion is the paper-mark of a jug or pot. There are two ideas underlying these figures, both springing from the Legend of the Holy Grail. "We cannot be sure," says Mr. Alfred Nutt, "how this or that writer conceived the story as a whole, or in what sense he figured the Grail to himself." It is true we cannot define the exact meanings which were attached by particular writers, but the forms in which these writers figured the Grail are depicted in infinite variety in the paper-marks of the period. Of these many are necessarily crude, but you must bear in mind that they were impressed upon wet paper pulp by being designed in wire and then stitched to the paper-maker's tray or mould.

Most of us are familiar with the Legend of the Grail in the form which was grafted on to it by Christian writers, but as a symbol it is very much older than Christianity. The Rev. Baring Gould describes it as "the mysterious relic of a past heathen rite," and Mr. Alfred Nutt terms it "a mythic talisman of increase and plenty."

The Rev. Baring Gould quotes an old British poet as his authority for the claim that the St. Grail "inspires poetic genius, gives wisdom, discovers the knowledge of futurity, the mysteries of the world, the whole treasure of human sciences. That this vessel of the liquor of wisdom," continues Mr. Gould, "held a prominent place in British mythology is certain from the allusions made to it by the bards." "Taliesin, in the description of his initiation into the mysteries of the

basin, cries out, 'I have lost my speech,' because on all who had been admitted to the privileges of full membership secrecy was imposed. This initiation [continues Mr. Gould] was regarded as a new birth, and those who had once become members were regarded as elect, regenerate, separate from the rest of mankind, who lay in darkness and ignorance."

Jacob Behme leads off in Chapter I. of *De Mysterio Magno* with the words:—"If we would understand what the New Birth is and how it is brought to pass, then we must first know what Man is."

Now Hitchcock, who derived his opinions from the study of upwards of 200 works on Alchemy, sums up his conclusions as to their *real* object by saying he could liken it to nothing better expressive than the experience known in religion as THE NEW BIRTH. He adds: "There are many signs in Alchemical volumes of a secret society in which possibly the language used was conventionally determined. I have at times thought that some members of the Masonic fraternity might have found the secret language of the Alchemists a convenient mode of publishing, or rather circulating, among the initiated doctrines which they had taken an oath not to speak directly or to make known except to a brother."

In these independent extracts we thus find correlated the ideas of the exhaustless vase of wisdom, secrecy, and the New Birth. It is my conviction that the vast movement which, when it appeared above the surface of History was known, or, at any rate, is to-day known, as the RENAISSANCE or New Birth, was merely the effect of which the secret and unrecognised efforts of the Alchemists and other kindred reformers were the direct cause.

You will find a great deal of information on the Holy Grail in Mr. Alfred Nutt's book, and I would also refer

you to Mrs. Cooper Oakley's *Traces of a Hidden Tradition in Masonry and Mediæval Mysticism*. Mrs. Oakley says: "Gathered round the Holy Grail are the Knights and Guardians of the Grail Kingdom, led by Titurel the mystic King, to whom is entrusted the Holy teaching. Then later we find the Knights Templar taking up the sacred mission. But everywhere and always is there the inner doctrine for the few who seek the Holy Grail, for it is invisible to all but those who form the inner circle. The chief function of the Grail Kingdom was to supply a constant type of a divinely governed Society, a Society ruled from the inner and spiritual planes, and to train in the Kingly art of ruling leaders for such communities as needed them. It was destined to be a practical civilising power as well as a Palace spiritual; not a passive force only, but active and powerful for the suppression of all evil on earth."

Who that is at all familiar with the works of Francis Bacon can doubt that he was a leader among the many very perfect Grail Knights of his period?

Mr. Alfred Nutt tells us that, "although caught up to very Heaven, though filled with the essence of Divinity, still the Grail retains the material characteristics of an increase and plenty talisman." Mrs. Cooper Oakley, who approaches her subject from a totally different aspect, sums it up as her conclusion that in the Grail myth "we are face to face with a symbol of man; man who is the Temple of the Holy Spirit. The chalice or cup is but another way," says she, "of denoting the coats of skin, the veils or vestures which garment man on earth, robes woven by the Nature powers in which and through which the divine spark has to dwell, until in process of time the vestures or chalice become permeated through by the divine light within."

Now Hitchcock and other ethical interpreters of the

Alchemists are convinced that it was MICROCOSMOS, the little world of Man, which was the real stone upon which they were experimenting and working to transmute into gold. In his *Lives of the Alchemystical Philosophers*, Mr. A. E. Waite quotes an anonymous writer who states that "the publication of the writings of Jacob Boehmer caused the Alchemists who were his contemporaries to fear that their art could not much longer remain a secret, and that the mystic vase in particular would be shortly revealed to all. This vase is the *vas insigne electionis*, namely, Man, who is the only all-containing subject, and who alone has need to be investigated for the eventual discovery of all." We thus see that in all probability the pot water-marks which you have before you emblemise the very essence of Alchemy.

Before passing from these Grail water-marks I would invite you to consider the almost infinite variety with which they are ornamented. Time does not permit me to linger over the symbolism of these decorations, but I should just like to draw your attention to the handles arranged in the form of the double SS standing for *Sanctus Spiritus*. Also to the variety of initials which appear upon them. These, almost without doubt, are the first letters of the words of certain phrases. They form part of the mystic system of the Cabala known as "*notaricon*." By this system certain initials came to be perfectly well understood, conveying profound meanings. Rossetti mentions that Dante made frequent use of the method, and there are even to-day many relics of it among us. I might mention the expression AMEN, which is a composition word, and the Italian secret society known as the MAFIA, said to be so named from the initials of the sentence, MAZZINI AUTORIZZA FURTI INCENDI AVVELENAMENTI.

The remembrance of the paper-mark we have been dis-

cussing has lingered until the present day, and is the origin of the modern technical term "pott," used to denote a certain size of paper. The term foolscap, with which you are all familiar, is likewise the survival of an old paper-mark. The facsimiles which you have before you are typical representatives of it. You will notice the curious sort of pigtail, with a cross on the end. Some years ago I was told that this pigtail was the badge of a jester in the service of an ecclesiastic, but it is only recently that I have struck on what is, I think, probably the explanation. Everyone has heard of the Troubadours, but it is not generally realised that they were heretics under the ban of the Church and driven hither and thither by that relentless antagonist. Their mission, Aroux tells us, was to redress the wrongs of Rome, to take up the defence of the weak and oppressed. They were also represented and celebrated as the true soldiers of the Christ, the exponents of celestial chivalry, and the champions of the poor, attacking under all their forms the monstrous abuses of the Priesthood. It is said that great numbers of the higher classes became Troubadours, wandering from Court to Court and castle to castle, spreading the doctrine of the organisation for which they were acting as emissaries.

This uncanonical "Church of the Grail," as it has been called, was extraordinarily methodical and extended in its operations. It claimed a higher authority than the official Church of Christendom. Aroux tells us that it had its Priests, Bishops, and Deacons, who wandered far and wide disguised under the hoods of Troubadours. It is said that the frightful persecutions which scattered the Templars were due to the belief that they were Knights of the secret Church of the Holy Grail. You will now see why these Troubadour-jester emblems are distinguished by the clerical badge, and you will

appreciate that among the Troubadours were exponents of the same unseen movement to which some of the so-called Alchemists were undoubtedly allied.

Nearly all foolscap water-marks have pending from them a figure of Four, and three circles. The figure Four was held sacred by the Pythagoreans, being the perfect square. It was the emblem of Moral Justice and Divine Equity geometrically expressed. The ineffable Name of The Deity was expressed by this sacred number Four, which was regarded as a most binding and solemn oath by the ancient mystics. The three circles, I think, probably denote the three great principles of Alchemistic Philosophy—Sulphur, Mercury, and Salt, or in other words—Body, Soul, and Spirit.

It is said that Dante was a Troubadour, and that St. Francis of Assisi had been one. Aroux mentions many eminent names and includes among them King Richard of England. "They added," says he, "their voices to those of the Servants of Love to exalt in interests perhaps less religious than political the Mysterious and Perfect Lady who under various names as Star, Flower, Light, was appealed to to cast down to hell the Roman she-wolf, to crush the pontifical serpent." This passage brings me to the last of the emblematic paper-marks which I have set down for discussion this evening. Some time about 150 years ago the Troubadour's head disappeared from paper and in its place there appeared the design you have before you. This emblem has survived until the present day, and enshrines a world of romance and suffering. It is, I think, without doubt a counterfeit presentment of the Troubadour's mysterious and perfect Lady, in other words the Virgin Sophia eulogised by Dante, Petrarch, and a host of poets, among them our Elizabethan Sonneteers.

To introduce this perfect, mysterious Lady to you, I

cannot, I think, do better than quote some passages from a letter written by that saint of rationalism—Giordano Bruno. He writes: "I am displeased with the bulk of mankind; I hate the vulgar rout; I despise the authority of the multitude and am enamoured with one particular lady. 'Tis for her that I am free in servitude, content in pain, rich in necessity, and alive in death. . . . Hence it is even for my passion for this beauty that, as being weary, I draw not back my feet from the difficult road, nor, as being lazy, hang down my hands from the work that is before me; I turn not my shoulders, as grown desperate, to the enemy that contends with me, nor, as dazzled, divert my eyes from the divine object. . . . 'Tis for the love of true Wisdom and by the studious admiration of this Mistress that I fatigue, that I disquiet, that I torment myself."

This, ladies and gentlemen, was the spirit of the Grail which the Inquisition and all the power of the governments of Europe was engaged for many centuries in endeavouring to crush. The result of the suppression was that the Spirit of Truth was idolized and discussed under the protective veils of "Beatrice," "Laura," and a variety of other names to which the imperceptive have more or less vainly endeavoured to fit physical women. I chanced the other day on a coincidence with regard to Dante's "Beatrice" to which I am not aware that attention has hitherto been drawn. We are told in the *Vita Nuova* (I need hardly draw your attention to the significance of this Alchemistic title) that "Beatrice" was nine years of age when Dante first met her. He remarks, "Many times the number nine hath appeared among the preceding words whereby it appeareth that it is not without reason." He then says that he will assign the reason "why this number was so friendly to her," and explains that three being the root of nine Beatrice was accompanied by the

number nine to give to understand that *she* was a nine, that is a miracle whose root is the wondrous Trinity alone. Then he gives us permission to speculate a little by adding : "Perchance a more subtle person might see in it a yet more subtle reason." A few weeks before reading this passage I happened to have pasted into my commonplace book the following newspaper cutting :

Sir William Huggins, at the dinner of the Maccabeans, referred to the curious properties of the Hebrew word for Truth. It comes from a root signifying strength—that which could not be moved. The letters of the word are equivalent to the mysterious number nine. When multiplied that figure frequently gives figures so true to each that when added together they again prove the figure nine ; thus twice 9 are 18, thrice 9 are 27, and so on.

In England this same spirit of Truth, or spirit of Nature, was invoked under the veils of Phœbe, Idea, Licia, Cynthia, Elizabeth, etc., and numerous sonnets were written in her honour. I think it unquestionable that much of the adulation which is supposed to have been lavished upon Queen Elizabeth by servile poets was never in reality intended for her at all, but for that more mystic Elizabeth of whom we catch a glimpse in Spenser.

The third my Love my lifes last ornament
By whom my spirit out of dust was raised
To speak her praise and glory excellent
Of all alive most worthy to be praised.
Ye three Elizabeths for ever live
That three such graces did unto me give.

One of the lesser-known English sonneteers—Richard Smith—dedicates his sonnet sequence DIANA "Unto Her Majesties Sacred Honourable Maids."

It is obvious that it is not the maids of honour of Elizabeth Tudor that are in the poet's eye, for he leads off :

Eternal twins that conquer Death and Time
Perpetual advocates in Heaven and Earth
Fair, chaste, immaculate, and all divine
Glorious alone before the first mans birth.

Rossetti comments at length upon the double and sometimes triple meanings which were placed by the secret schools upon apparently innocent and orthodox words and phrases. I have but little doubt that many of the works dedicated in what is apparently the most fulsome flattery were in reality addressed in a spirit of religious ecstasy to a mystic Elizabeth. I am told that the name *El-izza-beth* is practically the same as *Beth-el* of the Old Testament, and means *The House of God*. This is synonymous with the Temple of the Holy Spirit, and that, as we have seen, was symbolised by the St. Grail. Please take this suggestion for what it may be worth !

The sister figure which now appears upon our coinage as Britannia was I think also originally intended to suggest the same mysterious and perfect Lady of the middle ages. She appeared suddenly about 1676, just when the anti-Papal storm was brewing, which, when it burst, cost James II. his throne. If you will refer to the coin collection at the British Museum you will notice that Britannia has only comparatively recently donned the trident and helmet. On her first appearance she held an olive branch in one hand and a spear in the other. The spear was the attribute of Pallas, the Goddess of Wisdom, and if it is a bad guess on my part it is at any rate an agreeable fancy to believe that a variant of the Virgin Sophia is one of the everyday symbols of our Nation. You will notice that the lady in paper-mark bears a trefoil instead of an olive branch, again the emblem of the three Alchemical principles—Sulphur, Mercury, and Salt.

It is becoming daily more recognised that Elizabethan

literature was not a spontaneous and national home growth; rather it was an exotic imported from the continent. Especially was this so in the case of the sonnet literature which was so luxuriant a weed in the reign of Elizabeth. Much of this was directly *borrowed*; so directly, in fact, that Mr. Sidney Lee holds up his hands in pained perplexity. He denounces Lodge as a scandalous example of the literary thief, and it was in a sonnet sequence entitled "Phyllis" that, according to Mr. Lee, Lodge sank most deeply into "the mire of deceit and mystification." Now I have shown elsewhere that practically the whole of Elizabethan poetry is a symphony and that there must have existed at that time a very abnormal system of collaboration; further, that the facts point unmistakably to Francis Bacon as the hinge upon which that system turned. It is significant that the birth of English literature coincides with the birth and career of Francis Bacon. In Europe, letters had been flourishing for many centuries, but they had awaked no answering enthusiasm from our semi-barbarous island. I therefore infer that it was Bacon who introduced into this country, and cherished with his influence, the vast literature of Europe. With this must have come the methods of the mystic schools to which much of it was due, and I regard, therefore, all these alleged pilferings and plagiarisms not as proof of bad faith but of the existence here of the same system as was at work elsewhere. The beautiful and mystic theories figured in the book emblems and paper emblems of the period seem, so far as I can gather, to have sprung originally from the East, whence they were revived by Pythagoras. Of the Troubadours, the Templars, the Alchemists, the Rosicrucians and other Idealist schools, the philosophy of Pythagoras was undoubtedly the nursing mother. "Virgil," says W. F. C. Wigston, "takes up the lighted torch of Homer and

hands it on to Dante, who passes it to the genius behind the Shakespeare mask—Francis Bacon. Thus the handing on of the 'Lamp for Posterity' has been kept going by a chain of giant poets, who, like the distant peaks of some mighty range of Alps, beckon and nod to each other o'er the cloudland of ignorance and above the mists of the ages."

Through these mists I have sometimes thought to have perceived glimpses of the Palace of Wisdom upon which these great master masons were at work, but I feel to-night very like the poor fool who brought a brick as a sample of the house he wished to show. I thank you very much for lending my remarks such patient attention.

HAROLD BAYLEY.

BACON'S "INQUISITIONS" AND THE SONNETS

I HAVE read with much interest Mr. Williams' article, "Bacon's Time Cypher," in the April BACONIANA. That the 67th, 68th, 69th, and 70th Inquisitions should deal with the four elements (then supposed) respectively—Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, would indicate that Bacon held to the ancient opinion that the universe, and man himself, were composed of these four elements. Shakespeare also appears to have held the same opinion. In *Twelfth Night*, Toby, who is discussing with Sir Andrew what would be considered staying up late at night, quite suddenly and irrelevantly asks (ii. 3):—

"Does not our lives consist of the foure Elements?"

Sir Andrew avoids committing himself by a direct answer in the reply:—

"Faith, *so they say*, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking."

Two of "Shake-speare's Sonnets"—44 and 45—are based upon, and adopt, this theory of the four elements. Number 44 deals with earth and water, and number 45 with air and fire, the latter elements being further identified with "thought" and "desire." In 44 the poet complains over his absence from the one addressed, and asserts that if his flesh were made of the same substance as his thought, no distance would separate them, for the reason that thought can "leap large lengths of miles" with instantaneous speed, a clear recognition of the modern doctrine of thought transference. But by reason of being of so much "*earth and water* wrought" he cannot overcome the inertia of "elements so slow." In the next number "the other two" (meaning, of course, the other two elements) are identified as "*slight air* and purging *fire*," the first of which is declared to be his "thought" and the second his "desire." They are called the "quicker elements," and their quickness is described by the term "present-absent." They are with the object addressed, wherever the poet himself may abide. These four elements are said to be "life's composition." So, Cleopatra, when she performs her "Noble Act," exclaims :—

"Husband, I come :
I am Fire, and Ayre : my *other Elements*
I give to baser life."

That is, to Antony in the spirit-life she gave the elements of her spirit—her thought and desire ; and to the baser life of the earth she returned the elements of earth and water of her material body. The two Sonnets I have mentioned appear in full as follows, with slight added italicisation :—

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my *flesh* were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way ;
 For then despite of space I would be brought,
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
 No matter then although my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth removed from thee ;
 For *nimble thought* can jump both sea and land
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But, ah ! thought kills me that I am not thought,
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
 But that, so much of *earth* and *water* wrought,
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan.
 Receiving naught by *Elements* so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The *other two*, slight *air* and purging *fire*,
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide ;
 The first my *thought*, the other my *desire*.
 These present-absent with swift motion slide
 For when these quicker *Elements* are gone
 In tender Embassy of love to thee,
 My life, being *made of four*, with two alone
 Sinks down to death, oppressed with melancholy ;
 Until *life's composition* be recured
 By those swift messengers returned from thee,
 Who, even but now come back again, assured
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me :
 This told, I joy, but then no longer glad,
 I send them back again and straight grow sad.

We learn from these Sonnets that these two elements which constitute thought and desire act as "messengers" to and from the poet's friends. They evidently constitute some form of the spirit or soul of man as distinguished from the body in 44.

Thus Bacon exactly says in *De Augmentis* :—

"For the sensible soul must clearly be regarded as a corporal substance, attenuated and made invisible by heat ; a breath

compounded of the nature of *flame* and *air*. . . . Whereas in man it [the sensible soul] is itself only the instrument of the rational soul and may be more fitly termed not soul, but spirit."

We thus find that man, according to our poet, has two souls, answering to the reason and the sense, and here we are met with the profound thought that the character of Cupid is identified by Bacon as the soul itself; and as there are two Cupids answering to Creation and sensuous will, or sense, so are there two souls answering to the reason and the spirit, the latter being the sensible soul, composed of flame and air. The rational soul must then answer to the reason, the creative power of the human mind, the eternal atom of matter, the elder Cupid! Thus we understand why the poet says in the Sonnets: "My spirit is thine," and "Two loves I have of comfort and despair"; and thus we again find Bacon, in the *History of Life and Death*, saying :—

"The other difference between the spirits is that the vital spirit has in it a degree of inflammation and is like a breath compounded of *flame* and *air*."

And we understand why the poet, when these two elements leave him, "sinks down to death." "The lifeless spirits," Bacon continues, "are nearly of the same substance as the air; the vital spirits more akin to the substance of flame. . . . The spirit has two *desires*, one of multiplying itself, the other of going forth and congregating with its connaturals. This rule is understood of the lifeless spirits." And in the Sonnet before us the first element of the poet's sensible soul, "slight air," is his pure thought, and the other, the vital spirit, or "purging fire," is his "desire"—and it is the same desire of "multiplying itself" by producing a "generation of still breeding thoughts." We find these same ideas in Bacon's *Natural History* as follows :—

"As for living creatures, it is certain their vital spirits are a substance *compounded* of an airy and flamy matter. It is no marvel, therefore, that a small quantity of spirits in the cells of the brain are able to move the whole body with so great swiftness. Such is the force in these two natures, air and flame, when they incorporate."

And the same ideas of compounding and incorporating are seen in this Sonnet, where, when the two messengers return, "*life's composition*" is "*recured*." And, again, in the *Advancement of Learning* :—

"The soul, on the other side, is the simplest of substances, as is well expressed—*Purumque reliquet Aethereum sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem*. (Pure and unmixed, the ethereal sense is left—mere air and fire.)"

From which we may understand the allusion in Sonnet 125 :—

"And take thou my oblation poor, but free,
Which is *not mixed* with seconds, knows no art."

We may learn also from whence was derived the conceit of this Sonnet of the vital spirit being *messengers*. Bacon says, writing upon Imagination :—

"It is true indeed that the imagination performs the office of an *agent* or *messenger* in both provinces, both the judicial and the ministerial. For *sense* sends all kinds of *images* over to imagination for reason to judge of ; and reason again, when it has made its judgment and selection, sends them over to imagination before the decree be put in execution.

"Imagination is as a common *instrument* to both reason and *will*, saving that the Janus of Imagination has two different faces ; for the face of *reason* has the print of *truth* and the face towards action has the print of goodness."

And it is truth, beauty, and goodness (the "fair, kind, and true" of Sonnet 105) which is all the poet's argument—the trinity of this "I am that I am." And he says :—

"So thou be *good* slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time."

In view of Bacon's 67th "Inquisition" having relation to the earth, it is peculiar to find Montaigne on the trail of something of the same kind. Writing of the investigation of truth, he says in his essay "Of the Art of Conferring," Florio translation:—

"For we are borne to quest and seeke after trueth : to possess it belongs to a greater power. It is not (as Democritus said) hidden in the deepes of abisse ; but rather elevated in infinite height of divine knowledge. The *world* is but a *school* of *inquisition*."

F. C. HUNT.

An Echo

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—A letter from Bacon to the Prince of Wales (Spedding, *Life and Letters*, Vol. VII., p. 287) begins as follows:—

"It may please your Highness,

"When I call to mind, how infinitely I am bound to your Highness, that stretched forth your arm to save me from a sentence ; that took hold of me to keep me from being plunged in a sentence ; that hath kept me alive in your gracious memory and mention since the sentence" ; &c.

When I first read this quaint passage, I was struck by its strangeness. Yet it seemed to have a familiar cadence. And I recalled the curious parallel in Shakespeare.

BASSANIO.

"Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring," &c.

M. V., V. I.

Is there any other literary parallel ?

Yours faithfully,

A. L. FRANCIS.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE "MANES VERULAMIANI"

(Continued from page 269).

32.

INŒOBITUM DOMINI FRANCISCI BACONI, BARONIS DE
VERULAMIO, ET TOTIUS ANGLIÆ NUPERI CANCEL-
LARI. (I)

1. Dum moriens tantam nostris Verulamius Heros
Tristitiam Musis, luminaque uda facit :
2. Credimus heu nullum fieri post fata beatum,
Credimus et Samium desipuisse senem. (2)
3. Scilicet hic miseris fœlix nequit esse Camaenis
Nec se quam Musas plus amat iste suas.
4. At luctantem animam Clotho imperiosa coegit.
Ad cælum invitos traxit in astra pedes.
5. Ergone Phæbeias jacuisse putabimus artes ?
Atque herbas Clarii nil valuisse Dei ?
6. Phæbus idem potuit, nec virtus abfuit herbis,
Hunc artem atque illas vim retinere putes :
7. At Phæbum (ut metuit ne Rex foret iste Camænis)
Rivali medicam crede negasse manum.
8. Hinc dolor est ; quod cum Phæbo Verulamius Heros
Major erat reliquis, hac foret arte minor.
9. Vos tamen, O tantum manes atque umbra, Camænæ
Et pæne inferni pallida turba Jovis,
10. Si spiratis adhuc, et non lusistis ocellos,
Sed neque post illum vos superesse putem :
11. Si vos ergo aliquis de morte reduxerit Orpheus,
Istaque non aciem fallit imago meam :
12. Discite nunc gemitus et lamentabile carmen,
Ex oculis vestris lacrima multa fluat.
13. En quam multa fluit ? veras agnosco Camænas
Et lacrimas, Helicon vix satis unus erit ;

32.

**ON THE DEATH OF LORD FRANCIS BACON, BARON
VERULAM, LATE CHANCELLOR OF ALL ENGLAND. (I)**

While by dying the Verulamian demi-god is the cause of such sadness and weeping eyes in the Muses, we believe, alas, that no one after his death can become happy: we believe that even the Samian sage (2) was unwise. Assuredly the object of our sorrow cannot be in a state of felicity, since his Muses are grieving, and he loves not himself more than them. But the imperious Clotho compelled his reluctant spirit. To heaven among the stars she drew his unwilling feet. Are we to think then that the arts of Phæbus lay dormant and the herbs of the Clarian god were of no avail? Phæbus was as powerful as ever, nor was efficacy absent from his herbs, be sure that he retained his skill and they their force. But believe that Phæbus withheld his healing hand from his rival, because he feared his becoming King of the Muses. Hence our grief; that the Verulamian demi-god should be inferior to Phæbus in the healing art, though his superior in all else. O Muses! mere shadowy ghosts, little more than the pallid suite of Dis, yet if still you breathe and do not mock my poor eyes (but I would not think you would have survived him): if therefore some Orpheus should have brought you back from death and that vision deludes not my sight, apply yourselves now to lamentations and canticles of woe, let abundance of tears flow from your eyes.

See! how plentiful the flood! I acknowledge these

14. Deucalionæis et qui non mersus in undis
Parnassus (mirum est) hisce latebit aquis.
15. Scilicet hic periit, per quem vos vivitis, et qui
Multa Pierias nutrit arte Deas.
16. Vidit ut hic artes nulla radice retentas,
Languere ut summo semina sparsa solo ;
17. Crescere Pegaseas docuit, velut hasta Quirini (3)
Crevit, et exiguo tempore Laurus erat.
18. Ergo Heliconiadas docuit cum crescere divas,
Diminuent hujus sæcula nulla decus.
19. Nec ferre ulterius generosi pectoris æstus
Contemptum potuit, Diva Minerva, tuum.
20. Restituit calamus solitum divinus honorem
Dispulit et nubes alter Apollo tuas.
21. Dispulit et tenebras sed quas obfusca vetustas
Temporis et prisci lippa senecta tulit ;
22. Atque alias methodas (4) sacrum instauravit acumen,
Gnossiaque eripuit, sed sua fila dedit. (5)
23. Scilicet antiquo sapientum vulgus in ævo
Tam claros oculos non habuisse liquet ;
24. Hi velut Eoo surgens de littore Phæbus,
Hic velut in media fulget Apollo die :
25. Hi veluti Tiphys (6) tentarunt æquora primum,
At vix deseruit littora prima ratis,
26. Pleiadas hic Hyadasque atque omnia sidera noscens,
Syrtes, atque tuos, improba Scylla, canes ;
27. Scit quod vitandum est, quo dirigat æquore navem,
Certius et cursum nautica monstrat acus :
28. Infantes illi Musas, hic gignit adultas ;
Mortales illi, gignit et iste Deas.
29. Palmam ideo reliquis Magna Instauratio libris
Abstulit, et cedunt squalida turba sophi.
30. Et vestita novo Pallas modo prodit amictu,
Anguis depositis ut nitet exuviis.
31. Sic Phænix cineres spectat modo nata paternos,
Æsonis (7) et rediit prima juventa senis.

for genuine Muses and their tears. One Helicon will scarce equal them ; Parnassus, not covered by Deucalion's flood, will, wonderful to say, be hidden beneath these waters. For he has perished, through whom you live, and who has fostered the Pierian goddesses with many an art. When he perceived that the arts were held by no roots, and like seed scattered on the surface of the soil were withering away, he taught the Pegasean arts to grow, as grew the spear of Quirinus (3) swiftly into a laurel tree. Therefore since he has taught the Heliconian goddesses to flourish no lapse of ages shall dim his glory. The ardour of his noble heart could bear no longer that you, divine Minerva, should be despised. His godlike pen restored your wonted honour and as another Apollo dispelled the clouds that hid you. But he dispelled also the darkness which murky antiquity and blear-eyed old age of former times had brought about ; and his superhuman sagacity instituted new methods (4) and tore away the Labarynthine windings, but gave us his own (5). Certainly it is clear that the crown of ancient sages had not such penetrating eyes. They were like Phæbus rising in the east, he like the same resplendent at noon. They like Tiphys (6) first explored the seas, but scarcely did their bark depart from the coast, he knowing the Pleiads and the Hyads and all the constellations and your dogs, insatiate Scylla, sees what is to be shunned, whither to steer his ship over the sea, and the mariner's compass with greater security points the way.

They begot infant Muses, he adult. They were parents of mortal muses, he produced goddesses. Consequently the “Great Instauration” took the palm from all other books, and the sophists, uncouth mob, retire. Pallas too now arrayed in a new robe paces forth, as a snake shines, when it has put off its old skin. Thus the new-born Phoenix regards the ashes from which

32. Instaurata suos et sic Verulamia muros
Jactat, et antiquum sperat ab inde decus.
33. Sed quanta effulgent plus quam mortalis ocelli
Lumina, dum regni mystica sacra canat ;
34. Dum sic naturæ leges arcanaque Regnum,
Tanquam a secretis esset utrisque, canat ;
35. Dum canat Henricum, qui Rex idemque Sacerdos,
Connubio stabili junxit utramque rosam.
36. Atqui hæc sunt nostris longe majora Camænis,
Non hæc infælix Granta, sed Aula sciat :
37. Sed cum Granta labris admoverit ubera tantis
Jus habet in laudes (maxime alumnæ) tuas.
38. Jus habet, ut mæstos lacrimis extingueret ignes,
Posset ut e medio diripuisse rogo.
39. At nostræ tibi nulla ferant encomia Musæ,
Ipse canis, laudes et canis inde tuas.
40. Nos tamen et laudes, qua possumus arte canemus,
Si tamen ars desit, laus erit iste dolor.

THO. RANDOLPH, T.C.

NOTES.

(1) Two excellent translations of this, the longest, the last, and in many ways the most remarkable of these wonderful elegies, have already appeared in *BACONIANA*, July, 1896. It was the first presented along with its translation to the public by Dr. Cantor, when he had, as may be said, discovered them, after their lying practically unnoticed for well nigh three hundred years. The author of it was Thomas Randolph (1605—1635), poet, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and playwright "of the tribe of Ben," that is, friend of Ben Jonson and one of his dramatic school.

It is evident that Randolph in the elegy laments Bacon as being the greatest poet as well as sage the world ever saw. He does not allude so openly to the drama being the vehicle of Bacon's wisdom as the writer of the fourth elegy, but he puts no limit to his panegyric of Bacon's muse, calling him another Apollo, a greater than Apollo, one whom Apollo feared would

it springs, and the bloom of youth returns to aged Æson (7). So too Verulam restored boasts its new walls, and thence hopes for its ancient renown. But how much more brightly than poor mortal vision gleam his eyes, while he sings the sacred mysteries of the State, while he sounds forth the laws of nature and the secrets of kings, as though he were secretary in both spheres, while he celebrates Henry, who both king and priest joined in a stable union both the roses. But these themes far surpass our Muses' power, such let not unhappy Granta but the Court profess skill in. But since Granta gave her breasts to such lips, she has a claim on your glories, O greatest of her offspring! She has a right to extinguish with her tears the sad funeral fires, that she might pluck something from the midst of the funeral pile. But my song can bring you no praises, a singer yourself you chaunt your own glories thereby. Let me, however, with what skill I may, celebrate your renown, yet if art fail me, my very grief will redound to your fame.

THOMAS RANDOLPH, TRINITY COLLEGE.

oust him from being king of the Muses, and again as incomparably surpassing all the poets and sages of antiquity.

Sir Leslie Stephen some years ago ridiculed the logic of Baconians, because he said they argued that Bacon could have written the Shakespeare plays, and therefore did. The argument would not be ridiculous in such a case, though it is not the Baconian proof—only an essential part. Most anti-Baconians ridicule the idea of Bacon's being capable of such poetical creations as Shakespeare. Randolph and others of these elegists judged him to be a poet unapproached and unapproachable by any other, ancient or modern—"Eclipse first, the rest nowhere."

(2) *Samium desipuisse senem*. Pythagoras, born at Samos. He professed to teach and train men how to raise themselves above mortal conditions—to approach the state of the gods and so become happy.

(3) *Hasla Quirini*—spear of Quirinus. Quirinus was a surname of Romulus, who is said to have cast his spear into the ground on the Quirinal hill, where it took root. Quirinus is supposed to be derived from the Sabine word *quiris*, meaning a lance or spear. Quirinus would therefore mean spearman. That there is here an allusion to Bacon's *nom de guerre*, Shakespeare, no one who knows who the dramatist really was can doubt. The lance which he brandished and hurled at ignorance (Ben Jonson in his famous prefatory poem to the First Folio compares Shakespeare's works to this lance) took root and became a laurel tree, thereby supplying unending crowns of literary glory.

(4) *Alias methodos*—i.e., new methods of learned and scientific research and discovery, and also new methods of "tradition and delivery" for the results of these researches and discoveries.

(5) *Gnossia*. At Gnosus in Crete was the famous Labyrinth of the Minotaur. Bacon calls his secret method, *Filum Labyrinthi*, the clue of the Labyrinth. His "Wisdom of the Ancients" too professes to unravel the mysteries contained in the myths of antiquity.

(6) *Tiphys*. The pilot of the *Argo*, the ship that fetched the golden fleece from Colchis.

(7) *Æsonis*. Æson, father of Jason, the hero of the golden fleece, was, according to Ovid, made young again by Medea.

WILLIAM A. SUTTON, S.J.

A New Shakespeare Claimant

Discussion as to the authorship of Shakespeare is one of those subjects which is never entirely absent from the periodical Press. For a year or two it may languish—an occasional paragraph whispers the agitating question, "Who wrote Shakespeare?" The question is for a time seriously discussed and then drops into partial neglect. After a while a recrudescence occurs. Mr. Donnelly's intervention led to a long and busy discussion all over the kingdom about "The Dethroning of Shakespeare." Then followed an interval of silence. Anon Mrs. Gallup started another very active campaign, in which the champions of both (or many) sides fought for their respective rights, some civilly, some savagely. All these discussions have done service for the Baconian side—not one has brought any new strength to the Shakespearean side. The latest skirmish has arisen—and is, as

we write, still languidly proceeding—on the startling and quite novel claim made by Herr Bleibtreu, that the true author is Roger, Earl of Rutland. Of course this absurd conjecture will have its short and loquacious life, and will then recede into deserved oblivion. It is really not worth serious discussion. Two or three leading facts are sufficient to dispose of it. This Earl was born in 1576 and died in 1612. A short life of 36 years, in which history records nothing indicative of literary performance, may be enough for the production of Shakespeare by a suitably endowed author, but it is very short commons, and a vast amount of proof would be required for its establishment. No one who died in 1612 can have had anything to do with the 1623 Folio, which bears unmistakable traces of recent compilation. All the evidence which Dr. Bleibtreu produces in support of Rutland are very much more applicable to Bacon, and the shreds of argument which he alleges against Bacon are simply twenty times refuted fallacies. All his statements of "what is certainly known" about William Shakspeare contain several very debatable points—for instance, that "he kept his regular seat at the Mermaid Tavern." As a matter of fact there is no real unimpeachable evidence that William Shakspeare ever entered that renowned drinking saloon, or that he swallowed any of its liquor, either soberly or excessively. And what proof is there that the "third-class actor" was an "intimate bosom friend of Southampton and Essex?" All these highly important and, for Shakespearean purposes necessary, biographic details start from small, insignificant facts, or rumours, or fancies, or traditions, and by a miraculous process of multiplication the five barley loaves and two small fishes which a 16th century lad has brought in his basket (labelled tradition), are so expanded as to supply a feast for the thousands of hungry Shakspeareans whose appetite cannot be appeased by the few stale crumbs actually available for their sustenance.

It is worthy of remark that the essentially ephemeral character of these guesses serves most emphatically to accentuate the enduring character of the Baconian theory. This alone comes to stay; all the rest fret and fume for a few short days and then vanish, for the most part never to return. Also it seems to us clear that the tone of our opponents is becoming softened, less shrill and shrieking, less confident, less ferocious. Often persiflage takes the place of invective, and that is the first step towards honest debate on a free and impartial stage. What begins with persiflage is likely to end with persuasion.

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE

IN the year 1600 there was published in small quarto a play with the following title, "The first part of the true and honorable history of Sir John Oldcastle the good Lord Cobham—As it hath been lately acted by the Right Honorable the Earl of Nottingham Lord High Admirall of England his servants—Written by William Shakespeare—London printed for T. P."; and the volume was duly registered with the Stationers' Company. In the same year there was published another version of the same play with a somewhat varied title as follows, "The first part of the true and honourable historie of the life of Sir John Oldcastle the good Lord Cobham. Lond. printed by V. S. for Thomas Pavier," and this volume was also registered with the Stationers' Company; perhaps the most remarkable difference between the two versions being that, although bearing the same date, the latter is anonymous and the former is stated to be by William Shakespeare; and further, the anonymous version contains many superior readings and additional lines not in the version bearing William Shakespeare's name. As is well known, this play was not reprinted in either of the first two folio editions of the Shakespeare plays, and has therefore commonly been classed as spurious, together with six other plays that originally appeared with the name "William Shakespeare" on the title-page, and were similarly excluded from the early folios, but it was contained in the third folio published in 1664, together with the other so-called spurious plays, and in the fourth folio published in 1685, and some later editions of the Shakespeare plays have also included these doubtful plays.

It is difficult to understand the reasons why "Sir John Oldcastle" has not been generally attributed to

the author of the other plays beyond the *prima facie* evidence afforded by the fact that the plays contained in the first two folios were certified to be Shakespeare's by the somewhat transparent statements in the Preface signed with the names of Heminge and Condell. This Preface has been frequently pulverised by the weapons of the Baconians; but, to look at it for the moment from the Shakespearean point of view, does it not seem to be a somewhat weak prop to rest upon? Although people seem to think the statements in the Preface imply that the folio plays are the only plays from the pen of Shakespeare, there is no explicit statement to this effect; and further, the belief in this implication lands the holders in this difficulty, namely, that they are forced to admit that there were at least two persons writing plays and publishing them under the name of William Shakespeare. The Baconians might press this point of advantage and ask whether it is not possible that one of these writers might be Bacon; but one can readily assume that this would not be conceded. In spite of the fact that "Sir John Oldcastle" is contained in the third folio, to which the Prefaces of the earlier folios are attached, the play is classed as anonymous in the volumes of reprints published in 1810 under the title "Ancient British Drama," said to be edited by Sir Walter Scott.

Baconians have learned to regard such *prima facie* evidence as the preface to the folios as a matter to be by no means accepted without hesitation, and we are therefore free to examine the play in question with unbiassed minds, and to endeavour to ascertain whether it is from the same master-hand to which we attribute the other Shakespeare plays.

To come to the point at once, I may say I am strongly inclined to believe that it is a production of the Baconian workshop, though the fact that the

two versions were published together raises some difficult questions.

In the first place it is, I submit, more reasonable to compare this play with the early quarto editions of the generally recognised Shakespeare plays than with the folio versions of those plays; for I take it first that the quarto editions more nearly approximated to the acting versions than did the folio editions; and, secondly, that the folio editions were re-written and made more poetical in order to become part of the permanent literature of the country, or even to convey and perpetuate the secret information which some of our members claim to have discovered in them. If this view be correct, we cannot look so deeply into a play that was merely or mainly written for the stage, and we must therefore, as I said, compare it with the early quartos of the generally recognised Shakespeare plays. And when we do this I think we find that "Sir John Oldcastle" cannot be fairly said to stand on a lower plane than many of the other plays. To take a rapid glance at the subject: The period was, we can see, one of considerable interest to Bacon. We have from his pen Richard II., Henry IV. (Parts I. and II.), and Henry V. In "Sir John Oldcastle" some of the same persons appear as in these other plays, though, if we are to recognise Oldcastle in the person of Falstaff, it must be admitted that the character is treated very differently in the different plays.

This point is certainly a curious one, and should be particularly interesting to Baconians, because Oldcastle, having been a prominent Lollard or follower of Wycliffe, he was naturally regarded with opprobrium while Roman Catholicism was in the ascendancy; and, in depicting him in history or on the stage, there was consequently a tendency to exaggerate his defects or even to invent faults for him; whereas, when the

Protestant religion was established, he immediately became a hero and a saint and was so depicted, as, for instance, in the account of his life by Bishop Bale and in the poem by John Weever.

Now Bacon, being an upholder of the Protestant form of Christianity, it is somewhat strange to find him travestying Oldcastle in the character of Falstaff, and at the same time describing him, as we may suppose the man more nearly was in the play bearing his name. This I regard as some evidence of Baconian authorship, for we may suppose that Bacon would naturally admire the character of such a man as Oldcastle, and, having been led perhaps by pecuniary exigencies into writing a play in which Oldcastle sustains the part of buffoon, the author, to make amends to him, writes another play, in which he now becomes the hero, and we are told in the prologue—

“It is no pampered glutton we present
Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin
But one whose virtue shone above the rest
A valiant martyr and a virtuous peer,
In whose true faith and loyalty, expressed
Unto his sovereign and his country’s weal
We strive to pay that tribute of our love
Your favours merit.”

Again, the fact that the author is a Protestant is emphasized by the cunning and deceitful character of the Bishop of Rochester, as depicted in the play, and also in the licentiousness of Sir John, the parson of Wrotham, both of whom were, of course, Roman Catholics.

It is an interesting fact that the only quarto edition of the Henry IV. play was published in the same year as “Sir John Oldcastle,” viz., 1600.

Both the First and Second Parts of King Henry IV. contain slight allusions to Falstaff as a travesty on

Oldcastle, and in the Epilogue to the Second Part we have the following:—"If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already 'a be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man."

This reminds one of some of the thin disguises of latter-day political lampoons.

It may be remarked that at the same period there lived a warrior and landowner, named Sir John Fastolf, whose career bore some resemblance to that of Falstaff, as depicted in the Henry IV. plays, so that attempts to identify the characters of the plays, with actual originals, prove somewhat illusive. This is not surprising, for a great artist in any branch of art is a creator, using his original or model merely as a guide or groundwork, by the help of which he elaborates the ideal from his own imagination; and it was peculiarly Bacon's genius to add to and improve upon the rough sketches of his predecessors.

We have also in the Oldcastle play an allusion to the Falstaff, Peto and Poins of the Henry IV. plays, and more than one scene in both the Oldcastle and Henry IV. plays is laid in the neighbourhood of Gads-hill, in Kent.

In the First Part of Henry IV. we have the Prince in disguise with Pointz, robbing Falstaff and his companions of the booty which the latter had just stolen from the travellers, and in the Oldcastle play we have the young King in disguise being robbed of his money by Sir John, the parson of Wrotham, and afterwards winning it back from him at play.

Near to Gadshill is Cobham Hall and Park, now the property of the Earl of Darnley. In the reign of

Edward III. it belonged to John de Cobham, from whom it descended to his daughter Joan ; this lady is said to have had five husbands, one of whom was Sir John Oldcastle.

The references to St. Albans and the Hertford Assizes, and Dunstable and other places in the neighbourhood, give Baconian colour to the play. We also have several legal processes described accurately, and we have a genealogy in blank verse that reminds us of the Shakespeare plays.

We will now turn for a few minutes to the historic accounts of Sir John Oldcastle, and the following from Green's *Short History* may serve as an example :—

“The weakness which was produced by Henry IV.'s ill success in the West, as well as these constant battlings with disaffection within the realm, was seen in the attitude of the Lollards. Lollardry was far from having been crushed by the Statute of Heresy. The death of the Earl of Salisbury in the first of the revolts against Henry's throne, though his gory head was welcomed into London by a procession of abbots and bishops, who went out singing psalms of thanksgiving to meet it, only transferred the leadership of the party to one of the foremost warriors of the time, Sir John Oldcastle, who had previously served with the armies against the French. If we believe his opponents, and we have no information about him save from hostile sources, he was of lowly origin, and his rise must have been due to his own capacity and services to the Crown. In his youth he had listened to the preaching of Wyclif, and his Lollardry—if we may judge from its tone in later years—was a violent fanaticism. But this formed no obstacle to his rise in Richard's reign ; his marriage with the heiress of that house made him Lord Cobham, and the accession of Henry of Lancaster, to whose

cause he seems to have clung in these younger days, brought him fairly to the front. His skill in arms found recognition in his appointment as Sheriff of Herefordshire and as Castellan of Brecknock, and he was among the leaders who were chosen in later years for service in France. His warlike renown endeared him to the King, and Prince Henry counted him among the most illustrious of his servants. The favour of the royal house was the more notable that Oldcastle was known as 'leader and captain' of the Lollards. His Kentish castle at Cowling served as the headquarters of the sect, and their preachers were openly entertained at his houses in London or on the Welsh border. The Convocation of 1413 charged him with being 'the principal receiver, favourer, protector, and defender of them; and that, especially in the dioceses of London, Rochester, and Hereford, he hath sent out the said Lollards to preach . . . and hath been present at their wicked sermons, grievously punishing with threatenings, terror, and the power of the secular sword such as did withstand them, alleging and affirming among other matters that we, the bishops, had no power to make any such Constitutions,' as the provincial Constitutions in which they had forbidden the preaching of unlicensed preachers. The bold stand of Lord Cobham drew fresh influence from the sanctity of his life. Though the clergy charged him with the foulest heresy, they owned that he shrouded it 'under a veil of holiness.' What chiefly moved their wrath was that he 'armed the hands of laymen for the spoil of the Church.' The phrase seems to hint that Oldcastle was the mover in the repeated attempts of the Commons to supply the needs of the State by a confiscation of Church property. . . . But a direct sympathy with Lollardism was seen in the further proposals of the Commons. They prayed for the abolition of episcopal

jurisdiction over the clergy and for a mitigation of the Statute of Heresy.

"The removal of Archbishop Arundel from the Chancellorship, which was given to Henry Beaufort, of Winchester, was among the first acts of Henry V., and it is probable that this blow at the great foe of the Lollards gave encouragement to the hopes of Oldcastle, who pressed his opinions on the young King. . . . The suspicions of Henry's favour to the Lollard cause . . . only spurred the bold spirit of Arundel to energetic action. A council of bishops gathered in the summer to denounce Lollardry, and at once called on Henry to suffer Oldcastle to be brought to justice. The King pleaded for delay in the case of one who was so close a friend, and strove personally to convince Lord Cobham of his errors. All, however, was in vain, and Oldcastle withdrew to his castle of Cowling, while Arundel summoned him before his court and convicted him as a heretic. His open defiance at last forced the King to act. In September a body of royal troops arrested Lord Cobham and carried him to the Tower; but his life was still spared, and after a month's confinement his imprisonment was relaxed on his promise of recantation. Cobham, however, had now resolved on open resistance. He broke from the Tower in November, and from his hiding-place organised a vast revolt. At the opening of 1414 a secret order summoned the Lollards to assemble in St. Giles's Fields outside London. . . . From Cobham's later declarations it is probable that the pretext of the rising was to release Richard, whom he asserted to be still alive, and to set him again on the throne. But the vigilance of the young King prevented the junction of the Lollards within the city with their confederates without, and these, as they appeared at the place of meeting, were dispersed by the royal troops.

"The failure of the rising only increased the rigour of the law. Magistrates were directed to arrest all heretics and hand them over to the bishops, a conviction of heresy was made to entail forfeiture of blood and estate, and the execution of thirty-nine prominent Lollards as traitors gave terrible earnest of the King's resolve to suppress their sect. Oldcastle escaped, and for four years longer strove to rouse revolt after revolt. He was at last captured on the Welsh border and brought to London and burned as a heretic." This was in the year 1417, or 1418.

It may be said that Hume's account is similar, and the playwright has evidently read Holinshed, though for dramatic effect he depicts Oldcastle as informing the King of the plot of the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroope, and Sir Thomas Grey, whereas this plot was in fact disclosed to the King by Edmund Earl of March.

Sir John Oldcastle was also a literary man. He wrote "Twelve Conclusions addressed to the Parliament of England"; he also edited the works of Wycliffe, and was the author of several religious tracts and discourses.

Turning back to the poem on Sir John Oldcastle, published in 1601, commonly attributed to John Weever, and knowing that the play of *Julius Cæsar* was not published until 1623, it is remarkable to find in the poem stanza No. 4 as follows:—

"The many-headed multitude were drawne
By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious,
When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious?
Man's memory, with new forgets the old,
One tale is good until another's told."

The reading of this verse will suggest to many Baconians that here we have another product of the

master's hand, but there may perhaps be other explanations of the similarity of language used in this poem and the play of *Julius Cæsar*. In subsequent stanzas of the same poem we have a description of the battle of Shrewsbury, and Hotspur is described as hot on the spur, and Percy as piercing the eye; and later on we have the word "bacon" evidently dragged in for a purpose. We also have an allusion to the River Weever in Cheshire, which seems to indicate that the ostensible author of the poem is not the real author. It would be interesting to enquire whether he was one of Bacon's masks. The verses which seem to suggest this are as follows :—

"Through many bywaies, many countries fled
In midst of Cheshire now I am on a river,
By more crookt winding which her current led,
Then I had gone by-wayes; her name the Weever:
On whose prowde banke such entertaine I had,
As longer, if I might, I would have staid.

Still doe I wander by the banks of Weever,
With gorgeous buildings stately ritch adorned :
Buildings the banks, and banks outbrave the River,
Shee swells o're banks and buildings, them she scorned,
Limits there be for every thing beside,
No banks can limit in the sea of pride."

The author appears to express annoyance at the pride of the River Weever. This is unreasonable; but it may be that the real author is annoyed at the airs assumed by the ostensible author, John Weever, and we naturally look for a prior publication to find the cause for the assumption of airs. Such a publication we find to have been produced two or three years earlier, entitled "Epigrammes in the oldest cut and newest fashion," by John Weever. In this rare volume we have verses referring to Shakespeare, Spenser, Drayton, and other contemporary poets, and in

perusing them the question suggests itself—Was this an output of the Baconian workshop? One epigram consists of laudatory lines on the actor Edward Allen, or Alleyn, as the name is more usually spelt; these have a decidedly Baconian flavour. The lines on Shakespeare have frequently been quoted; they commence as follows:—

“Honie tong’ed Shakespeare when I saw thine issue
I swore Apollo got them and none other,”

and they go on to refer to *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece*, *Romeo*, and *Richard*.

The publication of the two volumes referred to certainly raises some interesting questions which are not easy to solve. It is suggestive that we find Weever in later life living in Clerkenwell Close. One of the earliest records of the life of Sir John Oldcastle is the “Chronicle of England,” by John Capgrave, an Augustinian friar who lived from 1393 to 1464. In this work Oldcastle’s valour is naturally esteemed more highly than are his moral qualities. The autograph copy of this book is in the Cambridge University Library.

We may note that Bishop Bale’s book, which he calls “A brefe Chronicle concerning the Examinacion and Death of the blessed Martir in Christ Sir Johan Oldcastell the Lord Cobham,” has been reprinted in the first volume of the “Harleian Miscellany.” The tone of the book may be judged from the fact that the author refers to the Pope as “that execrable Antichrist of Rome the Devil’s own vicar.” The trial of Oldcastle before the Archbishop is recorded in the State Trials.

Since the above was written the writer has had the satisfaction of finding that his views as to the authorship of the play of “Sir John Oldcastle” coincide with those of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, who has recently

drawn attention to the fact that the name "S. Albans" appears on the two consecutive pages numbered 53 in the version of the play contained in the third folio.

E. BASIL LUPTON.

NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

"Mr. Char."

IN his article "Author and Actor-Manager," Mr. Woodward introduces to our notice a "Diary" of Bacon's, which is new to me. Where is it to be found? There is a reference in it to a "Mr. Char." whom he identifies with "Shaksper," as "at Stratford 'Shaksper' was sometimes written 'Chaksper.'"

I am not aware of this fact. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare" (5th edition, pp. 449, 450), gives every entry of the name in the Stratford register, and in no case is it spelt with a capital "C." In my opinion the "Char." is simply a contraction for "Challoner," which is stated to appear elsewhere in the "Diary" as "Chal."

GEO. STRONACH.

Mr. Parker Woodward, in *BACONIANA* for October, quoted an entry made by Bacon, dated August 6, 1608, beginning as follows: "To have a note from Mr. Char. of ye new inventions." And he argues that it meant a letter from Shaksper. As if the illiterate man could write! Furthermore, at that time Shaksper was engaged in bringing suits for paltry sums. Nor is there any evidence that he was in London after 1596 until 1613.

"Washn., D.C.

WM. HENRY BURR."

The above having been shown to me, may I add a few words? In the Diary, Sir Thos. Challoner is twice referred to as Sr. Th. Chal. This, I think, excludes him. But the entry "Mr. Char." may refer to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, elsewhere in the Diary noted as Mr. Chancellor. The point is not very important, though at present I hold to my surmise.

Mr. R. G. White, in "The Life and Genius of Shakespeare," writes: "In the irregular phonographic spelling of antiquity the name appears sometimes as Chacksper and Shaxpur." Mr. Stronach objects to the term Diary. Perhaps I should have said note-book. As to Mr. Burr's comment, may I say that a note (or report) need not be made in writing. I think the fact that Shakspeare bought property in London as late as 1613 is an indication that he was frequently there from 1596 onwards.

PARKER WOODWARD.

Spurious Ciphers

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

YOUR correspondent, "R.A.S.," reproduces two supposed secret signatures of Bacon originally published in *BACONIANA* for October, 1892, as follows :—

"B egun to tell me what I am ; but stopped
A nd left me to a bootless inquisition,
CON cluding, 'stay not yet.'"

Tempest, act i. sc. 2.

"Then sigh not so,
B ut let them go
A nd be you blithe and bonny ;
CON verting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny."

Much Ado, act ii. sc. 3.

I would observe that the latter lines seem to have been juggled somewhat, for they appear in the 1623 Folio as follows :—

"Then sigh not so, but let them goe,
And be you blithe and bonnie ;
Converting all your sounds of woe," etc.

There seems to be a decided flaw in this "Bacon."

The lines from the *Tempest* appear correctly, but unless many such combinations could be found—at least one in each play—it would be very rash to call that a cipher which is evidently an ordinary coincidence. Let us have ciphers, by all means, but let us have genuine ones.

H. C. F.

"Eclipse Endured"

I AM greatly obliged to Mr. Hunt for his courteous correction of my mistake in attributing Bacon's reference in *Henry VII.* to Queen Elizabeth instead of to the Queen Dowager. It was a slip on my part. But the crux still remains. The purpose of my query was—as I had previously put it to *Notes and Queries* without eliciting any reply—to ascertain if any Elizabethan scholar, Mr. Bayley included, could give a third use of the epithet "Eclipse endured" beyond the two uses I instanced in Bacon and Shakespeare. We have "eclipse" mentioned over and over again, but not "eclipse endured."

Both Mr. Hunt and my friend, Professor Dowden, I think, misread the meaning of the word "endured" in the days of Elizabeth and James. Then it meant "suffered." "Death is common enough," Mr. Hunt says ; but if you "suffer" death, where are you ? Dead, generally and naturally.

Bacon was greatly impressed by ordinary eclipses of the moon, as Mr. Hunt shows. But I have always believed that in Sonnet 107 Shakespeare (or Bacon) referred to the death of Queen Elizabeth. Here I have with me George Brandes, Gerald Massey, George Wyndham (partially) and—Sidney Lee! In the famous Sonnet, "the *mortal moon*" is referred to as enduring (suffering) an eclipse. As the last-named "authority" says:—"Cynthia (*i.e.*, the moon) was the Queen's recognised appellation. It is thus that she figures in the verse of Barnfield, Spenser, Fulke Greville, and Raleigh, and her elegists involuntarily followed the same fashion," among them Petowe, and the various contributors to the volumes entitled *Sorrowes Foy* (Cambridge, 1603) and *England's Morning Garment* (London, 1603). All I contend for is that "mortal moon" refers to Queen Elizabeth, and, *pace* Mr. Bayley, that none but Bacon and Shakespeare ever associated the word "eclipse" with the word "endure" in connection with the "moon."

GEORGE STRONACH.

Moving Woods

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

DEAR SIR,—In my readings the other day I came across an historical event that may have been the foundation of the striking incident in *Macbeth* where the Witch prophecies that "Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill shall come against him."

In an old history called *The Lives of the three Norman Kings of England*, by Sir John Heyward, 1613, one finds the following:—

"Further, by the counsel of Stigand Archbishop of Canterbury, and of Eglesine Abbot of St. Augustine's, who at that time were the chief governors of Kent, as the King (William the Conqueror) was riding towards Dover, at Swanscombe, two miles from Gravesend the Kentishmen came towards him armed and bearing boughs in their hands as if it had been a moving wood; they enclosed him upon the sudden, and with a firm countenance, but words well tempered with modesty and respect, they demanded of him the use of their ancient liberties and laws. . . . Pledges were given on both sides, and the County of Kent and the Castle of Dover were yielded into his power."

This incident of the moving wood was woven into a ballad that became very popular, by Thomas Deloney, who had been a silk weaver till he took to literature as a profession, and whose scarce volumes, with their quaint illustrations, are much prized in Libraries.

The ballad must have been written about 1600. Here are a few of the verses "to the tune of Rogero."

When as the Duke of Normandy
 With glist'ning spear and shield
 Had enter'd into fair England
 And foil'd his foes in field.
 On Christmas day in solemn sort
 Then he was crowned here
 By Albert archbishop of York
 With many a noble peer.

And many cities he subdued
 Fair London with the rest
 But Kent did still withstand his force
 And did his laws detest.

Thus did the Kentish commons cry
 Unto their leaders still
 And so marched forth in warlike sort
 And stand at Swanscomb Hill.

For when they spied his approach
 In place as they did stand
 Then marchéd they, to hem him in,
Each one a bough in hand !

So that into the conqueror's sight
 Amazed as he stood
 They seemed to be a walking grove,
 Or else a moving wood.

The shape of men he could not see
 The boughs did hide them so
 And now his heart for fear did quake
 To see a forest go.

But when the Kentish men had thus
 Enclosed the conqueror round
 Most suddenly they drew their swords
 And threw the boughs to ground.

This ballad is called "The valiant courage and policy of the Kentishmen with long tails," whereby they kept their ancient laws and customs which the Conqueror sought to take from them.

I suppose the Kentish men, being mostly sailors, wore their hair in a "long tail" tied with ribbon, in the shape of a "queue."

Malone considers *Macbeth* must have been written about 1606, which would be a date at which the ballad was popular.

Yours truly, A. CHAMBERS BUNTEN.

AN OMISSION.—The valuable article on "The Lover's Complaint," which appeared in Nos. 15 & 16, was from the pen of MR. F. C. HUNT.

BACONIANA.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

BACONIANA is devoted to discussion of the problems underlying sixteenth and seventeenth century literature. Its aim is not restricted to the mere advocacy of the theory that the Shakespeare Plays were written by Francis Bacon, but is rather to record hitherto unrecognised facts, and to promote the general study of the English Renaissance. In the endeavour to throw fresh light upon an obscure period every care will be exercised to avoid, as far as possible, the publication of inaccurate statements.

Readers are invited to favour the Editor by communicating any new facts that come under their notice. When quoting extracts it is desirable to follow *literatim* the spelling and punctuation. The place and date of publication should also, if possible, be invariably stated.

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APRIL, 1907

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A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE



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The Bacon Society.

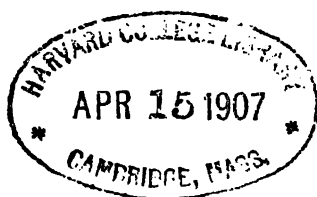
(INCORPORATED.)

THE objects of the Society are expressed in the Memorandum of Association to be —

1. To encourage the study of the works of Francis Bacon as philosopher, lawyer, statesman and poet; also his character, genius, and life; his influence on his own and succeeding times, and the tendencies and results of his writings.
2. To encourage the general study of the evidence in favour of Francis Bacon's authorship of the plays commonly ascribed to Shakespeare, and to investigate his connection with other works of the Elizabethan period.

The annual subscription of Members, who are entitled to vote at the Society's business meetings, is one guinea; that of Associates is half-a-guinea.

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BACONIANA.

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THE GREAT RENUNCIATION

THE instances of great geniuses who, being aware of their transcendent faculties, have endowed the world with their works under the name of another and themselves remained unknown, are exceedingly rare. Great minds find food and drink in the glorious fame their names receive. Those are indeed minds of god-like poise and fortitude which can forego the universal plaudits of their own times, find their reward in the goodness they confer, and leave their fame to that time when they are centuries in the dust. Perhaps no greater literary genius has ever appeared in the history of mankind than the one evinced in the Shakespeare writings. It is asking much of modern times to believe that the great art known as Shakespeare's is the product of an unknown. It is asking much to believe that any mortal man could renounce such a birthright—could put aside such a crown of immortal glory. Yet it must be apparent to every unprejudiced mind that it is not asking too much of Francis Bacon—he who delved so deeply as a pioneer in the mines of truth, who laid such deep bases for eternity, who put his hands to plans which centuries could alone carry out, and who left his name to “future ages.”

G

But assume a mind capable of so great a sacrifice, and a thousand questions assail us. What could be the mental attitude of a man towards such a sacrifice of himself—such a separation from his own genius? Why should he deliberately bury from human view such a moiety of his own soul? What purpose could be accomplished? Could he feel callous and indifferent? Was there no sense of deep loss? No bitter regret? No description and praise to himself of such mental “orphans and unfathered fruit”? No watching over these literary children in secret? No hopes for their immortality? No pride in their praise by others? No defence against their censure? No wish that somewhere, some sharp minds would read the secret and accord the earned meed of praise? No hope that at last his own image would be found in the immortal lines? Did he find pleasure and consolation in the exercise of his poetic art, though carried on in secret? Did he delight as a father in the active deeds of his mental children? Did he gloat in secret, like a miser, over his literary treasure? Was there no fond farewell? No sweet dream of possession and sad awakening? Certainly, a soul so finely attuned as that of Francis Bacon must have experienced many such emotions. And is it possible that he has left us nothing of it all? This man, so secret, so enigmatical, so allusive in many of his expressions—is he for ever dumb? With every human emotion passing under his pen, is it possible that so unique a literary position could have been left unexploited? Fortunately, that question has been clearly answered in the negative. In “Shake-speare's Sonnets” it is all delineated with the most exquisite sympathy and skill, but veiled behind allusive expression and masterly imagery. In these amazing verses, the autobiographical character of which is universally recognised, the poet has, as has been truly said, “poured

out his soul," but has left his story to be read by "love's fine wit." To tell this story fully, accompanied with its wealth of circumstantial evidence and textual criticism, would require a folio volume. Yet it may be briefly sketched, and the details of interpretation left to the reader who may desire to fill in the bare outlines. In this story Southampton and Herbert, the "Dark Woman," and every meretricious suggestion, disappears from view. The verses are found, when the mask of the "suspect of ill" is removed, to be as pure as Benson vouchsafed them to be. That mask is the popular subject of Love and the dramatic situations and vocabulary involved in a representation of that passion. By the most exquisite skill and imagery, however, the whole is made to apply by allusive or perspective literary art, to Bacon and his poetic genius. It is the highest poetic art known. As Sonnet 24 says,

"And *perspective*, it is *best painter's art*."

In the first nineteen numbers Bacon calls upon his genius, figured by the elder Cupid, to reproduce itself in art children, and closes the series with those two great trumpet blasts of fame found in 18 and 19. And this idea of mental breeding is no fanciful suggestion. How it may be done was "hammered out" by King Richard in the dungeon at Pomfret, as follows :

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;
My soul the father ; and these two beget
A generation of still breeding thoughts ;
And these same thoughts people this little world.

—*King Richard II.*, v. 5.

But Montaigne has treated fully the subject of intellectual children, and in language strikingly similar to that used in these first seventeen Sonnets. In Chapter VIII. of the Second Book (Florio translation) he says :

Now if we shall duly consider this simple occasion of loving

our children, because we have begotten them, for which we call them our *other selves* ; it seems there is another production coming from us, and which is of no less recommendation and consequence. For what we *engender by the minde*, the fruits of our courage, sufficiency, or *spirit*, are brought forth by a far more noble part than the corporal, and more our owne. We are both father and mother together in this generation ; such fruits cost us much dearer and bring us much honor, and chiefly if they have any good or rare thing in them. For the value of our other children is much more theirs than ours. The share we have in them is but little, but of these all the *beautie*, all the *grace*, and all the *worth* is ours. And therefore do they represent and resemble us much more lively than others. Plato addeth, moreover, that these are *immortal issues* and *immortalize their fathers*.

Montaigne then follows with historical examples of this love for intellectual offspring. He writes of Heli-dorus, who lost his prelateship rather than forego his romance of *Theagenes and Charidea* ; of Labienus, whose books were burned, and who, unable to survive the loss of his "deare and highly-esteemed issues," killed himself in the tombs of his ancestors ; of Geruntius Cordus, who pined away because his books were consumed by fire ; of Lucane, who, condemned to death by Nero, opened his veins and expired reading his own verses. And it is peculiar that Montaigne then immediately proceeds to compare himself with the ancients he has named and in connection with poetic creations. He continues :—

And I wot not well, whether *myself* should not much rather desire to beget and produce a perfectly-well-shaped and excellently qualited infant, by the acquaintance of the Muses than by the acquaintance of my wife. *Whatsoever I give to this*, let the world allow of it as it please, I give it as purely and irrevocably as any man can give it to his corporal children. That little good *which I have done him* is no longer in my disposition. He may know many things that myself know no longer and *hold of me* what I could not hold myselfe ; and which (if need should require) I must borrow of him *as of a stranger*. If I be wiser than he, he

is richer than I. There are few men *given unto Poesie*, that would not esteem it for a greater honour to be the fathers of Virgils Aeneidos than of the goodliest boy in Rome and that would not rather endure the losses of the one than the perishing of the other. For, according to Aristotle, of all workmen, the Poet is principally the most amorous and conceited of his labours. . . . Nay, I make a great question whether Phidias, or any other excellent Statuary, would as highly esteeme and dearly love the preservation and successful continuance of his natural children, as he would an exquisite and matchless-wrought Image, that with long study and diligent care he had perfected according to arte. And as concerning those vicious and *furious passions* which sometimes have inflamed some fathers to the love of their daughters or mothers towards their sonnes, the very same and more partially earnest is also found in this other kind of childe-bearing and alliance.

In Sonnet 20, Bacon describes the personal appearance of the elder Cupid, the figure of his genius, and there is disclosed for the first time that he has been "defeated" of that genius and that in some manner they are separated. In 25 he congratulates himself that he is practising his art in secret, where he is not subject to princes' frowns or favours, and where he "may not remove nor be removed." In 27 and 28 and 43 is described the nightly work of the imagination, and which Lady Anne believed was ruining Francis' digestion. In 29 and 30, he consoles himself in the disgrace he was suffering with the practice of his poetic art where he could, like a lark, "sing hymns at heaven's gate." Numbers 33, 34, 35 and 36 treat of his own fault in writing behind a mask, disclose and justify the separation between himself and his genius, all with the most exquisite and sincere feeling. In 35 he commences a "lawful plea" of self-justification, and which continues to and closes with 42, where the whole problem is happily solved by the last couplet—

But here's the joy ; *my friend and I are one* ;
Sweet flattery ! then she loves but me alone.

In 36 he confesses that the "separable spite" must exist, but that he cannot acknowledge his poetic genius. In 37 he is the "decript father" who delights in the active deeds of his intellectual child. In 44 and 45 is again disclosed that it is his *spirit* ("the better part" of 39) which is with his friend, and in 48 and 49 he treats of the hiding of his intellectual jewels and the fear of their ultimate loss; he proposes to hide ("ensconce") himself in his verses until the future shall identify his poetic art with his philosophy. In 52, like a miser, he gloats over the hidden intellectual treasures of his poetic labours. In 53 we are assured that his genius is a revival of the Greek Classics, and again that it has the form of a man ("Adonis"), and the face of a woman ("Helen")—that it is "*painted new*" in "*Grecian tires*." In 63, 64 and 65 he proposes to fortify himself against the oblivion of time by the immortality of his verse. In 66, 67 and 68 he mourns the degeneracy of his times, and from which he would gladly be gone, save that he must watch over his art, which, being devoted to Nature, or philosophic truth, is used by Nature as a map to show the "false art" of his own times what true poetry was in the Golden Age.

Numbers 72, 73, 74 and 81 treat with beautiful melancholy of the poet's own death, but he contents himself with the fact that in these verses his life has a memorial. He is to devise a "virtuous lie" (either the Shakespeare lie or the lie of the "suspect of ill" of the Sonnets) for the purpose of giving proper praise to his own genius, and which otherwise, with good manners, could hardly be done.

Sonnets 78, 79, 80, 83, 85 and 86 deal with the supposed "rival poet," but it is evidently a contemporary who is also praising the Shakespeare genius. In 85 this praise embarrasses the poet and tongue-ties him to such an extent that he can only exclaim "Amen!" "'Tis

so!" "'Tis true!" This great poet, who was also praising Bacon's genius, was probably Spenser.

In 87 he takes a beautiful farewell of his poetic soul. To him it was a beautiful dream, wherein he was king of the poetic realm, but wakened at last, it was indeed "no such matter." To him only remained the memory of his art and his irreparable loss. This is, veritably, the Great Renunciation, and the subject of this loss and separation continues through 88, 89, 90, 91, 92 and 93. Sonnet 87 is a marvel of hard, compact and allusive thought, and is worth the profound study of every Baconian. It was too hard a problem for the late Walter Begley, and I believe its reproduction and analysis here to be fully justified by the importance of the results obtained by its careful interpretation. The sonnet is as follows :—

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate ;
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?
And for that riches where is my deserving ?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gavest, else mistaking ;
So thy great gift, upon misprison growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

Is it possible for moderns to realise the feeling of self-sacrifice that must necessarily have come to such a sensitive mind as Bacon's upon deliberately renouncing his mighty poetic works, and the greatness of which he fully realised? Such a feeling, aided by such marvellous power of expression, might well produce the profound pathos and beauty of Sonnets 87 to 96, and which

Mr. Wyndham calls "a single speech of tragic intensity, written in elegiac verses more exquisite than Ovid's own." And this is caused, we are gravely informed, by reason of Shakespeare's miff because another poet joined in praise of Southampton! The lawyer is again here, and the law terms come tumbling over each other—"charter," "releasing," "determinate," "patent," "misprison," and "judgment." This looks very much like the future Attorney-General bidding farewell to the fruits of his poetic genius. Yet we are come to deep waters. Why should Shakespeare bid farewell to his supposed great patron, Southampton? How could he look upon the Earl at all with any possessory right? Noble patrons scattered their largesses where it suited their interest or their fickle fancies, and which hungry poets took with humble and obsequious gratitude. "Increasing coldness," says Professor Dowden, but where is there any evidence of it except as painfully extracted from the Sonnet itself? How could the Earl be bound in any way to the poet? How could Southampton "give" himself to Shakespeare without knowing his own worth? Such difficulties, with others, were too much for even Mr. Massey, the professed Southampton advocate, and the number becomes "dramatic" and speaks in the "character of Southampton to Elizabeth Vernon." But these two were married in 1598, probably three years before the Sonnet was written, and the former's bonds, instead of being "determinate," or ended, were securely rivetted to the object addressed. Neither was she "too dear" for his "possessing," as the unsavoury history discloses, and there was no dream about it, either. No; the great idea of Bacon's separation from his master mistress still continues. His poetic genius is too dear for his possessing—and possibly too dangerous, also. The "worth" of this poetic faculty was

itself a "charter," or its own authority, for its releasing from himself, just as the charter of the sovereign released certain rights to certain subjects. But what "bonds" did Bacon have in his poesy, or his genius, which were ended? Possibly his rights of authorship, which he abandoned, or his sense of ownership through his own creations. But Bacon has himself told us plainly. He says:—

In philosophy the *mind is bound to things*; in poesy it is released from the bond and wanders forth and feigns what it pleases.—(Spedding, Vol. 10, p. 405).

What is this last extract but Bacon saying covertly that in his philosophy he is bound by the limits of his time and position, but that in his poesy he "wanders forth" in disguise and feigns or says what he pleases? Is this curious concatenation of "poesy," "bonds," and "releasing" only another miraculous coincidence? He holds his poetic genius, he says, by a grant—"by thy granting"—and this grant, or charter, was the "charter of thy worth," and thus by its worth only did he hold his poesy. Now, this "worth" which is said to be the "cause of this fair gift" in him is "wanting"—that is, this genius was an endowment of Nature to him for which he could not claim the credit. He was not the cause. Thus the same grant, or "patent," as it is now called, "swerves" back to the one who gave it. He enjoyed the gift in himself of his own genius, but he has released it and bidden it a sad farewell. But this gift was free because his spirit gave itself. It was a *free patent*, as was known in law. It incurred no obligations towards the recipient. This is as Bacon says in "Colours of Good and Evil":—

These properties which we enjoy by the benefit of others, carry with them an obligation which seemeth a kind of burden; whereas the other which we derive from ourselves, are like the

freest patents, absque aliquo inde reddendo ("without anything whatever to be returned therefor").

Thus Bacon possessed his poetic genius as a "dream," and we must remember that he says, "*Poesy is a dream of learning.*" It was while he was dreaming and sleeping as a poet that he possessed this lost genius. While poetising he was a king of poets—"in sleep a king." But, Bacon continues, "it is time for *me to awake,*" and when he does awake, or ceases his poetic art, his genius is gone. In waking it is "no such matter." What is this "farewell" of Bacon's but that tender farewell of Lucane for his intellectual children when reciting his own verses after emptying his veins, and of which Montaigne further says:—

What was that but a kind, tender, and fatherly farewell which he tooke of his children? representing the last adieus, and parting embracements, which at our death we give unto our dearest issues? And an effect of that natural inclination which in that last extremity puts us in minde of those things which in our life we have held *dearest and most precious*?

And in one of the Sonnets Bacon says:—

"Thou art my *dearest and most precious jewel.*"

And hear him, again, about the free patents conferring splendid honours:—

"And, thirdly, these splendors of honors are like your *freest patents*, absque aliquo inde reddendo."—(Letter to King, 1620, "Francis Bacon and his Times," Spedding, Vol. 4, page 83).

F. C. HUNT.

MASQUE MUSIC IN BACON'S TIME

MUSIC, though considered one of the lighter Arts, has always taken an important place in Court ceremonies, and triumphal festivals, and it winds like a thread through the history of the English Kings, and the English people. It makes its influence felt, and becomes an important factor on many occasions. Francis Bacon must have heard a great deal of both good and bad music. He heard the best music performed at his Sovereign's Court, and he often listened to the ballads which were composed by his countrymen, and hawked in the streets. At the play-house occasional songs were introduced, as we well know, especially in the Shakespeare plays, and at Whitehall Palace; the music for the elaborate masques there was composed by the most accomplished musicians.

In looking for these old tunes and songs, one finds many of them have strange histories connected with some historical event, or public scandal, or a marriage or death, and that the pages on which these tunes have been written down by the long since dead hand have gone through many vicissitudes also.

What a story some of these could tell of Kings and Queens, and coronations and funerals!

Some pages may have been handled by "Shakespeare" himself.

We will first take the Masque tunes of the Court. Masques were allegorical musical plays, hardly to be called operas; they were pantomimes more properly, which were composed for a particular occasion, and got up at great cost.

Twelfth Night was never passed over without a Masque in Elizabeth's Court, and among the gentlemen of Gray's Inn and the various Inns of Court.

We read that "Gentlemen of the Inns of Court held Revels 4 times a year and were *obliged* to dance."

An important marriage, say of a personage high in the Sovereign's favour, was also the signal for a "Masque," and a committee was formed to settle on a plot or "device," or series of scenes—generally something connected with the topic of the day in Royal circles.

On the plot being settled upon by the courtiers, one of the literary spirits, skilled in the art, was told off to write the tale, and the most celebrated versifier was given the task of adding lyrics, and a well-known musician of the day was engaged to write the music appropriate to the device and verses.

After this was arranged it was necessary to get the performers for the Revel.

Men generally took the female parts, though occasionally ladies walked the stage.

In the "Masque of Blackness," written by Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones, King James' Consort, Queen Anne, and her Ladies in Waiting, elected to conceal their faces, and appear in the play. This play cost £10,000. Masques were generally worn, and a procession of masquers opened the proceedings. Between the 1st and 2nd part of the Masque an "Antimaske" was introduced (the word comes from anticks or antics, and meant buffoonery and parodies in every form), when the actors wore masks of animals, and danced in pantomime certain measures, which usually began in common time and ended in triple time in a whirl of playfulness.

The scenery was drawn across the stage and was called a "Travers," while the supposed locality of each scene was written over it.

The gestures of the actors were talked of as "motions" of the arms and body, and "Platt's"

(plots) were stage directions or Scenarios, written on a board hung up near the prompter's box.

One or two of these Masques in Bacon's day were thought to be so clever that they were printed, some with their music, and some without.

The old music is rather difficult to read, as it is not barred. Bars were put in when the music was in score, but when for an instrument alone, or for one voice, the music was not barred till about the year 1666. One Masque with music, which is in print, was performed at Whitehall, at the marriage of Lord Haye on Twelfth Night, 1607, when that nobleman married Honora, the daughter and heiress of Lord Denny. It was invented and set forth by Thomas Campion, Doctor of Physic, London. This Masque cost several thousand pounds, and is called "*The Night and the Hours*."

The words of the lyrics were by Campion, and several of the airs too.

This Dr. Campion was a wonderfully versatile genius, being poet, musician, doctor, and several other things, and he arranged that the orchestra on this occasion was large, and divided into three groups.

On the right hand of the dancing-place were con-sorted ten musicians with bass and also "mean" (middle) lutes, a bandora, a double sackbut, and a harpsichord, with two treble violins.

On the other side, nine violins and three lutes, and opposite them six cornets and six Chapel voices (boys' alto voices); also hautboys at the back of the stage. The songs in this Masque are arranged to be sung by one voice, accompanied by a lute, or bass viol, and the accompaniment is printed in lute notation, which consists of the letters of the alphabet up to K, arranged upon lines.

A goodly body of sound this must have been, and by a quaint engraving on the back of the title-page of the

old book we see that the costumes must have been equally magnificent.

A few years later Lord Bacon was called upon to provide a more elaborate play, which was produced with music in the same hall, when another of the King's favourite young courtiers, Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester, who became Earl of Somerset, was married. But this wedding was a very different affair, and all who were present had reason to remember it unpleasantly afterwards.

Before describing this Masque it may be well to sketch the history of the principal persons for whom Lord Bacon provided this gorgeous Revel.

As is well known, the Earl of Somerset's career was a strange one.

He began life as Robert Car, or Ker, third son of Sir Thomas Ker, of Ferniehurst, and was a lad of good Scottish birth.

As a boy he had been employed at James' Court for a short time, but had been sent to France by his father, as was the fashion of the day, to get polished up in various accomplishments.

He returned home in a year or two to seek some congenial employment, and happened to be engaged at a tilting match when the King was present. It was his duty to present his master's *insignia* to the King, but in riding forward to do so his restless horse reared, and threw its rider to the ground with a broken leg at King James' feet.

There the handsome lad lay till assisted to rise by the kindly-natured monarch, who at once perceived that he was helping a very good-looking youth, who pleased his eye. He directed that Robert Car should be taken to a room in the Court, and there every day the King visited him, and gradually assumed the roll of his teacher. The boy got well, and quickly rose in

the favour of his instructor, and finally he became chief attendant, and close companion of his Sovereign.

His good looks were the cause of his ruin in life, for he attracted the admiration of the youthful Countess of Essex, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, who at the age of thirteen had gone through a boy-and-girl ceremony of marriage with the son and heir of the Earl of Essex, who was beheaded by Queen Elizabeth. Seven years after the marriage the young Earl was just about to assume the position of a husband, when his wife the Countess unluckily fell in love with Robert Car—Lord Rochester, and nothing stopped her wild passion for him. Rochester was carried away by her eagerness, and together they plotted to secure a divorce between the Earl and Countess, so that they might be married as soon as possible.

Their impatience brooked no delay, but they found a serious obstacle in the person of Rochester's secretary, Sir Thomas Overbury, a highly moral gentleman, who was a writer of some repute, and had many friends. On some excuse they induced the King to cast the unfortunate man into prison, but his death, which they hoped for, was not speedy enough for them, and fearing he would still betray their illicit amour, the Countess, with the help of her minions, managed to poison his food, till the miserable man could no longer cling to life, and he died in fearful suffering and disease while still a prisoner.

Shortly after Overbury's death, Rochester, who had been raised to the rank of Earl of Somerset, to be more in keeping with his bride's rank, married the divorced Countess of Essex.

Their criminal happiness was short lived, as young George Villiers had now got the King's ear, and had determined to cause the downfall of his rival. He seized on the rumours that Overbury had died by

poisons sent to the prison by Lady Somerset, and the guilty pair were brought to trial and only escaped the gallows by the weakness of King James.

It was for the marriage of this couple that Lord Bacon provided hurriedly in three weeks, *The Masque of Flowers*, December 26th, 1613, all unwitting of the horrible guilt of the bride, and bridegroom, whom he afterwards had to judge.

This was given in Court, and the description of the Masque was printed in full afterwards, and the dedication runs thus:—

TO THE VERY HONOURABLE KNIGHT
SIR FRANCIS BACON,
HIS MAJESTIES ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Honourable Sir

This last Maske, presented by Gentlemen of Graies Inne, before his Majestie in honour of the marriage, and happy alliance between two such principall persons of the Kingdome, as are the Earl of Suffoke, and the Earle of Somerset, hath received such grace from his Majestie, the Queen, and Prince, and such approbation from the generall, As may well deserve to be repeated to those that were present and *represented* to those that were absent, by committing the same to the Presse, as others have been. The dedication of it could not be doubtfull, you having been the Principal, and in effect the only person that did both encourage and warrant the Gentlemen, to show their good affection towards so noble a Conjunction, in a time of such Magnificence. Wherein we conceive without giving you false attributes which little neede when so many are true. That you have graced in general the Societies of the Innes of Court, in continuing them still as third persons with the nobility and Court, in doing the King honor, And particularly Graies Inne, which as you have formerly brought to flourish both in the auncienter and younger sort, by countinencing Vertue in every qualitie; So now you have made a notable demonstration thereof in the later and lesse serious kind by this. That one Inne of Court by itselfe, in time of a Vacation, and in the space of three weekes, could performe that which has been performed,

which could not have been done, but that every man's exceeding love and respect to you, gave him wings to overtake *Time* which is the Swiftest of Things. This which we alledge for your Honour, we may alledge indifferently for our excuse, if any thing were amiss or wanting, for your time did scarce afford moments, and our experience went not beyond the compasse of some former employment of that nature, which our grave studies mought have made us by this time to have forgotten.

And so wishing you all encrease of honour we rest humbly to do your service.

I G.
W D.
T B.

This pedantic dedication lets us see that Gray's Inn was grateful to the new Attorney General for having helped them so generously, and we can here quote from a letter of Chamberlain's:—

"Sir Francis Bacon prepares a masque to honour this marriage, which will stand him in above £2,000, and although he have been offered some help by the House, and especially by Mr. Solicitor Sir Henry Yelverton, who would have sent him £500, yet he would not accept it, but offers them the whole charge with honour."

Some puns are made upon the Bridegroom's name, and the actors take the characters of the Seasons in the play. Here is *the device of the Masque* (which as usual starts with a challenge). "The Sunne willing to doe honour to the marriage betweene two noble persons of the greatest Island of his Universall Empire, writeth his letter of Commission to the two Seasons of the yeare, the Winter called '*Invierno*,' and the Spring, called '*Primavera*,' to visite and present them on his part, directing the Winter to present them with sports such as are commonly called by the name of Christmas Sportes, or Carnaval Sportes, and the Spring with other sportes of more Magnificence.

"And more especially that Winter for his part take

II

knowledge of a certain Challenge which had been lately sent and accepted between *Silenus* and *Kanasha* upon the point '*That Wine was more worthy than Tobacco, and did more cheere and relieve the spirits of man.*' This to be tried at two weapons, at Song and at Dance, etc., etc.

"The same letter containeth a second speciall direction to Spring 'that whereas of ancient time, certaine beautiful youths had bin transformed from men to flowers, and had so continued to this time, that now should be returned again into Men, and present themselves in Masque at this marriage.'"

Winter brings in a challenge consisting of an Anticke Maske of Song, and the Anticke Maske of Dance, etc.

The description of the costumes gives us an idea of the dress used on this occasion.

"Winter was attired like an old man, in a short gown of silken shagge, like withered grasse, all frosted and snowed over, and his Cappe, Gowne, Gamashes and Mittens furred crimson, with long white hair and beard hung with icecicles.

"Then entered *Primavera* attired like a Nymph, a high attire on her head, with knottes of faire hair and Cobweb Lawnes (Ruffs) rising one above another, garnished with flowers to some height, and behind falling doune in a pendant, an upper body of cloth of silver storie, naked necke and breast, decked with pearles, a kirtle of yellow cloth of gold wraucht with leaves, a mantle of green and silver, stuffe cut out in leaves, white buskins tied with green ribands, fringed with flowers.

"*Gallus* appears as 'Post,' attired in yellow damaske doublet and bases, the doublet close, wings cut like feathers, a Pouch of carnation sattin, wherein was a packet hung in a Bawdreche of the same, a paire of yellow bootes, spurres with one long pricke like a

Cocke, a little Hatte of yellow damaske, with a plume of red Feathers like a crest.

“Gallus mine own brave bird, welcome in troth.”

The music on this occasion aimed at high-class, and the songs were sung by Medius, Contretenor, Tenor, and Bassus. These madrigals seem a little dry to the present generation, but are interesting to old music-lovers, and the Masque having been written by Lord Bacon gives it additional interest.

ALICE CHAMBERS BUNTEN.

Description of tune called

“Sir Francis Bacon's Masque.”

British Museum, 10,444.

In the Manuscript Room of the British Museum there is an undated book of tunes in MS.

This was evidently the tune-book of the conductor of the orchestra for the Court Masques, or of a first violin, as there are no words in it, save the names of the tunes.

The bass of the tunes is separate, and bound up at the end of the book, and the book contains groups of different kinds of music in various hand-writing, all bound up together afterwards. There are about 120 Masque tunes in it. The first is called “The Queen's Masque,” and the 48th is called Sir Francis Bacon's Masque I. The 49th is Sir Francis Bacon's Masque II.

The writing covers a good many years. Hundreds of Masques were performed during Bacon's day, but very little of the Masque music was printed. It would be interesting to know if this Masque had been performed in honour of Sir Francis Bacon's marriage. A tune from Lord Hayes' marriage Masque is in this book, and also one from the Earl of Somerset's, so it is not unlikely that No. 48 was the wedding Masque of our great philosopher.

ALICE CHAMBERS BUNTEN.

48

Handwritten musical score for "Francis Bacon's Madrigal. 1." The score is written on five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The music is written in a single melodic line. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The fourth staff continues the melody. The fifth staff continues the melody and ends with a double bar line. The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

Francis Bacon's Madrigal. 1.

49 *f*

S'rau Quans fund Mithas.

50 *f*

Cyssears or Gwass'in.

SIR FRANCIS BACON'S MASQUE.

With its original Bass.

(British Museum. 10,444.)



TRIO.





SIR FRANCIS BACON'S SECOND MASQUE.

With its original Bass.



Bacon's Masque Sonnet

SIR,—The other day I took up Nathaniel Holmes's *Authorship of Shakespeare*, and came—not for the first time—on the following sonnet, written by Bacon for a Masque produced in 1594 :—

“Seated between the old world and the new,
A land there is no other land may touch,
Where reigns a Queen in peace and honour true ;
Stories or fables do describe no such.
Never did Atlas such a burden bear,
As she in holding up the world opprest ;
Supplying with her virtue everywhere
Weakness of friends, errors of servants best.
No nation breeds a warmer blood for war,
And yet she calms them by her majesty ;
No age hath ever wits refined so far,
And yet she calms them by her policy :
To her thy son must make his sacrifice
If he will have the morning of his eyes.”

Holmes illustrates these lines by quotations from Shakespeare, and I have added to them a few further passages which may be of interest.

- Line 1.—“Flying between the cold moon and the earth.”
—*Mid. Night's Dream.*
- „ 2.—“This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land.”
—*Richard II.*
- „ 3.—“In *peace and honour*, rest you here, my sons.”
—*Titus Andronicus.*
- “This royal throne of kings.”—*Richard II.*
“And *reign as king*.”—*3 Henry VI.*
- „ 5.—“Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight.”—*3 Henry VI.*
“And sweet sprites the *burden bear*.”—*Tempest.*
- „ 7.—“Shall see thy *virtue* witnessed *everywhere*.”
—*As You Like It.*
- „ 9.—“Against infection and the hand of war, this happy
breed of men.”—*Richard II.*
“That island of England breeds very valiant creatures.”
—*Henry V.*
- „ 10.—“That is not blinded by *his majesty*.”
—*Love's Labour's Lost.*
- „ 11.—“That, in a Christian climate, *souls refined*.”
—*Richard II.*

Line 12.—“Myself have calmed their spleened mutiny.”

—2 *Henry VI.*

„ 13.—“To save your brother from the sacrifice.”

—*Titus Andronicus.*

„ 14.—“Ere I let fall *the windows of mine eyes.*”—*Richard III.*

The whole sonnet is worthy of comparison in idea and expression with the famous eulogy of England by John of Gaunt in *Richard II.* It is rather odd that both Shakespeare and Bacon anticipated Beaconsfield with “peace and honour.”

Mrs. Stopes and others insist that there is no “resemblance” between Bacon and Shakespeare.

Is there no “resemblance” between Bacon’s “The nation breeds a warmer blood for war,” and Shakespeare’s “Against infection and the hand of war, this happy breed of men”? Is there no “resemblance” between Bacon’s “Supplying with her virtue everywhere” and Shakespeare’s “Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere”? I would like to have a third parallelism to these from any other Elizabethan or Jacobean author.

I may add that Bacon expresses himself somewhat similarly in his *Postnati* speech:—“This island of Brittany, seated and manned as it is, and that hath the best men in the world, that is the best soldiers of the world.” Not unlike the opinion of John of Gaunt.

It seems to me that Holmes was not far wrong when he wrote:—
“In the style and manner of the versified part [Bacon’s Sonnet], in the Queen reigning ‘in peace and honour true,’ and in the particular mention of her ‘virtue,’ her ‘majesty,’ and her ‘policy,’ surpassing all ‘stories or fables,’ we are reminded, at once, of the compliment to her memory in *Henry VIII.*; the line ending with ‘everywhere,’ so often repeated in this very play of *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, falls on the ear like the refrain of the same song; and one line is almost repeated from the third part of *Henry VI.* :—

“‘Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight’;

and another, from *As You Like It* :—

“‘That every eye, which in this print looks,
Shall see *thy virtue witness’d everywhere*’;

and the last line closes with a clear ring of the true Shakespearean metal. Certainly, both these oracles must have been delivered out of one and the same holiest vault, or cave, and that no other than Prospero’s ‘full, poor cell.’”

GEORGE STRONACH.

"SPORTING KYD"

THOMAS KIDD, the son of a London scrivener or writer of the Courte letter, was baptised on 6th November, 1558. He would seem to have followed his father's occupation—that of a person employed to copy in legible handwriting letters and documents prepared or dictated by others.

According to a London Probate record, dated 30th December, 1594, his father and mother surrendered all right to administer the goods of their deceased son, Thomas; so that his death had already occurred.

In 1901 Professor Boas, a learned Shakespearian scholar and author, published a collection of what he believed to be the works of Kyd, together with many valuable comments and notes.

Mr. Boas adjudged as his work two original plays, *The Spanish Tragedy* and *Soliman and Perseda*; one translated play, *Cornelia*, from the French of Garnier; a translation from the Italian of Tasso, entitled *The Housholder's Philosophie*; and a short four-page pamphlet called *The Murder of John Brewen*.

From this article I eliminate :—

1. The Brewen pamphlet, as unimportant, and as being only attributed to Kyd because his name is written upon a print of it.

2. *Soliman and Perseda*, an old play even in 1599, when it was reprinted, because it is anonymous and is mainly ascribed to Kyd because its subject is used as a sub-play in *The Spanish Tragedy*.

This leaves for examination :—

1. *The Spanish Tragedy*, licensed for the Press on 6th October, 1592, printed anonymously in 1594, and alleged by Ben Jonson, in *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, to have been on the stage for thirty years. It was pro-

bably performed as early as 1586, and certainly before 1589 (see Nash, preface to Greene's *Menaphon*). In 1612 Heywood, in his apology for actors, quoted three lines from the play, and said they were written by Kyd.

2. *The Housholder's Philosophie*, printed 1588, as translated by "T. K." from the Italian of Tasso.

3. *Cornelia*, a translation of the French play *Cornelie*, by Garnier, licensed to the Press 26th January, 1594-5, first printed as by "T. K.," and next printed, 1595, as by Thoma Kid. The ascribed author had, however, died the previous year.

What manner of man was this "writer" who never in his lifetime claimed authorship of the two plays? Could he really have been he who contented himself with the usual copyist's initials on a valuable translation?

Mr. Boas finds internal proof that the "author" was familiar with a fairly wide range of Latin authors, and that he had Seneca's dramas at his finger-ends. Of Spanish he knew a few phrases. Like Shakespeare, he could quote *pocus pallabris*. With French and Italian he was much more familiar. *Bel-Imperia* spoke in "courtly French."

Mr. Boas is of opinion that the author visited France, because Lorenzo speaks of having seen extempore performances "in Paris amongst the French Tragedians."

Of Italian the author's knowledge was serviceable rather than accurate. Like Shakespeare, geography was not his strong point. The former caused Valentine, in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, to voyage by sea from Verona to Milan. The latter, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, refers to a sea journey from Lisbon to Madrid. Perhaps in both cases part of the journey was by sea. Though, as a translator he did not reach high-water mark, he was evidently a man of resource and masterfulness.

Witness Mr. Boas, who commented as follows upon both French and Italian translations:—"Yet in spite of gross blunders the version in either case is spirited and vigorous. The Italian prose and the French verse are both somewhat expanded in their English rendering. The imagery becomes more concrete; more of realistic detail is introduced. Occasionally passages of some length are interpolated by the translator. Hence *The Housholder's Philosophie* casts light on Kyd's views on certain subjects. Thus his emphatic elaboration of Tasso's protest against women painting their faces shows that he shared Shakespeare's aversion to the practice."

He showed a love for out-of-the-way words and phrases. He coined words. He reminded Mr. Boas of Spenser in his usage of Middle-English forms. He is also to be found using distinctively euphuistic constructions—a matter of some difficulty, let me say, if your mind is not shaped that way. The author borrowed freely from what are known as Watson's verses and ideas. He used (and perhaps anticipated) a passage of *The Fairie Queene*.

The only autobiographical details vouchsafed by the author occur in the dedication of *Cornelia* to the Countess of Sussex, whose husband owned or protected a troupe of actors. According to this the translation had occupied the author "a winter's week." As it was licensed on 26th January, 1594-5, and was produced in haste, it was probably written during that month to oblige the Earl, who may have wanted a new play for some special occasion.

But the translator was evidently in low spirits. While writing it he endured "bitter times and privie broken passions," which he asks to be taken into consideration. He remarks, "Having no leisure but such as evermore is traveld with the afflictions of the minde than which

the woorld affords no greater misery it may be wondered at by some how I durst undertake a matter of this moment." Yet he had a good conceit of himself. Like the author of the Shakespeare Sonnets, he evidently thought his labours would eternise the lady, for he says, "I have presumed upon your true conceit and entertainment of these small endeavours *that thus I purposed to make known my memory of you and them to be immortall.*" This is rather "tall" if we are dealing with a young scrivener with only one original play to his account! (Bacon had a notion that his *Advancement of Learning* would be an enduring monument to King James.) He promises better work next summer with the tragedy of Portia, and like Thomas Thorpe to the onlie begetter of the Shake-speare Sonnets, concluded by wishing her "all happiness."

Lord Rosebery, in a recent speech, suggested the desirability of making, from time to time, a list of public library books which have lost their usefulness. Professor Boas' "Kyd" will not be one of these. He is too learned. But why, with the obvious inferences and evidence under his spectacles, should he have left to another to point out the true author of *The Spanish Tragedy* and *Cornelia*? I affirm that Francis Bacon wrote the first at about the age of twenty-four, and the second at the age of thirty-three. The "courtly French" was acquired by Francis from September, 1576, to March, 1578-9, during his life at the French Court. He would see the French tragedians perform in Paris. Acquiring his French largely through the ear, his acquaintance with French grammar was likely to be defective, and he was probably never an expert translator. His Italian would naturally be inferior to his French. As an earnest student and writer of poetry from the age of fifteen, which may be gleaned from both the Harvey *Immerito* letters, 1580, and a verse from *The Spanish Tragedy* itself:—

"When I was young I gave my minde
And plide myself to fruitles Poetrie,"

Francis was, by the time he came to England, an accomplished writer of both prose and verse. What is more natural than that he should seek to exhibit in print his wonderful facility? I pass over his first prose, viz., *Euphues*, 1579, and his first considerable verse, *The Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579, both published anonymously. The biliteral cipher story tells how he eventually obtained the use of the name of Spenser as nominal author of his poems, that of Greene for his light tales, and those of Marlowe, Peele, and Shakspeare for his plays. *The Mirror of Modesty*, licensed in April, 1579, and *Mamillia*, licensed in 1580, were not printed until the young serving scholar, Greene, came to London in 1583. These arrangements were not accomplished all at once. His early output of plays must have been very considerable, and, as a matter of fact, no plays were printed as by any of the above-mentioned persons until after their respective deaths. The only exception was in the cases of Shakspeare and Peele, and then only as to a few.

Yet the plays were being rapidly produced, and it became desirable, and more probably essential, that the public should be diverted from considering the question of authorship too closely.

About 1589 Thomas Nash, another serving scholar from Cambridge, came to London to seek employment, being at that date twenty-one years of age. I am quite satisfied that he, too, permitted his name to be used by a man of twenty-eight, who had a larger experience and culture, and was able to write in various styles; but this, for the moment, is immaterial. In a preface to *Menaphon*, printed in that year (1589), it is sought to be indicated, in an inconclusive sort of way, that the popular plays of *Hamlet*, *Taming of a Shrew*, *The*

Spanish Tragedy, and one other (I think *Titus Andronicus*), which had been staged prior to that year, were the work of Kyd, whose initials had already been placed upon the translation of *The Housholder's Philosophie*, printed the year before, and who is, in the Nash preface, referred to obscurely by the terms “Noverint” and the “Kiddle in Æsop,” and as one who had inter-meddled with Italian translations.

By 1594 both Marlowe and Greene had died, Peele was a debauched wreck. Shaksper's name had only been connected with poems. Towards the end of 1594 Kyd was also dead. What more natural than to put forward Kyd's name as the author of *Cornelia*? In 1594-5, when this translated play was printed, Francis was in very low water. He had offended the Queen, was forbidden the Court, and was manifestly hard up, unwell, weary of delay, dejected and miserable. He seems later on to have redeemed his promise in the dedication to the Countess to write a play on the subject of Portia, as the tragedy of *The Merchant of Venice* was produced in that or the following year. About 1595 Mr. Har, a poet, whom Mr. Boas identified as Sir William Herbert, appears to have known who was the real author both of *Lucrece*, printed 1594, as by Shakespeare and of *Cornelia*, printed 1595, as by Kyd. This poet wrote :—

“You that have writ of chaste Lucretia
Whose death was witness of her spotless life
Or pen'd the praise of sad Cornelia
Whose blameless name hath made her fame so rife.”

So that the name Shakespeare on *Lucrece* and the name Kyd on *Cornelia* had not deceived one frequenter of the Court at any rate. But to proceed.

We have seen how well acquainted the author of *The Spanish Tragedy* was with courtly French and with Italian.

Mr. Boas shows that he was also well acquainted with law terms. A young scrivener, or in other words copyist of legal documents, might be familiar with the terms, action of batterie, of debt, action of the case, pleading, bond, equitie, lease and even ejectione firmæ, but the formal phraseology of international law used in the articles of marriage between Balthazar and Bel-Imperia (*Spanish Tragedy*), would certainly be beyond a scrivener's ken.

Bacon, while with the British Ambassador, would have had much to do with international law. The practice of altering, expanding and improving upon the work in course of translation, to which Mr. Boas draws attention in the author, was also a settled habit with Bacon. That Francis at an early date, 1583, allowed to practice at the Bar, was an able and cultured lawyer we also know. We know, too, that he was a user of out-of-the-way phrases and an inventor of new words. *The Spanish Tragedy*, moreover, met with the experience common to "Spenser's" *Fairie Queene*, to "Marlowe's" *Faustus*, and to several Shakespeare plays. Subsequent to the deaths of Spenser, Marlowe and Shakspeare, certain of the works ascribed to their authorship received important additions and alterations at the hands of a brilliant but unknown expert.

In his *Shakespeare Symphony* (p. 301), Mr. Bayley cites a very strange instance of the manner in which Bacon's and "Kyd's" minds synchronised. In 1594 Bacon, wearied by fruitless applications for employment, wrote to his friend, Fulke Greville :—

What though the Master of the Rolls and My Lord of Essex and yourself admit my case without doubt, yet, in the meantime, I have a hard condition to stand, so that whatsoever service I do to her Majesty, it shall be thought to be *servitium viscatum*, lime twigs and fetches to place myself, and so I shall envy, not thanks. This is a course to quench all good spirits, and to corrupt every

man's nature. . . . I am weary of it, as also of wearying my good friends.

In the same year (1594) Kyd seems to have suffered a similar experience; he used the same metaphor, and advocated exactly the method which the persistent but discouraged Bacon was then actually employing.

Thus experience bids the wise to deal. I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point; I set the trap, he breaks the worthless twigs, and sees not that wherewith the bird was *limed*. Thus, hopeful men that mean to hold their own must look like fowlers to their dearest friends.—*Spanish Tragedy*, III. 4.

The accord here is between words and actions. Bacon, the hopeful man, desiring to hold his own, lays his plot by looking like a fowler to his dearest friends to prosecute his point, but her Majesty, he fears, will imagine “limed twigs.”

In 1602, ~~eighteen~~^{eight} years after Kidd's death, *The Spanish Tragedy* was reprinted with a number of most valuable and important additions. It is the current practice to call these Ben Jonson's additions, because Henslowe in his diary so records a payment in 1601. Mr. Boas writes of these additions as being so steeped in passion and wild sombre beauty that they threw into harsh relief Kyd's more old-fashioned technique and versification. He quotes both Charles Lamb and Edward Fitzgerald as affirming the “Additions” to be totally unlike Jonson's admitted work.

At a certain date Jonson, according to the cipher story, became Bacon's assistant and confidant. When Bacon was sixty, Jonson in verse addressed him as “Hail, Happy Genius of this ancient pile.” In his preface to *Sejanus*, a play first acted in 1603 and probably written earlier, he refers to a certain “happy genius” who had collaborated with him. The cipher story claims *Sejanus* as the work of Bacon. Jonson

may well, therefore, have been only an intermediary for Bacon when *The Spanish Tragedy* was revised for acting by the players associated with Henslowe.

In his verses prefixed to the Shakespeare folio Ben Jonson refers to "Sporting Kyd."

The "Additions" to *The Spanish Tragedy* give us at once the source of Jonson's jocular epithet and an indication as plain as a pikestaff as to who the author really was.

Reference should be made to Act III., Scene xi., where the third passage of Additions occur. The whole passage is worth reading, but I quote a few lines only :—

"What is there yet in a sonne ? He must be fed
Be taught to goe and speake. I or yet ?
Why not a man love a Calfe as well ?
Or melt in passion ore a *frisking Kid*
As for a sonne ? Methinks a *young Bacon*
Or a fine little smooth Horse-colt
Should moove a man as much as dooth a sonne."

When young Bacon wrote *The Spanish Tragedy* he was a frisking kid of about twenty-four. At the age of forty-one he could not, to use the words of Jonson, "spare or pass by a jest."

Is it too much to ask that a Professor of an Irish University may eventually also perceive the joke ? His own researches reveal so much to disprove the law stationer theory of authorship that it is to be regretted that the obvious is at present invisible to him.

Mr. Charles Crawford, whose *Collectanea* has been recently published, is another valuable worker in the Elizabethan field ; but toiling as he does without the *Filum Labyrinthi*, he is depriving himself of the discoveries to which his exertions and talents justly entitle him. He is assured that *Arden of Feversham*, a play which Tieck, Swinburne, and other critics firmly claim for Shakespeare, was written by Kyd. He thinks

the vocabulary, phrasing and general style of *Arden* are those of Kyd. Kyd in turn is convicted of frequent borrowings from Spenser, Watson, Marlowe, Lyly and Peele. Elsewhere Mr. Crawford remarks, "But all men repeat themselves both in speech and writing, and it is these repetitions that go to make up what is termed 'style.'" Until critics realise the protean literary labours of Francis Bacon the muddle will be perpetuated. Every one of his repetitions will be regarded as a plagiarism, an imitation, or a repetition, accordingly as it serves the argument of the moment.

PARKER WOODWARD.

THE ALCHEMYSTIC AT-ONE-MENT

IN the preceding number of *BACONIANA* I endeavoured to show that the so-called "pot" watermark was a representation of the St. Grail, that the St. Grail was the emblem of Man the Microcosm, and that the reform of this Microcosm was the aim and butt of the alchemystical philosophers. If books containing the pot watermark be examined, it will be found that in nearly all cases they contain a supplementary mark, which appears to be a representation of two pillars. The makers of "Lily-pot" paper seem to have generally made this particular size of sheet with a double mould combining both designs. In *Francis Bacon and His Secret Society* Mrs. Pott supposes the mark now in question to represent a pair of candlesticks, but I fear she is mistaken. The objects are clearly pillars with bases and capitals connected to each other by an almost endless variety of ornamentation.

I shall endeavour to show that just as the pot symbolised Man, so this pillar mark is the emblem of man's

Renaissance; the two designs are complementary to each other and epitomize the Hermetic Art.

Symbolism, although it was employed so widely among the learned, is unhappily not an exact science. One can therefore only tentatively interpret any given emblem. In the case, however, of those now under consideration, comparison of many varieties shows that these pillar symbols consistently prove each other and thus they demonstrate their own interpretation.

The alchemists held that there was a duality in man. Under the veiling terms, "sun and moon," "active and passive," "agent and patient," and hundreds of other similar expressions, they indicated this duality and remind us of the ancient saying that man is a charioteer driving a light and a dark horse. Swedenborg expressed this duality by the terms "will" and "understanding," by the reconciliation of which man becomes an angel. In Freemasonry the same idea seems to be conveyed by the two Pillars of the Porch—the twin principles which stand in the threshold of the Temple of man's soul. It was taught by a school of philosophers that the Mediator, the means of AT-ONE-MENT between the dual and conflicting principles of man, was Christ—the personification of THE LAW and the SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

Thus the anonymous editor of an edition of the works of Fenelon issued in 1723, writes: "It is in this double purification of the understanding and of the will that the interior life consists, and it is God alone that can operate by His action, immediate and central. It is He alone as Light and Love that can dispel the darkness of our souls and fix the agitations of our hearts." The water-marks herewith are perfect emblems of this AT-ONE-MENT. The two pillars or principles are, it will be observed, in every case connected to each other by symbols of the Divine, either the Grapes, *i.e.*, the True Vine, the Trefoil, *i.e.*, the Trinity, or by

an A and an O, *i.e.*, Alpha and Omega—the First and Last.

The initials (and it is the appearance of this essentially Kabalistic system of *notaricon* that stamps these and other watermarks as being *secret* and not ecclesiastical symbols), as in the case of the pots, are the first letters of well-understood phrases. It would be mere guesswork for anyone at this day to say exactly for what they stood.

Initials representing the Deity seem among this school of thinkers to have been employed in a bewildering and extensive manner. Among other customs Freemasonry has adopted (or inherited) relics of this system of *notaricon*. Thus its pseudo-mysterious reference to the Deity as TGAOTU is resolvable into the simple phrase, (T)he (G)reat (A)uthor (O)f (T)he (U)niverse. Of the letters C A B we may find an explanation in *The Text-Book of Freemasonry* (Anon., p. 237): "C typifies the Omnipotent and Eternal Author of the universe, having neither beginning or ending. It also calls to our remembrance the grand and awful Hereafter, or Futurity, where we hope to enjoy endless bliss and everlasting life. The characters which are placed on each angle of the T are Hebrew and particularly worthy of our attention, the Aleph answering to our A, the Beth to our B, and the Lamel to our L. Take the Aleph and the Beth, they form the word AB, meaning 'Father'; take the Aleph and the Lamel, the word AL, which means 'WORD'; take the Lamel and the Beth, they form the word LB, meaning SPIRIT; take the Beth, Aleph and Lamel, the word BAL, meaning LORD; take each angle of the triangle, they will form the following sentences: FATHER LORD, WORD LORD, SPIRIT LORD." The initials GG almost certainly stand for Grand Geometrician. For H we should probably read HIRAM, the Builder. De Quincey tells us that the

name **HIRAM** was understood by the elder Freemasons as an anagram. **H.I.R.A.M.** meant (**H**)omo, (**J**)esus, (**R**)edemptor, (**A**)nimarum ; others explained the name (**H**)omo, (**J**)esus, (**R**)ex, (**A**)ltissimus, (**M**)undi ; others added a **C** to the **HIRAM** in order to make it (**CH**)ristus (**J**)esus, etc."

I have, I think, sufficiently shown that these pillar emblems are expressions of the redemption or **AT-ONE-MENT** of the **ST. GRAIL**. The following verses, translated from the German some time previous to 1677, express in simple form the same ideas :—

A STRING OF PEARLS.

God's spirit falls on me like dewdrops on a rose,
If I but like a rose my heart to Him unclose ;
The soul wherein God dwells—what Church can holier be ?
Becomes a walking tent of heavenly majesty.

Lo ! in the silent night a child to God is born,
And all is brought again that ere was lost or lorn ;
Could but thy soul, O man, become a silent night,
God would once more be born in thee and set all things right.

Ye know **GOD** but as **Lord**, hence **Lord** His name with ye ;
I feel Him but as **LOVE**, hence **Love** His name with me !
How far from here to heaven ? Not very far, my friend ;
A single hearty step will all thy journey end.

Though **Christ** a thousand times in **Bethlehem** be born,
If He's not born in thee, thy soul is all forlorn ;
The **Cross** on **Golgotha** will never save thy soul ;
The **Cross** in thine own heart alone can make thee whole.

Christ rose not from the dead, **Christ** is still in the grave,
If thou for whom He died art still of sin the slave.
Hold there ! Where runnest thou ? Know **Heaven** is in thee ;
Seekest thou for **God** elsewhere, His face thou'lt never see.

In all eternity no love can be so sweet
As where man's heart with **God** in unison doth beat.
Whate'er thou lovest, man, that, too, become thou must ;
Good if thou lovest good—dust if thou lovest dust.

Ah ! would the heart be but a manger for the birth,
God would once more become a little child on earth !
Immeasurable is the **Highest** ; who but knows it ?
And yet a human heart can perfectly enclose it !

HAROLD BAYLEY.



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

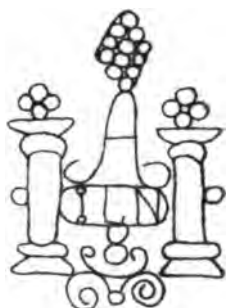


Fig. 3.

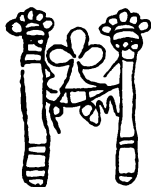


Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.

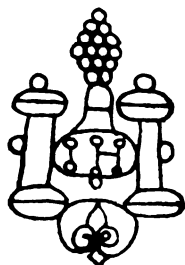


Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.

Figs. 1 and 2.—Watermarks from Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum*. Lond., 1669.
 " 3 and 8. " " *Resuscitatio*. " 1657.
 " 4 " " *Moses and Aaron*. " 1634.
 " 5 and 7. " " Bacon's *Adv. of Learning*. Oxford, 1640.
 " 6 " " Heylin's *Hist. of Sabbath*. Lond., 1636.
 " 9 and 10. " " Bacon's *Henry VII*. " 1641.

FRANCIS BACON'S CLOCK CYPHER

(Continued from page 187, Vol. IV.)

WE learn from the Biliteral Cypher Story that the Biliteral is the only one of Bacon's Cyphers whose course is continuous, the others being of a broken and fragmentary nature. Such is especially the case with the Time or Clocke Cypher, one of the chief objects of which is, it seems to me, the connection by count, of words or sentences in one place, with congruent, elucidatory, or supplemental words or sentences in another. It is in fact a system of "Measure for Measure." I do not wish to suggest that I know anything like all that is to be known in regard to this Cypher and its application, and as an exhaustive description is at present impossible I must, without attempting classification, leave the examples which I will give to speak for themselves, in the hope that they will be sufficiently convincing to induce others to join in the quest. It would not at all surprise me if the Time Cypher, as I know it, proved to be only a small portion of a great system of elucidatory numbers and calculations.

To any reader who may be sceptical as to the use of figures to represent letters I would suggest a perusal of a most interesting article in the June, 1904, number of "The Connoisseur," on the work of Master Craftsman John Voyez, in glass and other media. Voyez Master Craftsman's number was 1,330, and the names he gave to many of his best productions are such that, when their letters are numbered according to the figures of the Craft Alphabet, they produce the number 1,330. Disbelief in the Shakesperian explanation of it led me to examine more closely the eccentric pagination of the First Folio, where, among other things, I noticed

that the first exceptionally numbered page is *Comedies*, page 61, that number being in smaller type than any preceding page number. This marked page is the initial page of *Measure for Measure*, which title is, like the page number, printed in a peculiar manner, its first word consisting of great capitals occupying one line, while the two remaining words are printed in comparatively diminutive type, thus:—

MEASURE

For Measure.

The first "e" in the second line of the title *Measure for Measure* is of unusual shape. Speaking, in his Biliteral Cypher Story, of the use of "marked and peculiarly shaped letters, . . . employed for signs to my decypherer," Bacon says, "Hee who seeth the signs must mark some significance or design, but most men will suppose this to rest entirely in the marks and will find nothing." These words suggested that the "marking" of the letter "e" referred to has a secret purpose, and I then noticed that the reading of the Title to this point is "Measure for Me." I next observed that in a number of places in the Titles in the First Folio where "m" and "e" fall together the latter is "marked," as though to attract attention to the word which these two letters form, and bearing in mind the statement in the Biliteral Cypher Story that "most wordes signify other thinges," and that names are often hidden "in common tearmes," I applied their ordinary and secret counts to the letters

$$\begin{array}{rcl} 12 & 5 & \\ M & E & \} 44 \\ 22 & 5 & \end{array}$$

and found that the total count is 44, the secret count of

BACON

2 1 8 24 14 = 44

This connection of ME and BACON reminded me

of the connection of ME and FRANCIS in the words, in *Love's Labour Lost*, in the First Folio,

"O, marrie me to one Francis,"

to which attention is attracted by the spelling of the name "FrancEs" as "FrancIs," and by the fact that although Costard speaks of marriage he is at the same time made to subtly hint at freedom through his confusion of the name "FrancEs," which means "free" (printed "FrancIs," which also means "free") with "infranchise," which likewise means "free." In view of this and of the occurrence of the words "set ME free" as the last three words of the suggestive *Tempest* Epilogue and of a cypher (the letter "O") at the commencement of the sentence quoted above, it seemed clear that that sentence "verie forcibly maketh a plea for aide, that a prisoner may be set free," and I thought it possible that a careful examination of the sentence might assist my attempt to understand "Measure for Me" and other whimsicalities of *Measure for Measure*.

In his Biliteral Cypher Story, Bacon frequently speaks of himself as "Francis First," and I take the interpretation of the words,

"O, marrie me to one Francis"

to be

"Cypher, marry BACON to FRANCIS. I."

The repeated references to "Lenvoy" and "Goose" in the portion of the scene where the words quoted occur, and the fact that the jargon of which they form part has at its commencement the words:—

"Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy Lenvoy begin,"

seemed to indicate that the lines,

"O marrie me to one Francis, I smell some Lenvoy, some
Goose, in this,"

had a further secret significance. The lines are the 115th and 116th dialogue lines in their scene, the sum of these numbers being 231, which is the ordinary count of

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, ACTOR.

The name FRANCIS is the 157th dialogue word in its column, that number being the full count of

BACON, KING.

The lines are spoken by Costard, who is called "Clowne," abbreviated to "Clow." The ordinary and secret counts of COSTARD are each 76, and the ordinary and secret counts of CLOW are each 49.

76 = WILLIAM. 49 = MASK.

The full count of the word

11	5	13	20	14	23	- 86	} 177
L E N V O Y							
9	5	14	23	24	16	- 91	

is 177, the ordinary count of

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

and the full count of

7	14	14	18	5	- 58	} 136
G O O S E						
7	24	24	18	5	- 78	

is 136, the ordinary count of

BACON SHAKESPEARE,

and also the ordinary count of

FRANCIS FIRST.

It is clear that the words quoted are intended not only to marry ME (or BACON) to FRANCIS, but also to associate the name FRANCIS BACON with the name WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and the name BACON with the pen-name SHAKESPEARE and with the title

FRANCIS FIRST. These interesting results encouraged further study of *Measure for Measure*.

The "marked" letter "e" which completes the sentence "Measure for Me" derives additional importance from the fact that it is the 67th letter in the main Titles from the *beginning* of the Plays in the Folio, and that it forms part of the 33rd main Title from the *end* of the Folio.

67 = FRANCIS.

33 = BACON.

The facsimile of the First Folio which I use is the "Staunton," and this shows in the fifth line of the first column of the page on which the Title occurs the word "know" with a bar printed obliquely across the letters "kn," thus "~~kn~~ow," and on the opposite page a similar bar connects an "l" with an "i" in the last two lines. These marks do not appear in the Oxford Facsimile nor in the Halliwell-Phillipps Facsimile. There are numerous differences between individual copies of the First Folio, and also between copies of the 1640 *Advancement of Learning*. These differences I regard as incentives to enquiry. The four "marked" letters constitute the word "link," which in view of the "marked" title, and page number 61, and of the fact that this number is the secret count of STARRE and also the ordinary count of SPEARE (the *last* syllable of SHAKESPEARE), suggested that the strikingly printed word MEASURE (the full count of which, 163, is not only emphasized by its occurrence on three consecutive right-hand pages of the Comedies, but is also the secret count of FRANCISBACON, POET, as well as the secret count of STARREOFPOETS), in some way forms a "link" between the First Folio and the 1640 *Advancement of Learning*, where, on the first page, we find a portrait of Bacon, seated under a poet's wreath and wearing a robe that has nine (number of the Muses) *stars* on its sleeve; and on the opposite page clasped hands, symbolising

the word SHAKE (the *first* syllable of SHAKESPEARE). On examining the introductory pages of the 1640 *Advancement*, I found, next to page 60, an unnumbered page, at the foot of which occur the words, "In Mensura et Numero et Ordine." This page if numbered in sequence with its predecessor would bear the number 61. We have thus, at the head of page 61 in the First Folio, the word "Measure," printed in extraordinary type, and at the foot of page 61 in the 1640 "Advancement" the words "In Mensura." Excluding the pages in the latter book that contain Bacon's portrait and the title of the book, and counting from the next printed page, we find that page 61 becomes page 95. As the name FRANCIS is the catch-word on the preceding page (although the first word on the next page is really "Francisci"), it seemed highly probable that the numbers 95 and 61 had a hidden significance, and such proved to be the case, as

$$\begin{aligned} 95 &= \text{SHAKE} \\ 61 &= \text{SPEARE}, \end{aligned}$$

these two words together giving Bacon's favourite pen-name, SHAKESPEARE. So that the catch-word on the one page and the two numbers connected with the next give FRANCIS SHAKESPEARE, which convinced me that the words "In Mensura et Numero et Ordine" at the foot of the page also had a secret significance. The page in question is arranged like a title-page, and its *second* line being printed in great capitals of the exact size of those in the *second* line of the First Folio title-page, suggested the application to that title-page of the words, "In Mensura et Numero et Ordine." By *measurement* I found that the first line of that page is not in the centre of the space occupied by the second line, but has a marked bias to the right, the effect of this displacement being to throw the first "M" in MR. WILLIAM, in the

first line, exactly over the first "E" in SHAKE-SPEARES in the second line, thus giving the word ME suggested by MEASURE FOR ME. On applying to the letters ME their ordinary and secret *numbers*, their total is, as we have already seen, 44, the secret count of BACON. Reference to the title-page will show that only two of the letters in the second line are each exactly beneath one letter, and one letter only, in the first line. The four letters thus connected are

M	W
E	S

their *order* in the two lines being 1, 3, 14, 15, the sum of which numbers is 33, the ordinary count of

BACON.

The ordinary count of the letters M W is 33, and their secret count 35, and the full count of E S is 46, and the total of these numbers is 114.

33	=	BACON
35	=	HIS
46	=	CLOCKE
<hr style="width: 10%; margin-left: 0;"/>		
114	=	BACONS CLOCKE

We have thus seen that by applying *Measure* to the First Folio title-page, we not only discover ME hinted at in the arrangement of the title *Measure for Measure*, but also that W. S. (William Shakespeare's initials) are bracketed with ME. By *number* we find that ME is BACON, and by *order* we find that ME and William Shakespeare's initials, W. S., also give BACON. In addition, we again find the name on the First Folio title-page associated with a clock.

Returning to *Measure for Measure*, we notice that the type of figures used up to and including page 60 in the First Folio is (with the exception of the units figure in the number 62) next employed on page 67.

67 = FRANCIS. 60 = ST ALBAN.

The same result is obtainable from the catch-word and number on page 60 of the 1640 *Advancement of Learning*.

Catch-word, FRANCIS. 60 ST ALBAN.

We have seen that the full count of the word MEASURE is 163, and that that number is the secret count of FRANCIS BACON, POET. Coincidence can scarcely account for the fact that this significant number 163 is emphasized by being thrice used in the Comedies, and that on the second page bearing this number we find the second example in the main titles of the First Folio of the association of the letter "m" with a marked "e." This occurs in the main title of "The Merchant of Venice," which has a marked "e" in "Merchant," and also has a marked "e" in "Venice." The first of these marked letters is the 153rd, and the second the 163rd, letter in the main titles.

153 = FRANCIS BACON, POET (ordinary count).

163 = FRANCIS BACON, POET (secret count).

We have also seen that the full count of the letters ME which form part of the word MEASURE is 44. The 44th word in the main titles is ALLS (in *Alls Well That Ends Well*), distinctively printed and standing in a line alone, and here also I am unable to regard as a coincidence the fact that 78, the full count of this word, is the ordinary count of MEASURE. The word "Alls" does not appear in the "Catalogue" of the Plays, the reading there being "All is," and doubtless "Alls" was adopted in the title at the head of the Play because "All is" does not give the required count. Thus the full count of the word MEASURE points to a page on which the marked type suggests the word ME, and the full count of ME directs us to a word in the main titles the full count of which is the ordinary count of

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MEASURE, this association of MEASURE and ME agreeing with the association of these words in the title "*Measure for Measure*."

A. J. WILLIAMS.

(*To be continued*).

RECENT GERMAN SHAKESPEARE- THEORIES

IN the last number of *BACONIANA* a brief notice was given of Karl Bleibtreu's amazing discovery—as he asserts—that the true Shakespeare was not Mr. William Shaxper of Stratford-on-Avon, but Roger Manners, Earl of Rutland. Since the former notice of this new German theory, Karl Bleibtreu's work has reached us—together with the third, enlarged edition, and this requires some further notice. But Bleibtreu has a twin brother in constructive literary art, Peter Alvor, who has published "*A New Shakespeare Evangelium*." According to Alvor, Shakespeare was a dual personality; Rutland wrote the comedies, and Southampton wrote the tragedies. Oh! these Germans! They are fearfully and wonderfully made! All compact of theories, conjectures, systems, and enigmas. The last conjecture is that Shakespeare is a sort of Siamese twin—two bodies indissolubly fused into one by lateral ligaments. It is a new *Comedy of Errors*, with doubled parts. Bleibtreu and Alvor are the two Dromios, Rutland and Southampton the two Antipholuses.

Karl Bleibtreu's work, *Der Wahre Shakespeare*, is by far the most interesting and elaborate of these two. It consists of two parts, first—an argumentative statement of this theory concerning Shakespeare's personality, a sketch of Rutland's life, and reasons for the identifica-

tion with Shakespeare. The second part is a drama, in five acts, in which over twenty well-known Elizabethans are the *dramatis personæ*: the Queen, Leicester, Essex, Rutland, Southampton, Bedford, Raleigh, Bacon, Willoughby, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Lady Sidney, Lady Vernon, Lady Manners, and some others. Bleibtreu is an author of much repute, a very accomplished writer of many dramas and romances. The drama now in question is, it must be admitted, extremely powerful, especially in the third and fourth acts, in which the Essex conspiracy is most graphically represented, and with considerable fidelity to historical fact. The real motive of the whole is to show Rutland and his lady—the daughter of Sir Philip Sidney—in the most attractive colouring, and Bacon as the most contemptible of human beings. Whenever Bacon comes on the scene a slimy and poisonous trail seems to follow him; he tells wilful lies—he is obsequious, fawning, flattering, treacherous; money and position are the consuming passions of his life. His behaviour is sneaking, hypocritical, underhand, absolutely destitute of anything generous or unselfish. He is the butt of all the company; he is sneered at as a philosopher, no one trusts him, everyone sees in him the most degraded type of servility and self-seeking. He brings Essex to the block and Rutland to long imprisonment, from which he emerges a dying man, with a broken constitution. He answers Bacon's cold and ceremonious expression of sympathy for his bad health with the sarcastic reply:—"The consequence of a long imprisonment, for which I am indebted to your friendly exertions." And yet, according to the picture which Bleibtreu himself gives of the conspiracy it was as wicked and dangerous an act of high treason as was ever attempted; it contemplated as a possibility the murder of the queen; the authors of it richly deserved their fate, and anyone vindicating or

excusing them would have shared their guilt if not their fate, a *particeps criminis* if not *particeps pœnae*. This is a specimen of the gross and exaggerated animosity shown throughout to Bacon. We cannot help regarding this not simply as a mistaken judgment but a moral offence, and if the shade of Bacon could bring an action for libel against Bleibtreu he would certainly obtain substantial damages. Bleibtreu is not only untrue to fact, he is libellous, malicious, vulgar and scurrilous. However, it is satisfactory to know that he has no followers in Germany—not a single adherent. He is *Athanasius contra mundum*. But there does not seem to be any authentic information that Athanasius swaggered in his isolation, and treated all those who ventured to express dissent with insult and contempt ; in his detachment he was at least modest and civil. This Bleibtreu is *not*, and he is especially rude to the Baconians, who are ignorant, shallow, mad—a straight jacket is their most appropriate costume. They might perhaps take a hint from Bleibtreu's own motley, and his very jingling cap and bells.

It is satisfactory to know that the Germans are laughing as well as ourselves. Dr. Traumann, writing in the *Frankfort Zeitung*, describes Bleibtreu's attempt as very much akin to the Hauptman of Kopenich, which provoked the laughter of all Europe, when the shoemaker, playing the part of captain, with a dozen of "stupid recruits," made a prisoner of a superior officer, and was for a time believed to be a military authority. It seems to us that the Shakespeareans have been hoaxed in much the same way.

Nothing can be more inconclusive than the reasons which Bleibtreu gives for his strange hypothesis. Every one of them is far more applicable to Bacon than to Rutland ; and all the irresistible indications pointing to Bacon are absent. There is not the faintest proof in Elizabethan records, or in the books

which have come down to us, that Rutland ever wrote anything worth preserving. Not a fragment is connected with his name in the Catalogue of the British Museum ; the biographical dictionaries mostly ignore him ; the Dictionary of National Biography has a brief notice of Roger Manners, Earl of Rutland, and here also not one fact connects him with literature.

Bleibtreu's theory is very learnedly discussed by Professor E. Sieper in the "Algemeine Zeitung," of Munich. Sieper is one of the first Shakespeareans in Germany. He refers to the grounds upon which Bleibtreu claims *Hamlet* for Rutland, as follows :—

"1. Only Rutland, "the eternal student of Padua," knew Wittenberg, that is referred to in *Hamlet*, and of whose existence those living at that time in England had no notion.

"2. Rutland possessed that accurate acquaintance with the Danish Court which the poet shows in *Hamlet* ; he had acquired this knowledge on the spot by personal observation on his journey to Denmark.

"3. The two Courtiers, Rosenkraud and Guildenstern, were actually present at the Danish Court when Rutland was at Helsingfors. Moreover, two Danish noblemen of this name were in Padua under Rutland's commission.

"Bleibtreu's first point—his contention that Wittenburg was unknown in England at Rutland's time, is simply ridiculous. In England, where the cause of the Reformation had triumphed, had no one ever heard of the place where Luther launched his 95 points of attack for the freedom of souls? Moreover, there are plenty of literary works, anterior to *Hamlet* and Elizabeth, in which a knowledge of Wittenburg is shewn. I need only mention Marlowe's "Faustus," and Leukenor's 'Discourse on Universities.'

"As to the second point, it is to be noted that

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Hamlet was completed long before Rutland's journey to Denmark. On June 26th, 1602, it was entered at the Stationers' Registry, with the express notice that it had been already presented.

"In reference to the third point, the fact that Rutland met at the Danish Court persons bearing the names of Rosenkrauz and Guilderstern is not at all surprising. Both were well-known characters, whose names appear over and over again in Danish history. And if Bleibtreu's contention that relatives of these families travelled with Rutland to Padua is admitted, that also is not surprising. We recommend Bleibtreu to look into the 'Shakespeare Jahrbucher' from 1878 and 1890. He will there discover that there is not the least significance in the fact that these two names are coupled."

In Bleibtreu's additional arguments he chuckles scornfully over the notion entertained by Baconians that Bacon's own fall is reflected in the character and fate of Cardinal Wolsey. "Why," he triumphantly exclaims, "this play was written seventeen years before that happened." How on earth does he know this? It was not published till 1623; attempts to identify it with an earlier play are purely conjectural, and even if the identification is admitted, every half-instructed Shakespeare student knows that the plays already published, when reproduced in the folio, were greatly enlarged and altered, and why may not the speeches of Cardinal Wolsey be additional matter, not before written? It seems that Bleibtreu's courteous shaft, imputing *Thorheit* to us, recoils and hits himself.

There is not the necessity to recapitulate the grounds on which Bleibtreu constructs his fantastic theory. We gladly avail ourselves of his own commentary on adverse arguments: "Not even the gods can cope with stupidity," and "Oh, divine logic! what crimes have been committed in thy name!"

R. M. THEOBALD.

An Index to "Baconiana"

[THE following "contents" of BACONIANA, from its first issue in 1886, will probably be of service to those newer subscribers who are unfamiliar with the wide field which has been covered in the past. The index here given, and now for the first time printed, is complete ; but several of the earlier numbers are out of print, and of others only a few copies remain. Any issue in stock will be supplied at the published price of 1/-.]

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Rumours from Belvoir Castle

A FLUTTER of excitement has been caused during the past few weeks by a rumour (which eventually found itself in print) that important literary discoveries bearing upon the S. B. question had been made in the Library of Belvoir Castle. We are informed by the Librarian that there is no foundation whatever for the reports which have gained circulation.

NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

"Sir John Oldcastle"

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—There is probably little use in taking notice of such an article as that on *Sir John Oldcastle* in the January *BACONIANA*, the author of which shows complete ignorance of the elementary facts of the case. To one point, however, it may be as well to direct the attention of readers. The author finds that "It is difficult to understand the reasons why 'SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE' has not been generally attributed to the author of the other plays," *i.e.*, to Shakespeare or another. Besides other minor considerations there is the rather important reason that we know the play to have been written by Drayton, Hathway, Munday and Wilson, and this on the very excellent authority of the man who paid them for the work, namely Philip Henslow.

Yours faithfully, W. W. GREG.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

THE Editor of "*Henslowe's Diary*" in the above note favours me with a reference to the Diary which he deems conclusive. The entries in this Diary when examined are however hardly so clear as Mr. Greg would have us believe. By the same method Mr. Greg could prove to his own satisfaction that Decker and Chettle wrote "*Troilus and Cressida*," and that "*Julius Cæsar*" was written by Munday, Drayton, Webster, Middleton, and others.

This suggestion is of course possible, but, if it is believed in, Mr. Greg and other Shakespeareans will have to exclude the Actor of Stratford from the authorship.

My critic appears to accept the theory of collaboration; and, if one does this, why is it so absurd and impossible to suppose a school of Dramatists with Bacon at their head? Echo answers.
—Why?

E. BASIL LUPTON.

Mr. Appleton Morgan Explains

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—I have often been asked why I did not address you an explanation which might tend to release me from that parlous state into which my friend, Dr. Theobald, plunged me by his article in your valued issue of July, 1905.

I am afraid the difficulty would be that Dr. Theobald spoke the exact truth; so that I could only confess that I *had* divagated and hesitated and verily boxed the compass of, and written upon at least two sides of, that many-sided Baco-Shakespearean question. The only excuse I have for my tergiversations is perhaps that, to my thinking, the question is a coldly circumstantial and objective one, and so one purely academical, which has no claims to my loyalty or my suffrages either way, and upon which I have a fancy to occupy as many points of view as I can fill for the time being. And yet, when I think of that brood of Leonidas—such staunch gentlemen as Dr. Theobald, Edwin Reed, Dr. Platt, together with those of your comrades whom I know only by hearsay—who accept the burden and stand staunchly and fearlessly and even to martyrdom on the rapt Baconian side, I am not a little ashamed of myself; nor can I fail to admire at least the child-like and unfaltering faith of that other Spartan band which tirelessly and ceaselessly—day and night resting not—proclaim that only “ignorant persons” believe that anybody but William Shakespeare wrote those plays and poems. If to enter the kingdom of heaven one must become as a little child, I must admit they are far nearer salvation than am I; for, far be it from me to suspect that, like Cicero’s Roman augurs, they cannot pass each other in the street with straight faces.

The ignorant person, unhappily, does not bother himself with the question at all. I say, unfortunately, for, if he did, then, on the principle that the masses are always wrong, we might ask him what he thought about it, and so have a final test.

Believe me, Sir, faithfully yours,

APPLETON MORGAN.

Rooms of the New York Shakespeare Society, Jan. 20th, 1907.

“The Grave’s Tiring-Room”

TO THE EDITOR OF “BACONIANA.”

SIR,—The claim having been distinctly made at page 114 of my book, “The Defoe Period Unmasked,” that the Phoenix First Folio of the Shakespeare plays issued in 1623 was under the immediate supervision of Francis St. Albans—in other words, of Francis Bacon himself—and that all of its introductory poems are products of his own pen, has become the subject of some interest in view of what follows.

Recently Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup, upon direct application to investigate one of the mentioned introductory poems to the plays—to wit, the one signed L. Digges—to see if by Bacon’s Bi-literal Cypher she could find anything Baconian in it, has returned as found in said poem by use of the mentioned cypher the following :—

“Francis of Verulam is author of all the plays heretofore

published by Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Shakespeare, and of the two-and-twenty now put out for the first time. Some are alter'd to continue his history.—F. St. A."

That the poem immediately following the one mentioned and subscribed J. M. should now receive like examination will presently appear, and which is in these words :—

" To the Memory of Mr. W. Shakespeare.

We wonder'd, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room :
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part :
That's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudit.

—J. M."

Bacon says : " For if the life of Augustus was a play (as he himself signified when on his death-bed he told his friends to give him a "plaudit" as soon as he expired), so certainly was Livia an excellent actress, who could so well unite obedience to her husband with power and authority over her son."—Phil. Works by Spedding, Vol. V., p. 248.

And his second Essay on Death he ends in these words : " And since I must needs be dead, I require it may not be done before mine enemies, that I be not stripped before I be cold; but before my friends. The night was even now; but that name is lost; it is not now late, but early. Mine eyes begin to discharge their watch and compound with this fleshly weakness for a time of perpetual rest; and I shall presently be as happy for a few hours, as I had died the first hour I was born."—Literary Works by Spedding, Vol. I., p. 604.

Mr. Spedding, on flimsy reasons, thinks this second essay not Bacon's. We think it assuredly his. He certainly had reasons for producing the later essay. In a letter to Gondomer, soon after his fall, Bacon, among other things, says : " Now that at once my age, my fortunes, and my genius, to which I have hitherto done but scanty justice, calls me from the stage of active life, I shall devote myself to letters, instruct the actors on it, and serve posterity. In such a course I shall, perhaps, find honor. And I shall thus pass my life as within the verge of a better."

This letter is in Latin. We give the translation found in Basil Montagu's *Life of Bacon*, Vol. III., p. 216.

Believing that the mentioned poem subscribed by "J. M." contains matter of interest to the decipherer, I have endeavoured in my quotations merely to focalize attention upon it for careful thought, and so leave it without comment further than to close this paper with the Shakespeare Sonnet 68, which is in these words :—

"Thus in his cheek the map of days outworn,
 When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
 Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 To live a second life on second head,
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Without all ornament, itself, and true,
 Making no summer of another's green,
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,
 To show false Art what beauty was of yore."

South Lima, N.Y.

J. E. ROE.

Religion and the Philosopher's Stone

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Mr. Bayley, in his article on Alchemy, might very well have cited Sir Thomas Browne. In the *Religio Medici* we read :—"The smattering I have of the Philosopher's Stone (*which is something more than the perfect exaltation of gold*), hath taught me a great deal of Divinity." The italics are mine.

DOROTHY CURLING.

Erratum

DEAR SIR,—There is a bad mistake on page 10 of the last number of BACONIANA in reference to Mr. Begley's discovery of the new life of Bacon. The second sentence at the top of the page ought to stand thus : "This most important discovery, in the *Histoire Naturelle*, edited by Pierre Amboise, was first brought before the public by Mr. Begley, in the third volume of his Bacon's Resuscitatio." As printed there is a hiatus, filled up with dots, and the sentence itself is absolutely unintelligible.

Yours very truly, R. M. THEOBALD.

Early English Dramatists

IN this issue will be found a prospectus of the publications of the Early English Drama Society. Apart from the intrinsic interest of the Elizabethan Drama, the small number of copies which are now offered for subscription will almost assuredly send up the value of this new edition to a premium.

THOMAS NASH.

ONE Thomas Nayshe matriculated a poor scholar at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1582—B.A. 1585-6—is credited with having commenced author in London, in the year 1589, at the age of twenty-one.

Like to the cases of Marlowe, Spenser, Kyd, Shaksper, Greene, Peele and Burton, his biography has been several times attempted, but with inglorious results.

I sometimes wonder whether the learned biographers and literary men who have dealt with Elizabethan men and subjects are not really possessed of the real truth of matters, and yet for some occult reason desire to keep the bulk of us in a state of error.

If there were no bar of this kind I should imagine there could be no more interesting occupation for an expert in literature with good detective faculties than to disentangle and unfold to us the remarkable methods of the Elizabethans for the advancement of learning.

It seems to be left to a handful of Baconians to essay a task which others are much more fitted to undertake.

Each of us can join with Hamlet in the ejaculation :—

“Oh cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!”

This Thomas Nash the writer was not Nayshe the son of the unbeneficed minister at Lowestoft, but merely a mask, through which spoke the voice of the great contriver of the reformation of English language, manners and morals—Bacon.

Of the dramatists and satirists of the period there

is some proof that Marlowe and Kyd were mere copying clerks; Greene, a broken-down parson, who drifted to the stage; and Peele, a squalid literary hack.

As to Shaksper, we know that Emerson long ago could not marry the facts of his life to his verse.

My business in this article is to show what the Nash writings really were, and to demonstrate my affirmation as to their true authorship.

For the moment has it ever occurred to you what a curious collection the Nash writings are? Let me remind you. They consist of:—

(1) A budget of pamphlets in the Martin Marprelate warfare.

(2) The supposed part writing of an old and short play called *Dido*, produced in Marlowe's time, and under his auspices, but evidently augmented and revised after Marlowe's death for publication in print in 1594.

(3) A play or masque called *Summer's Last Will and Testament*.

(4) A group of pamphlets in a supposed warfare with Gabriel Harvey, the real object of which I hope to explain later.

(5) "The Anatomie of Absurdities" (a sort of satire).

(6) "Jack Wilton," a novel of adventure, mostly in Italy.

(7) "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem," being a discussion of London morals, and a call to religious life.

(8) "The Terrors of the Night," being a disquisition on dreams.

(9) "Lenten Stuffe," which is a brilliant account of Yarmouth and the herring fishing industry.

(10) A preface to "Menaphon," and another to "Astrophel and Stella."

THE MARTIN MARPRELATE
PAMPHLETS.

IN the year 1589 the Church of England, as independent of Rome, had not existed long upon its separate establishment of Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy, with the Sovereign behind them styled Defender of the Faith. With a large hostile Catholic population and with Romish plots and intrigues abundant, the English established Church in 1589 found itself confronted with a new danger—schism. A growing Puritan party inside and outside the Church was energetically denying both the authority of and necessity for the Archbishops and Bishops as by law established.

Whitgift, the Archbishop of Canterbury, seems to have accepted the aid of his old university pupil, the brilliant young poet, Francis Bacon.

Bacon acted with promptitude. An opportunity had thus occurred for the exercise of his great powers of invective and ridicule. By their aid he sought to stifle the defection before it had gone too far. His pamphlets were issued anonymously and in various guises.

As Pasquil, he refers to the Sepia fish, which vomited a black fluid like ink in order to escape detection.

But he could hardly hope to be himself obscured in an inky cloud. Upon someone had to rest an uncertain suspicion of authorship. Nayshe, then at the age of twenty-one, and fresh from Cambridge for a copying job, was evidently selected. He was brought upon the scene indirectly as the ascribed writer of a preface to a work entitled "*Menaphon*," written also by Bacon in the name of Greene.

The author of the preface was a very learned man and practised writer. From perusal of it we learn that he was familiar with the works of Plutarch and Pliny,

Ovid and Tully, Tasso and Æsop, Seneca, Erasmus, Melanthon, Sadolet and Plautine.

One may say that it was possible at Cambridge, where only Latin was then taught, for a serving scholar by the age of twenty-one to have acquired some knowledge of the Latin authors.

But what are we to conclude when we find the writer able to pass in learned and rapid review the English authors of the period? He discusses the art of poetry with the authority of a Sidney or a Harvey, and does not hesitate to ridicule and condemn the verse of the learned Dr. Stanihurst. To the Italians Petrarche, Tasso and Celiano he can oppose Chaucer, Lydgate and Gower (favourites, by the way, of "Greene" and "Spenser"). He shares with Bacon and "Marlowe" a strong antipathy to Peter Ramus, a contemporary French logician. He is able to assign to George Peele the authorship of the anonymous pastoral play, "The Arraignment of Paris." He hints obscurely that he is not the Pasquil of the Marprelate pamphlets. The preface has been read and quoted for almost anything but its true inwardness. In inviting its examination afresh, I ask attention to this, the only extract I shall make:—

"I will not denie but in scholler-like matters of controversie a *quicker style* may pass as commendable."

Plenty of internal indication of the true author is to be gathered from the Marprelate pamphlets. At page 121 of "Pasquil's Return," a cleverly managed hint of advice to the Queen is introduced. Bacon is to be found both in his own name and some of those he assumed, taking opportunity to shew the Queen and her Ministers the best way to deal with political questions of the moment.

Again, in "Martin Month's Mind" (1589), at page 171, he discusses a point which the cypher story shews very much interested him, viz.: "that a son may be no

bastard though perhaps base begotten." At page 189, he betrays a sound knowledge of the law of inheritance. At page 217, of Italian. At page 219, we have that curious expression, "her Ma," for her Majesty, which, when it appeared in Mrs. Gallop's decipher, excited much cheap derision. On page 220 is the word "Essay." In dedicating his Essays to Prince Henry, Bacon wrote, "the word is late, but the thing is ancient."

THE PLAYS.

DIDO is a dull sort of play, freely translated from or founded upon the 2nd and 4th books of the *Æneid*.

It appears to have been acted by the children of Her Majesty's Chapel on some Court occasion, and was doubtless composed shortly after the production of Dr. Gaeger's Latin play of the same name, at Oxford, in June, 1583. Performed as having been written by "Marlowe," its augmentations and additions when printed after Marlowe's death, were conveniently ascribed to "Nash."

Summer's Last Will was performed at Whitgift's palace, at Croydon, in 1592, at a date subsequent to 24th September (the last day of Summer) on the return of Queen Elizabeth from one of her Progresses. The evidence is that the Queen moved from Greenwich to Nonsuch Palace, near Epsom, on 27th July. On 21st August, she was entertained at Bisham, the estate of Lady Russell (sister to Lady Ann Bacon), and next at Quarendon Park, near Aylesbury, the seat of the old champion at tilt, Sir Henry Leigh. By 12th September, the Queen had reached Sudeley Castle, near Cheltenham,

where the Lord Keeper's secretary reported that the plague was getting worse in London.

She then went to Bath, then Oxford on the 22nd September, and Rycote on her way home on the 28th. If the play is not from the Baconian Mint, then I have read in vain. We have the same sort of weak puns, the old familiar allusions to money and muck, to Orpheus and his lute, to the song of the dying swan, the swinishness of drunkenness, and to the baseness of the rabble.

There is probably one sly jest at his own plight. "Saint Francis, a holy saint, and never had any money."

About the first week in August, Francis, nervous of the plague, had bolted from London to Twickenham Park with a few friends. From thence on 14th August, he wrote to invite another friend, Mr. Phillips, decipherer to the Foreign Office, to join him. He wrote "I have excused myself of this Progress (meaning the Queen's Progress) if that be to excuse—to take liberty where it is not given."

I infer that he was expected to go the round as of course. But Francis was a busy and probably a tired man, and having furnished the two little displays performed at Lady Russell's, and Sir Henry Leigh's respectively, and having written and revised to date the more important masque or play for Whitgift, already mentioned, was doubtless glad, like many another dramatic author on "first nights," to be reported as not in the house. Mr. Spedding seems to have thought that Francis referred to an invitation to Bisham. But that is not the true reading of the Phillips letter. Moreover, Hoby's invitation was sent to Antony Bacon at Gorhambury, and a very long journey would have been necessary in order to make Francis aware of it.

The *Isle of Dogs* is another play not now extant. It may be urged that Bacon would not have allowed Nayshe to be imprisoned for the offence which the play

gave to the authorities. The mischief, however, was due to what was added.

According to "Lenten Stuffe," 1599, he states: "An imperfitt Embrio, I may well call it, for I having begun but the induction and first act of it, the other foure acts, without my consent, or the least guesse of my drift or scope, by the players were supplied, which bred both their trouble and mine too."

From Henslowe's Diary it appears that Nayshe was locked up and soon afterwards released, probably at the instance of an intervention by Francis Bacon. If Nayshe himself wrote the remaining four acts, and the quality of his work was no better than shown in the short verse called "The Valentine," unearthed by Dr. Grosart from the Temple library, he may have deserved his punishment on literary grounds alone. Possibly, after ten years' copying in Bacon's scrivenery, he may have tried his hand at original work. The fact, however, that the *Isle of Dogs* fragment is mentioned on the cover of the Northumberland manuscript, a document evidently emanated from the possession of Bacon, or some person in his employ—probably Davies—is a further proof of the true authorship of the "Nash" writings. Davies may not have known of Nash otherwise than as a subordinate—or as he puts it—inferior—player.

THE GABRIEL HARVEY CONTROVERSY.

THE late Dr. Grosart took this controversy seriously, and was very severe on Gabriel Harvey. I venture entirely to disagree with him. The Nash-Harvey pamphlets were merely a continuation of the warfare of pleasantries which Bacon in 1580 as "Immerito," at a later date as "Spenser," and afterwards as "Greene," had waged in print with his old

friend Gabriel Harvey. The reason these pamphlets were printed is tolerably clear to me. In the scheme for the improvement of the English language in which these two co-operated, word-making played a very important part. Reference need only be made to the "Shakespeare Symphony," by Mr. Harold Bayley, where it will be seen what a large number of new words are first found in the pages of "Nash."

New words had to be unobtrusively sown in print. Some of them would, no doubt, catch on and become part of the language, but there was no other or better way of bringing this about than using them oneself as though they existed and were not new coinings.

It is interesting to observe how deferential Harvey was, and how he tried to avoid being severe on Bacon.

It was only towards the latter end of the pamphleteering that Harvey really let himself go.

"Pierce Pennilesse" was one of the first of the "Nash" portion of these pamphlets.

Licensed August, 1592, it was printed a little later. In the preface he states that he is still Plague's prisoner in the country as yet. "Also that the fear of infection hath detained me with my Lord in the country." "Nayshe" would doubtless be with Bacon, his employer, at Twickenham at this time. He complains that Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit" (not on the register until September) was alleged to be "of my doing." Here I pause to point out to the learned Shakespearian Societies that three hundred years ago the printing of a man's name on the title page of a book as being the author thereof was not accepted as conclusive on the subject. The writer of "Pierce Pennilesse" holds, at page 43, Bacon's objection to the practice of face painting. At page 49 he writes of "Armadoes that, like a high wood, overshadowed the shrubs of our low ships." Bacon, in his translation of the 104th Psalm,

has—"The greater navies look like walking woods." At page 88 he defends the production of stage plays, "for the subject of them (for the most part) is borrowed out of our English Chronicles, wherein our forefathers' valiant acts that have lain long buried in rusty brass and worm-eaten books, are revived." The incident on page 134 is amusing. The "Fairie Queene" (ascribed to Spenser, but, according to the cipher story, claimed by Bacon) had appeared in print the previous year, 1591, with sonnets to a host of courtiers and court beauties. But poor Earl Derby, who had only recently succeeded to the title, had been overlooked. "Nash" supplies the omission! At page 238 he refers to the reason why Harvey had imputed to Greene that he had a bastard son, "Infortunatus." He pretends that Harvey had been in the Fleet Prison and jests, "Thy joys were in the fleeting." At page 261 there is an interesting bit of biography. Referring to an expression of Harvey, Nash remarks: "A per se, A can doe it: tempt not his clemency too much. A per se, A? Passion of God, how came I by that name? My Godfather Gabriel gave it me, and I must not refuse it."

The explanation is that the term was applied by Harvey to Immerito (Bacon) in verses printed in 1580, "Two Letters of Notable Contents." "Nash" jocularly sought to evade the suggestion, and said that the verses were a libel intended for the Earl of Oxford. As a matter of fact, they were very complimentary.

I do not mean to assert that Harvey and "Nash" printed their invectives solely as a medium for introducing new words. It evidently gave them great pleasure. Harvey enjoyed it. Otherwise we should not find him writing in Pierce's Supererogation "alacke nothinge livelie and mightie—till his frisking penne began to play the sprite of the buttry and to teach his

mother tongue such lusty gambolds."

Again, "he will flatly denie and confute even because I say it, and only because in a frolic and dowie jollitie he will have the last word of me." Harvey was fond of associating Euphues or Lyly with Greene. The terms *greene* or *motley* or *greene motley* occur. Towards the finish of the *Supererogation*, Harvey hints at "Nash," "Lyly" and "Greene" being three faces in one hood, and as being the three-headed Cerberus. This recalls a line:—

"And make myself a motley to the view."

The testimony of Harvey alone, though given slyly and indirectly, is strong proof that Bacon, "*Immerito*," "Lyly," "Greene" and "Nash," were one and the same person.

"ANATOMIE OF ABSURDITIE."

THIS booklet was printed in 1589, and is really part of the series of "*Anatomies*" commenced by Francis in the name of "Greene." It was dedicated to Sir Charles Blunt, with whom Bacon would be intimate.

It indicates that it was written in 1586, when Nayshe, the ascribed author, would be a youth of eighteen at Cambridge. He refers to circumstances which had compelled his wit to wander abroad in "satyricall disguise." Further on he remarks that Proteus is still Proteus, though girt in the apparel of Pactolus. He eternises the praise of Queen Elizabeth, and describes how a company of gentlemen had united in praise of Sir Charles Blunt's perfections, and that he (the author) had a desire to be suppliant with him in some subject of wit. We meet with the term, "*idle pens*," which also occurs in a letter from Francis to Anthony Bacon. He refers to a loyal Lucretia, and the inconstancy of Venus,

showing that the subjects of "Lucrece," and "Venus and Adonis," a few years afterwards put forth in the name of Shakespeare, were then revolving in his mind.

The whole work demonstrates the facility of a practised writer, and the learning of a man deeply read in all available literature. At page 39 he declares himself a professed Peripatetician, mixing profit with pleasure, and *precepts of doctrine with delightful invention.*

"Yet these men condemn them of lasciviousness, vanity and curiosity, who, under feigned stories, include many profitable moral precepts."

Have we not in this passage the thesis and root plan of the Shakespeare plays?

Even "Nash" holds the notion of the "pearl in the head of the Toade."

"Which like the Toad ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head."

At page 48 he objects, as did Bacon, to the enclosure of common lands, and on page 60 describes, almost in Bacon's words, his theory of the action of wine on the brain.

"CHRIST'S TEARS OVER JERUSALEM,"

1593.

ACCORDING to "Have with you Saffron Walden," "Nash," by whom I, of course, mean Bacon, spent the Christmas of 1592-3 in the Isle of Wight, at the house of Sir George Carey, who there resided with his wife Elizabeth, and his only child, a daughter who bore her mother's Christian name. Sir George was eldest son of the first Lord Hunsdon, cousin to the Queen, and a visit from Francis, from what we know of his peculiar position, was a natural incident. "Christ's Tears" was dedicated to Lady Elizabeth Carey, while

"Terrors of the Night" was next year dedicated to her daughter.

"Christ's Tears" is interesting as showing the profound influence for sadness that the plague raging at the period of its writing had upon the sensitive nature of young Francis. This is also seen in the serious tenor of his letter to Burleigh and of the "Greene" Repentance series, apparently written later in the year 1592, at a time when the plague was beginning to be alarming.

The title of "Christ's Tears" was probably suggested to him by a carving in mother-of-pearl in the hall at Hampton Court Palace where the Queen and Court were then in residence, and called the "History of Christ's Passion." In the same way *Lucrece*, 1594, may have been prompted by the picture at Hampton Court, entitled "The true Lucretia." (See report by Hentzner).

At page 122 of "Christ's Tears" we find Bacon's favourite Orpheus legend alluded to. At page 138 there is a deathbed description like that of Falstaff (the play being written later). At page 196 is a part of a sentence, viz.: "Many a time and oft"—which a year or two later is used by Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*. At page 216 is another rendering of:

"For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

That is to say:

"Apparel more than anything betrayeth his wearer's mind."

At page 245 he advised the giving to hospitals and colleges, a matter in which Bacon took much interest and which shortly afterwards became one of the rules of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. At page 255 there is Bacon's favourite reference to Briareus with his hundred hands.

"JACK WILTON," 1594.

"TERRORS OF THE NIGHT," 1594.

"LENTEN STUFFE," 1599.

"JACK WILTON," like *Lucrece*, was dedicated to the young Earl of Southampton, at that time being trained at Gray's Inn, where Bacon had his London residence. This novel of adventure in Italy, taken in conjunction with the Marprelate pamphlet, "An Almond for a Parrot," 1589, which I think Bacon wrote, and which also refers to a travel in Italy, brings me to the notion that possibly Francis Bacon visited Italy in the autumn and winter of 1588. He would probably have been sent on a private political mission to the Venetian Republic, just after the failure of the Spanish Armada. Here he would obtain the local knowledge of certain Italian cities, so soon afterwards to be utilised with effect in *The Merchant of Venice* and other plays. Nothing of importance was printed by Bacon in any of his pen names at this period. True he was elected M.P. for Liverpool in November, but his personal attendance was quite unnecessary. The Parliament did not sit until the 4th February, 1588-9, and Bacon's first appearance there was on the 17th of that month.

At page 120 of "Jack Wilton" is a reference to the music of the spheres, a subject in which Bacon was interested, and which in the following year was so beautifully rendered in *The Merchant of Venice* :—

"There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion there an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins.
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in we cannot hear it."

In "Lenten Stuffe," at page 234, is the long word, "Honorificabilitudinitatibus," which came from a Vene-

tian source, and which also appeared in print in 1598 in *Love's Labour Lost*. At page 292 the author remarks that those who were present at the arraignment of Lopus (Dr. Lopez, who sought to poison the Queen) "I am sure will bear me record." This arraignment took place on 21st January, 1593-4. Mr. Spedding finds from a letter that Essex was present, but he cannot record anyone else. But we know that Bacon was frequently called in to cases of the kind. He wrote a full report of it, the terms of which give the impression that he was actually present. One can hardly understand how Nayshe could have been admitted on such an important occasion. "The Terrors of the Night," 1594, is a disquisition upon the subject of dreams. Bacon was admittedly a bad sleeper. So was the writer of the "Shakespeare Sonnets." This work is dedicated to Elizabeth, Sir George Carey's daughter and heiress. Those interested in discussing the persons involved in the "Shakespeare Sonnets" may not have noticed that in 1594-5 the match between this lady and Lord Herbert was broken off by the latter's father, Earl Pembroke, upon a question of dowry.

In "Terrors of the Night" allusion is made to a visit made by the author in that year to a place situate in rather low marshy ground, about some three score miles from London. Bacon was that year at Huntingdon, which in distance and I think in situation answers the description. The months do not fit, one is stated to have been in February and the other in July, but "he who would be secret must be a dissembler in some degree" said Bacon. In the "Terrors" the author discusses in a preliminary way the effect on the brain of the secretions from the liver, a subject at a later date discussed very extensively in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," a compilation the authorship (or what was possibly intended, the chief editorship) of which the cipher story claims for Bacon.

THE PREFACE TO "ASTROPHEL AND
STELLA," 1591.

I HAVE only a few words to add to this article, but believing, as I do, and having proved, as I think

I have to a very large extent, that Bacon was "Immerito," and was also "Nash," I venture to state that no one of the few men originally associated with Sir Philip Sidney in the Areopagus for the reform of English literature, was more fitted to write the preface to the appearance in print of this small book of verse by his dead friend.

Sir Philip Sidney died in 1586, when Nayshe would be a stripling of eighteen serving meals to the better circumstanced scholars of his college.

Let me conclude by an extract from the preface:

"Deare Astrophel (Sidney) that in the ashes of thy love livest againe like the Phoenix. O might thy bodie (as thy name) live againe likewise here amongst us : but the earth, the mother of mortalitie, hath snatched thee too soone into her chilled colde armes, and will not let thee by any meanes be drawne from her deadly imbrace ; and thy devine Soule carried on an angel's wings to heaven, is installed in Hermes' place sole prolocutor to the Gods."

These are the words of an affectionate friend. They are the words, too, of a poet. I submit with much respect to those who may think they know better, that the friend and poet was Francis Bacon.

The late Ignatius Donnelly was not far out when he wrote:—"We are in the presence of an unbounded intellectual activity, a Proteus that sought as many disguises as nature itself." "Nash" was one of them.

PARKER WOODWARD.

BACONIANA.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

BACONIANA is devoted to discussion of the problems underlying sixteenth and seventeenth century literature. Its aim is not restricted to the mere advocacy of the theory that the Shakespeare Plays were written by Francis Bacon, but is rather to record hitherto unrecognised facts, and to promote the general study of the English Renaissance. In the endeavour to throw fresh light upon an obscure period every care will be exercised to avoid, as far as possible, the publication of inaccurate statements.

Readers are invited to favour the Editor by communicating any new facts that come under their notice. When quoting extracts it is desirable to follow *literatim* the spelling and punctuation. The place and date of publication should also, if possible, be invariably stated.

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JULY, 1907

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A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE



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The Bacon Society.

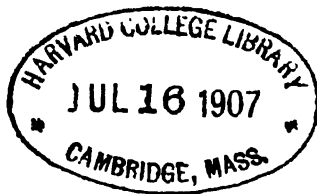
(INCORPORATED.)

THE objects of the Society are expressed in the Memorandum of Association to be:—

1. To encourage the study of the works of Francis Bacon as philosopher, lawyer, statesman and poet; also his character, genius, and life; his influence on his own and succeeding times, and the tendencies and results of his writings.
2. To encourage the general study of the evidence in favour of Francis Bacon's authorship of the plays commonly ascribed to Shakespeare, and to investigate his connection with other works of the Elizabethan period.

The annual subscription of Members, who are entitled to vote at the Society's business meetings, is one guinea; that of Associates is half-a-guinea.

The Society's Library and Rooms are at 11, Hart Street, London, W.C. (close to the British Museum), where the Secretary attends daily, and from 3 to 5 o'clock will be happy to supply further information.



BACONIANA.

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No. 19.

"COLLECTANEA" *

THIS work, in two vols., is a collection of Papers previously published, all, or nearly all, in "Notes and Queries." It deals with certain problems connected with Elizabethan and Jacobean literature. These problems are of various kinds, arising out of the curious and peculiar circumstances of that literature. The dramatists, poets, and literary men of that age are *sui generis* in this—that there is an immense amount of literary matter common to them all, so that, while some seem to be the original fountains, most seem to look on these as exhaustless wells, from which to draw any amount of fertilizing streams for their own fields. These latter, again, take either the same thoughts and phrases from the same common source, or appropriate one another's ideas and expressions without scruple and without acknowledgment. From this amazing characteristic, unknown to any other age or body of literature, the author of "Collectanea" works out, or aims at working out, the relations existing between various works of the day, for example, which supplied the others, with what is common to both, what are the dates of authorship, and, in the case of such works as "Arden of Feversham," "Locrine," and

* "Collectanea." By Charles Crawford. At the Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-on-Avon. 1906.

L

"Selimus," whose they really are, in which he differs from the other critics generally. He assigns "Arden of Feversham" to Kydd, "Selimus" to Marlowe, and "Locrine" to Greene. In all this part of his work, in which he deals with the indebtedness of Marlowe to Spenser, of Barnfield to Marlowe and Spenser, of Webster to Sir Philip Sidney, of Webster, Marston, and others to Florio's translation of Montaigne, he displays the faculty of patient research and remarkable acumen and power of reasoning connected with that kind of criticism. He gives proof of the possession of such wealth of instances to serve his purpose that one cannot help regretting he should have stained his pages with some very unclean ones.

Mr. Crawford devotes the last half of his second volume (the volumes are small—130 pages in the first, 147 in the second) to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. He is a champion of the Stratford Shakspeare, and very severe on those who maintain that Shakespeare the dramatist is Bacon. Like Grant White, Mr. Churton Collins, and other Shakespearean scholars, he forgets the characteristics of the scholar once he takes up his pen to discuss the now world-wide question. No adjectives or adverbs are too strong to use with regard to Baconians. All kinds of abuse and ridicule are employed. The ignorance, presumption, incompetence, and silliness of these deluded and deluding people impress him very much, as Mr. Churton Collins and many more have been impressed. All which is very curious, and worth thinking about, why it should be so. Plenty of Baconians are as learned and sensible as one need wish. They have been convinced, often reluctantly, that, first, Shakspeare of Stratford is impossible as author of the Shakespeare works, and, secondly, that the master hand in them is Bacon's.

The Stratford Shakspeare has become a kind of idol.

He is mainly an imaginary being constructed out of the works ascribed to him. Nothing that is known of his real life supplies the matter for the enthusiastic love and veneration of him which exists. The attempt to do away with this delusion is what chiefly makes the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy as heated, and bitter often (on one side at least), as if it were a religious, or political, or racial question under partizan discussion. It is a pity that it should be so; it prevents the truth having fair play. Anger and all other passions blind the reason more or less, and of anger especially it has been said, that it “makes us contradict the truth;” and so, proportionately, sentimental and other prejudices have great power in preventing us being fair-minded, and in blinding us to the fact that we are not so.

Mr. Crawford takes two well-known books of Baconian writers for special attack. These are Mrs. Pott’s “Promus” and Dr. Theobald’s “Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light.” He thinks that in showing these to be valueless as proofs of the identity of the philosopher and the dramatist he has demolished the whole fortress and arsenal of the enemy.

In the first place, I observe that Mrs. Pott’s work is more than a quarter of a century old, and consequently it is hardly fair to attack it as if it were now what its author, or others who share her opinions, would put forward in proof of their convictions. It did good and great service in its day, and will always remain a monument of prodigious labour and great learning and ability, containing a vast amount of interesting and instructive matter, but, from the nature of the work, in parts out of date, and requiring a new, revised and corrected edition. Mr. Crawford is so engrossed with parallels and their application to the solution of literary problems that he makes the mistake of taking all the

quotations in Mrs. Pott's "Promus" as purporting to be parallels. There are great numbers of most striking parallels between the entries in Bacon's notes and Shakespeare's works presented, but the relations between the quotations from each by no means are always claimed to be that of parallelism, but rather those relations whereby, from the laws of association, one idea, or train of thought, springs from others.

With regard to Dr. Theobald's book, Mr. Crawford does it some justice previous to handing it over to the common hangman for its manifold treason against his literary liege and king. At page 81 he says:—"From a literary point of view Dr. Theobald's book is a piece of good work, and he makes the best of a very bad case. His parallels are at times striking and interesting." And, again, at page 82:—"Dr. Theobald's work displays an intimate knowledge of Bacon and Shakespeare, as was to be expected; but the fault of his whole argument is that he ignores the writings of other authors of the period." This last remark is not founded on fact. Dr. Theobald has much to say of other writers of the time, and notably a most interesting appendix of 65 pages on Marlowe. No one could read it with unjaundiced eyes without being powerfully moved to regard Marlowe as another of Bacon's masks, so strange and suggestive are the facts Dr. Theobald brings forward regarding Marlowe's works, some anonymously published during his lifetime, others posthumously—"Faustus," for example; and when a second edition of it was published nearly twenty years after Marlowe's death, it had the characteristics of so many of Shakespeare's plays in the first folio, being greatly enlarged, and the additions evidently from the pen of the author. Dr. Theobald, indeed, expressly deprecates the excessive claims of many of Bacon's believers, but he makes an exception in the case of

Marlowe, and his plea under this head is well worth careful study.

Connected with Mr. Crawford's judgment that "Dr. Theobald's book is a piece of good work" considered as literature, I wish to say that I think it so good, often brilliant, always well reasoned, to the point and full of matter, that I am surprised the author is not more widely known and recognised as a writer of distinction and a critic of remarkable power. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." When the, at present, electrically-charged atmosphere of Shakespearean scholarship gets clear and normal, I feel sure that "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light" will be esteemed a great contribution to the most extraordinary literary problem that ever existed.

But Mr. Crawford is not long in proceeding to bludgeon Dr. Theobald's book out of all recognisable shape, so far is he from adopting Tennyson's canon of criticism,

"Light reproaches, half expressed
And loyal unto kindly laws,"

in dealing with this piece of good literary work. He says, at page 82, "his book is a waste of good paper." No doubt Mr. Crawford thinks the same of all the books that have been written on behalf of Bacon's claims, so Dr. Theobald need not be too much put out with this delicate home-thrust. His book is the fruit of long years of study of Bacon and Shakespeare, and gives proof of his having "worked" the two together—to use Mr. Crawford's favourite expression—so thoroughly as ought to have satisfied even such a worker in this way as his unsparing critic. He produces not merely isolated words, phrases, sentences for parallels, but whole trains of thought, often profound, subtle, intricate, involving philosophical views and principles, and so expressed that it is hard, if not

impossible, to conceive how two different minds could have conceived and so expressed them. Tennyson thought it a *reductio ad absurdum*, the man who wrote the essay on Love being the author of *Romeo and Juliet*. Now, Dr. Theobald proves that the philosophy of love contained in the essay is exactly, in all its details, exemplified in the plays and poetry of Shakespeare. Then Bacon's philosophy of hope, wonder, clothes, consolation, humility, sanctity, and many others, are shown to be exactly the same as Shakespeare's; so that if ever long-sustained parallels of thought and diction could be said to prove identity of authorship, or tend that way, Dr. Theobald may claim to have put forward strong proofs of his thesis.

Mr. Crawford ridicules Dr. Theobald as if he had asserted that the dramatist had coined and introduced into English a list of some 230 words, cited by Dr. Theobald to prove that the writer of the plays used these words in their classical or scholastic, and not in their common English meaning. He claims for about half-a-dozen only that the writer coined and introduced them. No one but a good Latin scholar, classical and medieval, could use such words so, and Mr. Crawford denies that his Shakspeare was, or need have been, a scholar of the kind. One of the first words cited is a good example of the special reason for drawing up the list. The word is "act." It seems strange that anyone should think that this word could be claimed as having been coined by the dramatist, and introduced by him for the first time into English. What is claimed by Dr. Theobald is that it is used in such a way that it proves its user knew its philosophical force in the language of the Schools. "Distilled almost to jelly with the act of fear," i.e., with fear, the passion of fear *in actu*, operating.

It is not my intention to follow Mr. Crawford in

detail through his attack, as he thinks, all along the line of the Baconian forces. One can learn a great deal from what he says, among the rest not to indulge in ridiculing opponents. In all seriousness, though, he ought to have dedicated his second volume to Mr. Churton Collins. He dedicates his first only to Professor Dowden. In this volume there is nothing to give unnecessary pain. Mr. Churton Collins, though quite at variance with Mr. Crawford as to Shakespeare's learning, proving, as he does, that he was an excellent Latin scholar and full of the spirit and phrasing of the Greek tragedians, is almost Mr. Crawford's superior in reviling and ridiculing Baconians. He speaks of their works, including such distinguished scholars as Judge Webb, Lord Penzance, Rev. Mr. Begley, not to mention others scarcely less distinguished, as “the buffooneries of sciolists, cranks and fribbles.”

The authority of such a master Mr. Crawford will scarcely question. Now he agrees with Dr. Theobald on a point of Shakespeare's Greek scholarship, for which Mr. Crawford is very hard on Dr. Theobald. The latter claims that Shakespeare took the passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, “Nor doth the eye itself, that most pure spirit of sense, behold itself, not going from itself,” from Plato. Mr. Churton Collins, eminent as a Greek scholar, who tells us, that his constant companions are the Greek tragedians and Shakespeare, in his book, “Studies in Shakespeare,” published two years ago—more than three years after Dr. Theobald's—asserts that the “strange fellow,” whom Ulysses quotes, is none other than Plato, and that Shakespeare must have known the “Alcibiades” of Plato, either in the original Greek or in a Latin translation, as no English translation existed. Grant White, “Shakespeare's scholar,” had said the same more than a

quarter of a century ago, another anti-Baconian worthy of being bracketed with Messrs. Collins and Crawford.

It is curious to observe how some Shakespeareans acknowledge to the full the vast learning of the plays; others, like Mr. Crawford and Mr. Sidney Lee, minimize it. Mr. Crawford informs us: "Shakespeare was merely a scholar well versed in the commonplaces of his time, and he could get all, or nearly all, his knowledge of Latin and Greek authors from works written by English writers" (p. 83). I may remark the "nearly all" spoils the argument. But that is a small matter comparatively. The differences of the Stratford Shakespeare's advocates on this head of his learning, according as they themselves are capable of judging at first hand of it or not, is a proof how inadequate the concept of the Stratford personality with all its connotation is to colligate the facts connected with the authorship of the Shakespeare works.

Grant White long ago, recognising the scholarship displayed by Shakespeare, but repudiating Baconianism as not worth five minutes' consideration on the part of a sensible man, pronounces Shakespeare "a miraculous miracle" on account of his vast learning; while Mr. Crawford says, "All that need excite wonder in Shakespeare is the consummate art of the craftsman" (p. 83). The fact is, of course, that the more learning any man has of almost any kind—classical, philosophical, scientific, historical, legal, medical, musical, æsthetic, military, naval, &c., &c.—the clearer he sees the profundity and comprehensiveness of the knowledge of the author of the "Immortalities," which, I repeat, absolutely excludes the Stratford Shakspeare.

Even if Mr. Crawford had proved by his treatment of Mrs. Pott's and Dr. Theobald's books that they are all he says, he would still be worlds away from upsetting

the Baconian position. The Baconian argument is an inductive process extending over an immense field of inquiry, embracing hundreds and thousands of facts and circumstances connected with the Shakespeare works, unintelligible and inexplicable while we hold the Stratford Shakspeare as the author, but immediately brought into order and explained when Bacon is shown to be the prime mover and main source of the Shakespearean creation. The argument has been compared to a cable, which is made up of innumerable threads, or fibres, separately weak, but, taken together, forming a combination of adamantine strength. In this cable proof, parallels, no doubt, form an important and essential part; still, comparatively they are but a small portion of the whole. All that is necessary is to show that remarkable identities of thought and expression occur in the two sets of works, as would be the case if they were from the same source; and both Mrs. Pott and Dr. Theobald superabundantly do this for the purposes of the Baconian induction. Then come the thousand and one other reasons, all converging to the same issue and forming a cumulative argument of overwhelming power.

This being the nature of the proof, shows how wide of the truth it is to maintain that only experts in Elizabethan and Jacobean literature—“workers,” like Mr. Crawford, of the books of that age with each other, professional men of letters, &c.—are fit judges of who is the author of the Shakespeare works. Certainly their evidence is valuable in many ways. But it is absurd to claim that they alone are capable of rational and self-acquired conviction on this point. Anyone intelligent enough to weigh evidence by no means wholly concerned with literary matters is competent to judge.

An unprejudiced and intelligent inquirer can be absolutely convinced of the utter impossibility of the

Stratford Shakspeare having been Shakespeare the dramatist. This is the first great step, and one that should be more and more insisted on. Judge Stotsenburg in his recent work, "An Impartial Inquiry into the Shakespeare Title," devotes considerable space to this exclusion. Mr. Crawford ought to read this work; he would find that its author is as much at home with the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists as he is himself. Nor is he an undiluted Baconian. Next comes the question, Who is Shakespeare the dramatist? That Bacon had a main hand in the Shakespeare works is capable of demonstration. The strange "common property" feature of the literature of the age—seeming to show that the dramatists, poets and literary men of the time had in some way or other access to and the use of Bacon's and others' MSS., private notebooks, &c.—makes one think of Scipio, Lælius, Terence, and the Poets' Guild on the Aventine. Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Bacon, seem to have been the heads or guiding spirits of learned societies for the advancement of learning, and to have got hold of the stage, to some extent at least, for the purpose of spreading the light. There exists a mass of Latin verse, written by Bacon's "sons" immediately after his death, in which he is spoken of as the greatest of poets, as having filled the world with books and as having restored philosophy through the drama.

Mr. Harold Bayley in his able and original work, "The Shakespeare Symphony" (which again Mr. Crawford ought to read, and which he would find replete with that knowledge he so much desiderates in Baconians), has this common property feature as the central idea; and though he does not profess to give a complete solution to the problem, he suggests one. At page 353 he says:—"I do not maintain that Bacon was the concealed author of all the plays from which I

have quoted extracts ; but for many of them he will, I believe, ultimately be found to have been responsible, and for others his disciples could probably have rendered some account. In sculpture, painting and literature, nothing is more perilous than to be dogmatic in differentiating between the authentic works of a master and the imitations of his own school. A recent editor observes that ‘in Bacon’s day every important new idea was arrested in the name of Dogma, and as nearly strangled as was possible to those in authority.’ It were a brave device if, as I suspect, Bacon systematically ‘trickt up a companie of taffeta fooles’ and under ‘their feathers’ (dodging through the serried ranks of Authority) planted unsuspected far forward into chaos the standard of the New Philosophy. As if to prove the necessity for the ruse, the Dean of Ely in the Shakespearean Sermon of 1897 stated: ‘There were some things in Shakespeare that the author might have been burnt for had he been a theologian, just as certainly as there were things about politics, about civil liberty, which, had he been a politician or statesman, would have brought him to the block.’”

—After all, the authorship of the plays is but the introduction to what they really are. Dr. Theobald in this book of his, which is certain to command the attention and careful study of Shakespearean scholars more and more as unreasoned convictions and prejudices die away, at page 125 says:—“In the language of mystic philosophy Shakespeare’s art is the continent and ultimate of Bacon’s philosophy ; there is a perfect correspondence and continuity between them. As the natural world is created by influx from the spiritual world, and is its counterpart and representative, so is the poetry of Shakespeare poured forth as influx from the creative thought of Bacon’s science, giving to it a concrete presentation, a living, organised counterpart.”

This luminous passage, one of a great number of thoughtful and beautiful passages throughout the whole work, at once suggests that the plays were intended to supply the mysteriously missing parts of the *Instauratio Magna*. Bacon himself repeatedly says that his method for giving everlasting youth and vigour to his philosophy, and for obtaining sovereignty over the minds and hearts of men for their own good, is a profound secret, which his own age was not fitted to receive—which, in fact, if it knew, he could not insinuate himself into men's minds as he desired without contradiction and destructive opposition, but which after-ages would discover and would confess that he had acted wisely and beneficently in concealing it at the cost of such self-effacement.

This, then, is what gives the question of authorship its supreme interest. The plays are Bacon's secret method. The golden thread interlacing and weaving together in innumerable ways the acknowledged works and the Shakespearean is the *Filum Labyrinthi*. The comedies, histories and tragedies are, as some think, the fourth, fifth and sixth parts of the *Instauratio Magna*, or, as others maintain, the fourth part only; while others again connect them with the prerogative instances of the *Novum Organum*. What a field for research there is here! But while the struggle rages about the authorship at the very entrance of the Labyrinth, the treasures waiting for those who shall succeed in penetrating its inmost recesses cannot enrich the world in all the ways the discoverer and storer of them intended. When students generally recognise the Baconian master-hand in these works, the Baconian mystery will be understood soon after and utilised "for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate"—the one great end and aim of the *Instauratio Magna*.

WILLIAM A. SUTTON, S. J.

BACON AND EDMUND SPENSER

TO those who have taken the trouble to study the original editions of Spenser's works there are apparent many peculiarities that are not easily explained. In a few pages I hope to be able to bring some of them together, and at the outset I must premise that my attention was first turned to this subject by the statement in Bacon's cipher story that he had used Spenser's name as a mask under which to bring out poems of his own. If this statement were worth examining, a first step in the business would be to look carefully into the various early editions of Spenser's works and see if they disclosed anything; and in particular if they, or other contemporary writers, gave any account of the poet's life.

In the year 1679, eighty years after Spenser's death, a handsome folio edition of his works was brought out. It comprised all his poems, including *Britain's Ida*, which was first attributed to Spenser in 1628 by Thomas Walkley, who then brought it out, but which is now generally repudiated by the critics. It also contained his prose *View of the State of Ireland*. There is no indication given as to who was the editor of this edition. In this, however, it does not differ from the two previous folios of Spenser's poems, brought out, the first in 1611, the second in 1617. These two are entirely without any preface or editor's name; they simply came out. That of 1611 is the first gathering of Spenser's poems that had been made, and is notable for the fact that in it, for the first time, *The Shepherd's Calendar* appears as a work of Spenser's. Previous to that date the five quartos of this poem, that had come out during the poet's life-time, had appeared anonymously, and it was not until 1611 (thirteen years after Spenser's death) that *The Shepherd's Calendar* is quietly,

and without any explanation, included in the volume of Spenser's works. One would have thought that the editor of this volume, whoever he was, would have seized the opportunity to announce that this important poem, hitherto unacknowledged, had now been definitely ascertained to be one of Spenser's works; but there is not a word, and, as so often happens with these Elizabethan poets, works that knew them not during their life-time pace forth as their veritable children, after their deaths.

The 1679 folio is worthy of special notice, in that it has prefixed to it a short sketch of the life of Spenser. There was nothing of this sort in either of the two earlier folios. The only biography that I know of, previous to 1679, is a very short one that appeared among Fuller's *Worthies*, published for the first time in 1662, four years after Fuller's death. This was very slight and incomplete; it submitted no date of birth, and gave the year 1598 as the date of the poet's death. The most of the space was occupied in relating the story of Queen Elizabeth's having promised him £100, and how he had been balked of this by the stinginess of the Lord Treasurer, and only obtained it after way-laying Her Majesty in one of her Progresses and propounding his grievance in a witty rhyme. After 1679, Winstanley brought out, in 1684 and 1688, his *Select Lives of the Most Eminent Persons* and his *Lives of English Poets*. In both of these he deals with Spenser in much the same way as Fuller dealt; there is very little said about his work, no date mentioned of his birth, and that of his death is put at 1598; while an epitaph is recorded that is completely different from that of the 1679 folio.

Whenever we open the 1679 folio we are struck by its very unexpected appearance. If one is familiar with 1611 and 1617 books, and the gaily illustrated frontis-

piece which adorns them, the funereal aspect of the 1679 folio comes as an unpleasant surprise. Instead of a lively young shepherd, confronting a fantastically dressed young woman, who might be typical of poesie or the drama, we have simply a dark and gloomy picture of a monumental tablet. This picture of the Stone in Westminster Abbey is sufficiently large and clear to enable one to read with ease the inscription on it. What strikes one at once is the extreme peculiarity of such an adornment as this to such poems as Spenser's. They are not gloomy or funereal in character, and the period at which this folio came out, being eighty years after the poet's death, was too remote to make a memorial edition appropriate; such an edition might have had some reason in 1611, but not in the third folio in 1679, and certainly there is nothing attractive about this frontispiece. If, however, we are surprised at the general appearance of this page, our surprise is increased on reading the epitaph. It is as follows :—

“ Here lyes (expecting the Second
coming of Our Saviour Christ
Jesus) the body of Edmund Spenser
the Prince of Poets in his tyme
whose Divine Spirit needs noe
othir witness than the works
which he left behind him
He was borne in London
In the yeare 1510 and
died in the Yeare
1596.”

Now it requires very little acquaintance with the writings of Spenser to know that birth in the year 1510 is quite incompatible with the poems that are attributed to him, and which first began to come out in 1579, when he would be 69 years of age. *The Shepherd's Calendar*, the first quarto of which appeared in that year, is un-

doubtedly the work of quite a young man, and indeed the author is alluded to as a lad. So much was this discrepancy between this date and Spenser's writings apparent, that in 1778, when his tablet in Westminster Abbey was restored, and made as it is at the present day—though the exact shape and adornment of the stone was preserved, so that we have it as represented in our folio, and though the wording, spelling and arrangement of lines were strictly followed, *the dates were altered*. The inscription of the present day concludes :—

“ He was born in London
in the yeare 1553 and
Died in the yeare
1598.”

To change dates on such a solemn record as a monumental tablet in Westminster Abbey must strike one as an extraordinarily violent action. There is no statement informing us why it was done, nor who did it. On the base of the present stone there is simply cut “ Restored by private subscription in 1778.”

For 180 years after the poet's death the dates 1510 and 1596 were suffered to remain and were not changed by his contemporaries, and those who knew him. They were apparently accepted as true, and yet it is without question that the first date, at any rate, is quite impossible when taken in conjunction with his work. I have said that in neither of the two early folios was there anything of the nature of biography. The question of the date of birth was therefore not raised. Fuller and Winstanley both avoided it by simply saying nothing about it. How, then, does this unknown editor of the 1679 folio—who has boldly selected a picture of this monumental tablet, with its extraordinary dates as a frontispiece for his edition—how does he deal with this difficulty? It was impossible that he could read *The*

Shepherd's Calendar without seeing the incongruity between the author of that and an old man of 69; yet he begins his biography with the following words, "Mr. Spenser was born in London (as his epitaph says) in the year of our Lord 1510," after which he no further attempts to explain away the difficulty. And a few lines further down he says: "Mr. Sidney (afterwards Sir Philip), then in full glory at court, was the person, to whom he" (Spenser) "designed the first discovery of himself." This period, when Sidney was in full glory at Court, could not have been earlier than 1577 and was probably a year or two later, when Spenser, if born in 1510, would be 67 and over; which is absurd. And yet the editor does not in the least attempt to palliate the difficulty. Rather does he seem to have purposely done all he could to emphasise it and rivet attention upon it. The picture of the tablet was put in, seemingly, to prevent anyone from saying that it was only a printer's error in the biography when it states that he was "born in London (as his Epitaph says) in the year of our Lord 1510." But is it not a strange thing that a biographer should commence his biography with such a statement as this, that is manifestly out of truth with the life he is going to write, and then in no way try to explain the puzzle? So plainly to throw discredit on his own work is almost as though he were laughing in his sleeve at his readers.

The biography occupies only about a page and a half of the folio. In his summary of Spenser's character the writer says:—

"He was a man of extraordinary accomplishments, excellently skilled in all parts of Learning: of a profound Wit, copious invention, and solid judgment . . . he excelled all other Ancient and Modern Poets, in Greatness of Sense, Decency of Expression, Height of Imagination, Quickness of Conceit, Grandeur and

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Majesty of Thought, and all the glories of Verse. Where he is passionate, he forces tears and commiserations from his Readers; where pleasant and airy, a secret satisfaction and smile; and where bold and Heroique, he inflames their breasts with Gallantry and Valour. . . . He was, in a word, completely happy in everything that might render him Glorious and inimitable to future ages."

One cannot but be struck by such tremendous praise as this; it would scarcely be possible to say anything higher; indeed, this man must have been the very greatest of all men, since "he excelled all other Ancient and Modern poets." One is forcibly reminded of the language that Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, uses of Lord Bacon. He there says:

"But his learned and able (though unfortunate) successor is he (*i.e.*, Bacon) who hath filled up all numbers, and perform'd that in our tongue which may be compared or preferr'd either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. . . . So that he may be named and stand as the mark and acme of our language. . . . My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honours. But I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever by his work one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration that had been in many Ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want."

It is very remarkable, and may have intentional significance, that Ben Jonson scarcely even mentions Spenser, whom the unknown editor of the 1679 folio so highly extols, and in his list of the great ones of the Elizabethan period, entirely ignores him. All that he says of Spenser is contained in two passages, the first on p. 97 (ed. 1641), where he says: "Nay, if it were put

to the question of the Water-rhymers works, against Spenser's I doubt not but they would find more suffrages."

And again on page 116: "Spenser in affecting the Ancients writ no Language: yet I would have him read for his matter: but as Virgil read Ennius."

This is indeed mild notice as compared with the eulogium of the unknown biographer I have been considering, but Jonson's treatment of the Elizabethan poets and writers throughout is extremely puzzling. His remarks upon Shakespeare are well-known and have been often quoted. They are pitched in a much lower key than those applied to Bacon, and are the praises due to a worthy man, whose worth had been conspicuous among the actors of the time. "He was indeed honest," says Jonson, "and of an open and free nature: had an excellent Phantasie, brave notions and gentle expressions: wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stop'd," &c.

Compare this with the high praise Jonson pours out upon Bacon, and one can have little doubt that when speaking thus of Shakespeare he had not in mind a great author. And what shall we say of the fact that Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Nash, and the many others of the Elizabethan times, the "nest of singing birds" that John Richard Green spoke of, have no place at all in Jonson's review? But we must not allow ourselves to be drawn into the extraordinary labyrinth of Ben Jonson's utterances, and silences, regarding contemporary and earlier poets or writers. To follow this would take much time, and no one has yet reached the end of it. I may add that Ben Jonson's *Discoveries* were first printed and made public in 1641, four years after Jonson's death; though as usual in such matters at that period we have no means of knowing who

edited them and brought them out. It is interesting to note that the writer of the article upon Jonson in *The Dictionary of National Biography* remarks, without, as I think, any *arrière pensée* in the matter :—

“The 171 detached paragraphs (of the *Discoveries*) approach the type of the Baconian Essay, though Jonson deprecates the name.”

I do not doubt but that in the future we may find a reason why the *Discoveries* approach the type of the Baconian Essay.

After the short biography (in the 1679 folio), there follow some five of the letters of the Harvey-Immerito correspondence. I need scarcely remind my readers that *The Shepherd's Calendar* was published anonymously under the pseudonym of “Immerito.” The letters are written in 1579-80. They form part of a much larger correspondence which has been preserved to us in Harvey's letter book, and which has been reprinted by the Camden Society. Harvey addresses his correspondent as “Immerito” and “Signor Benvenolio.” Spenser's name never once occurs in all the letters, and the inference that they are addressed to him is drawn from the fact that they are addressed to the author of the poems that are now attributed to Spenser.

In one letter addressed by Harvey to Immerito the following occurs :—

“You suppose most of these bodily and sensual pleasures are to be abandoned as unlawful, and the inward, contemplative delights of the mind, more zealously to be embraced as most commendable. Good Lord ! you a gentleman, a courtier, a youth, and go about to revive so old, and stale, and bookish opinion, dead and buried many hundred years before you or I knew whether there were any world or no ! ”

Language such as this was not applicable to the traditionary Spenser ; in his youth he could not be

called "a courtier," still less could the Spenser of our biographer, born in 1510, be called "a youth" in 1579. But such language exactly fitted the young Francis Bacon, intimate about the English Court, and just returned from the Court of France. The whole of this Harvey-Immerito correspondence forms a large subject by itself, and is full of puzzles and peculiarities. Like so much of the Elizabethan literature, whenever one begins to examine closely, one comes upon incongruities and mysteries. The original Harvey letter book has been preserved in MS., and one's trouble is only intensified by the fact that it has been seriously mutilated, whole pages removed, and letters broken off just at the point where they seemed about to disclose something. The passage above quoted is one little minnow that has escaped from the drag net wherein the bigger fish have been caught and carried away.

There is a strange piece of literary juggling in this 1679 folio to which I have now to call attention, the elucidation of which is, I confess, not easy.

At the very end of the folio, immediately before the glossary, there occurs this notice:—

"Reader, Be pleased to take notice, That in the later Editions of Spenser's Poems in Folio (which we now followed) there is wanting one whole Stanza, in the month of June, which out of the First Edition of *The Shepherd's Calendar* in quarto may be thus supplied, and is to come in at page 25, col. 2, after the 28th line." Then follows the verse.

I find that this omitted verse last appeared in the 4th or 1591 quarto of *The Shepherd's Calendar*; it was dropped out of the 5th quarto, that of 1597, and was also wanting in the two folios of 1611 and 1617. But though lacking in these books it is curious that the corresponding change in the Glosse was over-

looked, and the allusion to the omitted verse still appears there.

What could have been the reason for dropping out this verse? And why, when it was restored, should it be done in this way and not put back into its proper place? It was evidently done of set purpose, and was carefully kept out of its place for these 90 years; but why? Another strange light is thrown on this affair by a Latin version of *The Shepherd's Calendar* that came out in 1653 (26 years before the folio of 1679), George Bathurst being the author. At the end of this book, in quite the same way, and in the same form of words, notice of this omitted verse is given and the verse recited. Now this Latin edition has the Latin on one page, and the corresponding English opposite to it. But the curious thing is, that while the Latin translation of the verse is given in its proper place in the poem, the English original is left out on the opposite page: and in order to make the fewer English verses correspond in space with the Latin, the printer has been at the pains to spread out the English lines so as to fill up the page. It would have been so much easier, one would have thought, and so much seemlier, to have put the English verse in its place, but for some reason the printer felt himself bound to observe some unexplained behest, and keep the verse out. Seemingly this behest, or whatever it may have been, applied only to the English verse, for in the 1679 folio itself, there is inserted the Latin version of *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and the translation of the omitted verse appears in its proper place. There is not a word of explanation anywhere of what all this means, or why the omission was first made — just as in the case of Spenser's birth date, the statement is made and we are left to guess or imagine the meaning of it.

The verse itself gives little help towards the solution

of the puzzle. It might refer, and could only refer, one would think, to the recent death of some great man. But whose death? The verse last appeared in 1591, it is partially restored in 1653 and 1679, and wholly restored I know not when. Spenser died in 1596-8. This is what the verse says :—

“ Now dead he is, and lieth wrapt in lead,
(O why should death on him such outrage show !)
And all his passing skill with him is fled,
The fame whereof doth daily greater grow.
But if on me some little drops would flow,
Of that the spring was in his learned head,
I soon would learn these woods to wail my woe,
And teach the trees their trickling tears to shed.”

I think it can hardly be gainsaid that it was the deliberate intention of the editors of these various books to refer to, and draw attention to, some particular person, and to this person's death, by the unusual treatment of this verse. But I fear some other important parts of the puzzle are wanting, so that it is impossible for us as yet to put the pieces together. The year 1679 seems too remote from the death of anyone whom we even suspect to be connected with *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and yet there is, undoubtedly, as I think, some hidden reference here. It is not, either, a mere printer's matter ; it must have been handed down to, and passed on through, the various editors. The books have quite different printers.

The 1617 folio is “Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes.” The 1653 Latin version is “Printed for M. M. T. C. and Gabriel Bedell and are to be sold at their shop at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet Street,” and the 1679 edition is “Printed by Henry Hills, for Jonathan Edwin, at the Three Roses in Ludgate Street.”

I cannot leave this verse without drawing attention

to the line :—"The fame whereof doth daily greater grow," as being so strongly reminiscent of the Latin verselet inscribed at the end of the *Manes Verulamiani* in the 1640 edition of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, the translation of which is, "The fame of Bacon grows as a tree for some unknown age."

Recalling now the statement of the cipher story that Bacon used Spenser's name as a mask under which to bring out his poems, one turns to *The Shepherd's Calendar* to see if any information can be got from that book itself. And when doing this it is necessary to say something about Spenser's life. With the date of his birth we are sufficiently familiar. In the year 1580 he went to Ireland as Secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, and remained there practically for the rest of his life. He visited England on two occasions, in 1589-90 and 1596, and was in Ireland within a month of the close of his life in Westminster in 1598. This is from the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

In his book, *The Strange Case of Francis Tidir*, Mr. Parker Woodward has some interesting particulars about Spenser's life and movements. He gives the day of his death as the 16th January, 1599, which, of course, according to the old style would be called 1598. He says further, "There is no evidence of his having visited England between 1580 and December, 1598." He also details the futile attempts that have been made to identify Spenser with various Edmund Spensers whose name has been encountered in records of the period.

The *Encyclopædia Britannica* (IXth Ed.) says that Spenser went to Ireland in 1580, was there till 1589; returned to London in that year, back to Ireland in 1591; returned to London probably in 1595, back to Ireland again for a brief time in 1598; returned to London and died there on the 16th January, 1599. With regard to his parentage, his father was supposed to be John

Spenser, a free journeyman tailor, but, adds the writer of the article, "Nothing approaching certainty can be reached on this point."

The curious discrepancies as to times of visits to England seem to have arisen from the fact that there is no actual evidence of those visits, and that they have been inferred from various phrases picked out of the Spenser poems.

One fact upon which all seem to agree is that he was buried in Westminster Abbey; and the tablet I have described, erected to him at the charges of the Earl of Essex. Taking 1579 as the date of the first appearance of any of the Spenser Poems (*The Shepherd's Calendar*) we see that throughout the whole of the time when all his poems were coming out, Spenser was resident in Ireland, and was a stranger to London and its literary Society. I do not think there can be any question of this; all the researches into his life approximately agree as to the date of his going to Ireland, and the length of his stay there. As Mr. Parker Woodward truly says, it is an extraordinary thing that a poet resident in Ireland, which at that time was many days remote from England, should be so well acquainted with ladies of Queen Elizabeth's Court as to address poems to them. No correspondence with him has ever been shown to exist.

Further, there is the undoubted fact that all the five quarto editions of *The Shepherd's Calendar*, all of which came out during Spenser's lifetime, were published anonymously. The first of these editions was published in 1579, the second in 1581, a third in 1586, a fourth in 1591, and the fifth in 1597. During all these years, while this book was being read—and apparently from the frequency of publication it was "well-liked of"—Spenser's name was in no way connected with it, and Spenser's authorship in no way hinted at. I think

it is most important to keep this fact clearly in mind. It is the more remarkable and significant as during many of these years Spenser's authorship as a poet was plainly acknowledged. The first edition of *The Fairie Queen* with his name as author, was brought out in 1590, and his minor poems appeared in his lifetime with his name acknowledged on the title page. But with *The Shepherd's Calender* it was different; for many years it was read as the work of an unknown writer, and it was not until 1611, when it was included—without explanation or remark—among Spenser's works, in the first folio edition of his poems, that the people of England were given to understand that this also was by the author of *The Fairie Queen*, and that, be it remembered, was 13 years after Spenser's death.

Surely this suppression of authorship was for some reason. Or was it, perhaps, that the attribution of authorship to one who had been in the grave for thirteen years was an easy and a safe way of quieting troublesome questioners? *The Shepherd's Calendar* is largely biographical; if people were constantly trying to pierce the veil of anonymity, some awkwardly correct guesses might be made; but if it were boldly announced that the author was one who was dead thirteen years ago, there was nothing more to be said; and though the statements made, and things hinted at, might be such as to excite the deepest curiosity, the dead author could not be questioned, and could not rise to explain.

That the anonymity of the book was recognised is shown by a contemporary allusion to it in Puttenham's (or Webster's) *Arte of English Poesie*, published in 1589. In Chapter XXXI., Book I., of that work, Puttenham, when speaking of the various poets who have arisen in England, and when describing their various characteristics, says—

“For Eclogue and pastoral Poesie, Sir Philip Sydney, and

Master Challenner, and that other Gentleman who wrote the late *Shepherd's Calendar*.

Further, George Whitstones, in his *Honourable Life and Valiant Death* of Sir Philip Sidney, published in 1587, clearly and plainly attributes *The Shepherd's Calendar* to Sidney, and this though the book professes to be dedicated to Sir Philip himself!

It is clear from this that the name of Spenser at that time was unknown as the author of this work, and that there was complete uncertainty on the subject.

Besides the halo of mystery surrounding the book from this anonymous publication, and the interest aroused by the suppressed verse that I have spoken of, there is the double interest called forth by its biographical character.

The Shepherd's Calendar consisted of twelve Eclogues proportionable to the twelve months of the year. After the fantastic fashion of the time each Eclogue consisted of a dialogue between two shepherds, and these "shepherds" masqueraded under various names. At the end of each Eclogue there is a "Glosse," and the great interest of the work is contained in this Glosse, in that it explains partly who is intended by some of the characters. Thus in the very first month, January, the young shepherd lad, Colin Clout, is introduced, and in the Epistle preceding the Eclogues we are informed that under this name the author's self is shadowed, while as if to emphasise the fact we are told in the September Glosse, "Now I think no man doubteth but by Colin is meant the Author's self." Other persons that we have, either set forth or alluded to, are Henry VIII., Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Elizabeth, Robert Earl of Leicester, Gabriel Harvey, and some who can only be guessed at. But for me at present the important fact is that Colin is the author, and what is said of Colin refers to the author. Now, assuming as a working

hypothesis that the author was Bacon and not Spenser, how do the facts of Colin's life fit Bacon's? That is to say, how do they fit Bacon's secret life as it has been disclosed to us in the cipher story—not the ordinary surface life that has been carefully retailed by his modern biographers.

We know that Bacon when about sixteen years of age (in 1577) went to Paris and for the period of two years resided at the gay Court of Charles IX., under the roof of the British Ambassador, Sir Amyas Paulet, and that he returned to England on the death of Sir Nicholas Bacon in 1579. At this time he would be eighteen years of age. The cipher story tells us that when in Paris he fell madly in love with Marguerite de Valois, sister of the King, wife of Henry of Navarre, and daughter of Catherine, the widow of Henry II. It was in 1579 that the first edition of *The Shepherd's Calendar* came out, and Colin is introduced to us in the Argument as a shepherd boy, who "complaineth himself of his unfortunate love, being but newly as it seemeth, enamoured of a country lass called Rosalind." As showing Colin's youth he speaks of himself in the following words :—

"Such stormy stours do breed my baleful smart
As if my years were waste and waxen old,
And yet alas, but now my spring begun,
And yet alas, it is already done."

And again, he says that it was in "the neighbour town" that he first saw the beautiful Rosalind.

"A thousand sithes I curse the careful hour
Wherein I longed the neighbour town to see :
And eke ten thousand sithes I bless the stour,
Wherein I saw so fair a sight as she."

It is necessary to note these points. Upon the hypothesis that Colin was Bacon it was in Paris (the

neighbour town), when he was in the spring of his years, that he first saw Marguerite; upon the hypothesis that Colin was Spenser, I know not what neighbour town the reference could be to. The Spenser biographers set forth that Spenser met and fell in love with Rosalinde somewhere in the North of England, and that she was a yeoman's daughter, and this, too, in spite of the fact that the Glosse for the April Eclogue states that Rosalinde is "a gentlewoman of no mean house," and is besides a FOREIGNER.

To remove the veil that has been thrown over Rosalinde and to disclose her identity is, I submit, the touchstone of this poem. The efforts of Spenser's biographers in this direction have been singularly ineffective, simply because they have been following a perfectly worthless clue.

There are certain indications given in the various Glosses as to who Rosalinde was. First, in the January Glosse, the opening month of the Calendar, it is stated that—

"Rosalinde is also a feigned name, which being well ordered will bewray the very name of his love and Mistress, whom by that name he coloureth."

This, of course, means that the letters of the name "Rosalinde" otherwise disposed, in the way that was much in vogue by the makers of name anagrams at that time, would give the real name of his love.

Further, in the April Eclogue, Rosalinde is described as "the widow's daughter of the 'glen,'" and as a foreigner. The Glosse upon this is very explicit. It says—

"He calleth Rosalinde the widow's daughter of the Glen, that is, of a country hamlet or borough, which I think is rather said to color and conceal the person, than simply spoken. For it is well known, even in spite of Colin and Hobbinol, that she is a gentlewoman of no mean house, nor endued with any vulgar

and common gifts, both of nature and manners: but such indeed, as need neither Colin be ashamed to have her made known by his verses, nor Hobbinol be grieved that so she should bee commended to immortality for her rare and singular virtues."

In dealing with this name the biographers have been quite unconvincing. The *Dictionary of National Biography* suggests that she was "Rose," the daughter of a yeoman named "Dyneley," but Rose Dyneley could not be extracted from Rosalinde; and this ignores that she was a foreigner, that he met her at a town, and that she was "the widow's daughter of the glen." The Rev. J. H. Todd, in his "Biography of Spenser," prefixed to his poems (1805), suggests "Rose Linde," which is certainly not a very mystical veiling of the name, but does not attempt to deal with the other points; and somewhere else I remember to have seen Alis Dorne. But all these are inconclusive as ignoring the other conditions entirely, especially "that she is a gentlewoman of no mean house;" and it is quite evident that the conditions premised for Rosalinde can in no way be made applicable to the love of Edmund Spenser.

How shall we fare under the hypothesis that "Colin" meant Bacon, and that "Rosalinde" was Bacon's love, Marguerite?

Well, Marguerite was a "foreigner;" he met her at the "neighbour town" of Paris, whither he had gone to reside temporarily with Sir Amyas Paulet. She was, undoubtedly, "a gentlewoman of no mean house," for she was of the House of Valois that had given many kings to France, and was the daughter of Henry II. That she was "the widow's daughter" is undoubted, for she was the daughter of Catherine de Medici, the widow of Henry II.; and that she was "of the glen" is also equally apparent, for she was

Marguerite de Valois, that is, Margaret of the Valley, or Margaret of the Glen. I think it would be impossible to find a parallel more accurate than this.

But what about the name "Rosalinde" which, being well ordered, "will bewray the very name of his love and mistress?"

Here I must premise that Marguerite in French means a daisy, and that such was its meaning in the 16th and 17th centuries is shown by a marginal note in Drayton's poem, *The Miseries of Queen Margarite* (a different Queen Margarite this), published in 1627. This note says, "Margarite in French signifieth a Daysie." Then, again, I must call up an obsolete word "lorn," meaning "lost." This word is used in the January Eclogue of *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and it is also to be found in the Glossary of words at the end of the 1679 folio, where, among a few words beginning with L, its meaning is given. Now, Rosalinde well ordered gives us "Dasie lorn," or "Lost Marguerite," which, I think, is a remarkably close approximation to the very name of his love and mistress. Considering the great latitude that was allowed in spelling in the 16th and 17th centuries, I think the spelling "Dasie," may be accepted for the purposes of the anagram. In an early 17th century dictionary I have seen it written "Dazy."*

This making of name anagrams, at the time I am speaking of, was very fashionable among poets and literary persons; and though the custom may seem rather silly to us, and we are quite unable to catch the flavour or bouquet of it, yet in those days it was often used as a delicate form of praise, and if one could

* In the 1617 folio "Rosalinde" is spelt with the final "e" in January Eclogue. In the April Glosse she is called "Rosalinda," and is also spelt "Rosalind," without the final "e." In the 1679 folio the name was spelt without the final "e."

extract some flattering attribute from a person's name, it seemed in some way an evidence that the person must possess the particular quality:—as when "James Stuart" makes "A Just Master." A great deal of this work has been done, and we need not be surprised to find the play used in Rosalinde's case.

It is interesting to see if anything can be extracted from *The Shepherd's Calendar* about Colin's—that is, Bacon's—birth and parentage. Those who are acquainted with the cipher story are aware that it sets forth that Bacon was the lawful son of Queen Elizabeth and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, begotten of their secret marriage, and that the misery of Bacon's life was caused by the continued refusal to acknowledge and announce to the world, his true position. Last year I had the pleasure of reading to the Bacon Society a translation of a French Life of Bacon, prefixed to a little-known book of Bacon's—*Histoire Naturelle*,* published in Paris in 1631. This "Life" was the first that had ever been published, and anti-dated by twenty-six years Rawley's "Life," which was the first English production on the subject. The French Life, as I showed, contained some remarkable confirmations of the cipher story, and many statements that were intelligible only if read in the light of the cipher story. If I am right in assuming that in *The Shepherd's Calendar* Colin, the author, means Bacon and not Spenser, are there any birth allusions to confirm this?

The sixth stanza of the April Eclogue begins:—

"Colin thou kenst the Southern Shepherd's boy,
Him love hath wounded with a deadly dart."

There is nothing in these lines particularly to arrest attention, and anyone would pass them by without pausing, either for enquiry or examination. But

* See BACONIANA, April, 1906.

when we turn to the Glosse on this we find the following :—

“Colin thou kensl, knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin pertaineth to some Southern Nobleman, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent, and because he so often nameth the Kentish downs.”

Now, I submit that there was absolutely nothing in the lines I have quoted that seemed to imply, or required the explanation to make them intelligible, that Colin pertained to some southern nobleman. It seems to me that this piece of information is dragged into the Glosse solely to give us a hint as to who Colin really was, and to tune the mind to the idea that he was not only not of mean and low condition, but of high degree and noble lineage. I cannot see any other reasonable explanation of this Glosse.

Again, it is remarkable in what a delicate and almost cunning manner the Earl of Leicester is brought in. This occurs in the eighth stanza of the October Eclogue :—

*“There may thy Muse display her fluttering wing,
And stretch herself at large from East to West :
Whither thou list in fair Eliza rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advance the worthy whom she loveth best,
That first the white Bear to the stake did bring.”*

If it were not for the Glosse this would be somewhat vague, though of course the Bear and the ragged staff were—in those days at least—well known as the distinction of the Earl of Leicester. But the Glosse says :—

“The worthy, he meaneth (as I guess) the most honourable and renowned, the Earl of Leicester, whom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather than by his name, he bewrayeth, being not likely that the names of worthy Princes be known to Country Clowns.”

The Glosse also explains that by “Eliza” is intended

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Queen Elizabeth; and note that Leicester is styled—"the worthy whom she loveth best."

In the September Eclogue there is introduced a character styled "Roffin" and "Roffy." A story is brought in to show Roffin's power and cleverness ("for Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed") in circumventing a wolf in sheep's clothing that came among his flock and stole the lambs away. I cannot but think that this tale has reference to some occurrence in actual life, veiled under fanciful characters. The Glosse says:—

"This tale of Roffy seemeth to colour some particular action of his. But what I certainly know not."

In another part the Glosse says:—

"Roffy, the name of a Shepherd in Marot his Eclogue of Robin and the King. Whom he here commendeth for great care and wise governance of his flock."

All this playing with the name Roffin, Roffy, and Robin suggests to one's mind the idea of Robin for Robert (as it was constantly used), and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who, under the Queen, had great power and responsibility in the governance of the flock. It seems to me a cautious and crafty hinting at the identity of Roffin, meant to pique the reader's curiosity, and yet leave the writer uncommitted to any definite statement; so that though one might guess at whom he glances under the mask of Roffin it might always be open to him to deny the charge. And there was need for wariness and caution, so as not to blurt out too plainly who was meant if he were some very great and secret personage, for within half-a-dozen lines of his coming upon the scene we are told that Colin is his son!

"Colin Clout, I ween, be his self boy."

And in the former Glosse that I have quoted from the

month of April it is said that Colin is a nobleman's son ; therefore, joining this with that, it is abundantly clear that under the name of Roffin or Roffy some nobleman is intended. That it is certainly the Earl of Leicester I cannot say from what we have here ; but if I am right, then I think we will find in some quite different writing or poem the Earl of Leicester plainly spoken of as "Roffin" or "Roffy;" we know that he is often called "Robin." It is in this manner that the different pieces of the Bacon puzzle are scattered about, and have to be carefully picked out and put together.

We can see now, if Bacon is identical with Colin Clout as the author, how important all this tale about Roffin becomes as a confirmation of the Bacon cipher story. And I think that great significance is to be attached to the Glosse upon the line "Colin Clout I ween be his self boy." It is as follows:—

"*Colin Clout.* Now I think no man doubteth, but by Colin is meant the Author's self."

This is the only mention in any of the Glosses that Colin is the author ; the other mention of the fact occurs in the preliminary Epistle. Colin's name comes up frequently in different Eclogues. There is absolutely nothing in the occurrence of the name at this particular time to suggest his authorship or to require any explanation in the Glosse ; but I believe the assertion was made at this point so as to couple the author of these poems with the parentage that was at the same time announced, and fix the idea in the reader's mind.

That there was an intimate and mysterious connection between the Earl of Leicester and the author of the Spenser poems is shown by the extraordinary dedication of *Virgil's Gnat*. This was one of the minor Spenser poems included under the name of *Complaints* which were published in 1591. The Earl of Leicester died in 1588.

The dedication is as follows :—

"VIRGILS GNAT, LONG SINCE DEDICATED TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND EXCELLENT LORD, THE EARL OF LEICESTER, DECEASED."

"Wronged, yet not daring to express my pain,
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
In clowdie tears my case I thus complaine
Unto your self, that only privy are : "

There is no connection that can even be suggested, between Spenser and the Earl of Leicester, that will offer any explanation of these words, or assign a reason why they should be addressed to a man who had been dead for some years. In 1591 Spenser had been for eleven years in Ireland, and was in comfortable circumstances, with his secretaryship and 3,000 acres of land in the County of Cork. But with Bacon's cipher story in our minds, and Bacon as the speaker of these words, how plain they become and how full of meaning. These four lines give, in the most concentrated form, the very pith and marrow of his misery. Leicester had indeed wronged him deeply by neglecting to make clear to the world his real position and his birthright; and yet Bacon did not dare to express his pain, nor tell what, or how, he suffered.

After the lines that I have quoted, the little dedicatory poem continues :—

" But if that any Oedipus unware,
Shall chance, through power of some divining sprite,
To read the secret of this riddle rare,
And know the purport of my evil plight,
Let him be pleased with his own in sight,
Ne further seek to glosse upon the text :
For grief enough it is to grieved wight,
To feel his fault and not be further vexed.
But what so by my self may not be shown,
May by this Gnat's complaint be easily known."

There seems to be a very strong and plain hint here

that the *Virgil's Gnat* in some way contains the secret of the riddle, and will disclose "the purport of his evil plight." For three hundred years and more this poem has been public property, and the reading of it in Spenserian light has failed to extract any secret or even to bring to mind anything in the way of a riddle that it might contain. I suggest that it should be carefully read in the light of the Bacon cipher story, to see what information it could yield. The doing of this would be a most interesting task for one equipped with the necessary classical knowledge, and with a wide reading in Ancient Mythology—with which the poem is packed. I believe—on the authority of the Rev. J. H. Todd—that the translation differs in many places from Virgil's original, and these points of difference would without doubt be of importance.

There are I dare say many passages throughout *The Shepherd's Calendar* that could be made clear if one were to go on, and I hope others will be found to take up this quest. I think, however, I may fairly claim to have been able to throw light upon places that have hitherto been dark, and to have offered a solution of the Rosalinde problem that fits better with the language of the poem than anything that before has been given. There is of course an immensely wide field to be traversed in the literary parallels between Bacon and Spenser. Mr. Harold Bayley has done much in this, in his *Shakespeare Symphony*, and doubtless much more remains to be done. But it is chiefly by following the clue given in the cipher story of Bacon's life that dark and tangled passages may be smoothed out and their hidden meaning brought to light. Given the right clue and almost any mystery may be unravelled; but one may follow a wrong clue to the end of time and elucidate nothing.

GRANVILLE C. CUNINGHAM.

FRANCIS ST. ALBAN AND HIS "FAIR LADY"

*Address to a Meeting of the Ladies' Guild of Francis
St. Alban, May, 1907.*

MOST readers know of the fair lady whom Francis Bacon would woo and win, and without whom, he declared, he could not be happy. She is truth, or divine wisdom, and although under many names we meet with her throughout the Baconian or Rosicrucian literature, she is "all one, ever the same," and "truth is truth to the end of the reckoning."

Many theories have been put forward concerning the fair and dark ladies* of the Shakespeare Sonnets, and various writers have proved to their own satisfaction how some of these Sonnets were mere hyperbolic compliments addressed to Queen Elizabeth, or to this or that other great lady. Probably some of them were now and then so used, but I am convinced that their true and inner meaning and purpose was something far deeper and higher; they will prove to be connected with the earnest efforts of the poet philosopher to aid in advancing the knowledge of those "secrets of God" which he notes in his *Promus*,† and repeatedly alludes in his myriad-minded writings. Such things, he

* Of the dark lady of the Sonnets, Duessa of the F. Queene, there is not space to speak. They are the false and seductive philosophies—vain, but attractive "idols," "phantoms" of men's own imaginations, leading them through pride and ignorance to Scepticism and Atheism, of all of which Bacon has much to say. There is a second meaning in the Mantled or Black Virgin, *Neil* (or Night) of Egypt, Rali of India—Goddess of *Mystery*—worshipped in many places in France, Italy, and Germany.

† Secrets of God—see Job xv. 8, xxix. 4; Psa. xxv. 14; Prov. iii. 32; Dan. ii. 28, &c.

says, include secrets of God's will which are beyond the reaches of men's souls, and not to be too curiously pried into; nor, as *Lear* says, "may we take upon ourselves the mystery of things, as if we were God's spies." Yet it is going to the opposite extreme "to restrain lawful and natural knowledge," and to esteem every reach and depth of knowledge wherewith men's own conceits are not acquainted as too high an elevation of man's wit, and a searching and ravelling too far into God's secrets. . . . It was not that light of natural knowledge which caused man to fall; but it was an aspiring desire to dispute God's commands, and not to depend upon the revelation of His will, which was the original temptation.*

Natural Philosophy, the secrets of God, or the works of God in nature, are the *truth* about which we are now concerned; they are the truth which, under various forms and aspects, is presented to us in the works of the Baconian Rosicrucians. I will try to explain the way in which this conclusion has been reached.

Some quarter of a century ago, when trying to analyse books whose authors were said to have written them between the years 1570 and 1670, I was so struck by the similarity of the comparisons, metaphors, and "figures in all things" with which that vast and harmonious literature abounds, that I attempted to collect and reduce them to Dictionary form. The result shows plainly two points: (1) That with hardly any exception these figures and symbols are to be found in the pages both of Bacon and Shakespeare, and (2) that the science of Bacon's *prose* is distilled into the *poetry* of Shakespeare — "Truth in beauty dyed." Evidently the philosopher was resolved that the poet

* See *The Interpretation of Nature*.—Spedding Wks. iii. 219; Nov. Org. *ib.* i. 98, and ii. 28; Adv. ii. 1; De Aug. ii., to the King.

should express no axiom, opinion, or conclusion, "*except it be drawn from the centre of the sciences,*" founded upon imperishable truth, and we see the result. The poetical application of *Bacon's* observations and experiments to the varied requirements of *Shakespeare* have produced a mass of similes and figurative expressions which, for more than three centuries, have proved to be the very spirit and life of our language. Unerringly true, these sayings have become "familiar in men's mouths as household words."

The highly figurative language of Bacon is no trick of style, trivial affectation, or fashion of the day, as some would have us believe. It is an important element in his method of teaching, prompted, no doubt, by his poetic nature, but encouraged by the need which he found for obscurity and ambiguity of expression in his secret fraternity. Baconian symbolism throws a bright though screened light upon his aims and studies, and upon the "*certain grounds and notions*" which, according to Dr. Rawley, "he had within himself" from a very early age.

Little as we are permitted to know of his "young and childish days," this little everywhere shows him as the budding poet and philosopher, inquiring, examining, observing, dreaming; a hopeful, sensitive, studious boy, with great aspirations, who at 15 had out-stripped his University tutors, and was preparing to reform their whole method of teaching. "*I am now 15,*" says the young Rosicrucian, when beginning to organise his fraternity. Later on he writes that, "feeling himself to be born for the service of mankind," he proposes to "undertake the discovery of new arts and commodities for the bettering of man's life, propagating man's empire over the universe, and conquering necessities." "Having a mind," he says, "nimble and versatile enough to catch the resemblances of things, *which is the*

chief point, and steady enough to perceive their differences," (finding myself) "gifted by nature with a desire to seek, patience to doubt, fondness to meditate, slowness to assert, readiness to consider, carefulness to dispose and set in order, (*one*) that neither affects what is new (*for its novelty*), nor admires what is old (*for its antiquity*), and that hates every kind of imposture. . . . I thought that my mind had a kind of familiarity with Truth."

Everywhere we catch a reflection of the *Promus* Note, "Philosophy *begins by wondering*," and of the words of St. John (also entered in the *Promus*) with which, later on, Bacon begins his first essay—"What is Truth?"

To answer this wide-reaching question, we find him starting "with a firm mind and purpose to sweep away all mere theories and common notions, and to apply his understanding to a fresh examination of particulars;" and it was in no light or self-sufficient spirit that he put his hand to the work, but with a full sense of the magnitude and difficulty of the undertaking, and of his own weakness and dependence upon God for help. In the *Promus* we find him writing down these notes, and others to the same effect: "*With God all things are possible;*" "*I can do all things through Him that strengtheneth me.*" "*Touching Impossibility,*" he takes it that "all those things are to be held possible which may be done by some, though not by all, and by many together though not by one alone; and in a succession of ages though not in one man's life; and by public expense, and not by private means only." Remarks such as these give hints of the secret society which, from the age of 15, he was gradually organising. He warns his friends against being like Solomon's "slothful man, who says, There is a lion in the path;" they should rather follow the saying of Virgil—"They *find* it possible because they *think* it possible."

Francis "Bacon" was deeply versed in his Bible. His good puritan foster-mother, Lady Anne, had not failed in her duty, and we hardly turn a page of his works without seeing evidence that the seed sown in childhood bore fruit abundantly. "There are," he says in the *Advancement of Learning*, "Two Books of God—the Book of the Bible telling His Will, and the Book of Nature showing forth His works, and this second book is as a Key to the former." Here, then, he finds the object of his search—*A key to the true knowledge of the will and works of God*. Earthly things must be studied and made the means of raising men's minds to things heavenly, and beyond the reaches of their souls; Truth was the sovereign mistress in whose service he would spend his life, and without whom he could not live.

A little treatise* (published under a different name, but evidently from the brain, if not from the pen, of Francis St. Alban) reminds the reader at the very outset of those "Two Books of God," yet adds that there is "a Third Book" to be studied, of man's own nature (*"The Proper Study of Mankind is Man"*). This third book forms a very important part of Bacon's philosophy, but for the present we must stop short of it, and consider for a few minutes the way in which the first two books are symbolised or occultly alluded to in the works of the Baconian Renaissance.

To begin with the *paper-marks of the time* and the *double-candlesticks* which abound, especially in works treating of divinity or natural science. A candle or torch was, as we all know, an ancient type of God and of His Holy Spirit. The reverence attached to this symbol is plain from the minute details given of the candlestick of pure gold (*truth*) in the Temple of Solomon. We shall all recall many similar figures in the Old and New Testaments.

* "A Treatise of Peace and Contentment" (Pierre du Moulin).

In the *Promus* we find, "*The Spirit of a Man is the Candle of the Lord*"—a candle to be lighted, not selfishly, or for a man's own glorification, or wasted by being put under a bushel, but to be set on a high place that it may give light to others. Some curious paper-marks in old MSS. show the five mounts of knowledge, with a spire or candle crowned by a flame.

Clearly Francis turned these old symbols to his own purposes, and from about the year 1600 the candlesticks—rarely single, but double, and joined together by bars or bands—begin to appear.

Between the ties or bands knitting together these two *candles, or books*, are the almost inevitable grapes (usually in a bunch) and other emblems—Fleur de Lis, trefoil, lotus, acorns, pearls, eggs, crescent moons, diamonds, or some such mystical allusion to the Spirit, the Soul of the world, the life-giving, inspiring principle. The candlesticks are often capped with domes or rising suns, crowns, cones, flame-shaped leaves and other emblems of the light of truth and nature conjoined and for so many ages adored by Eastern nations as the Biune God.

In a recent paper it has been stated that these figures are not candlesticks, but pillars.* This, however, is a little confusion where there should be fusion between two symbols. The pillar symbol is seldom, *if ever*, used in paper-marks, but it abounds in the title-pages of Baconian books, in symbolic pictures, monuments, memorial tablets, and so forth. The single pillar is an emblem of God; the two pillars figure God and the Holy Spirit, or Power and Life. They are by turns the *Boaz and Jachin* of Solomon's Temple and of Freemasonry, the Royal Arch, the Porch of the House of Wisdom, and anything else which may suggest an entrance to true knowledge and the strength by which

* BACONIANA, April, 1907, p. 111.

it must be supported.* But although there are points of resemblance, there are also marked differences. The pillars stand apart; they are distinctly architectural, with capitals and bases, though sometimes the columns change to spires, and the bases are piles of books. Sometimes they are shown by a motto to be the "Hercules Pillars Non Ultra," noted in the *Promus*—obstacles to learning beyond which there is no sailing. Then, what have the bunches of grapes, the bottles, pots and other things to do with such pillars? though in some places we do see the vine growing on conventional designs in title-pages or on the carved wooden columns beside altars in old churches. On the other hand, the twin candlesticks, with their grapes and other emblems, make up a picture-parable intelligible to all—the *two Books of God, united and inseparable*.

Of the vessels or receptacles of man's thought, his books and libraries which are to receive and preserve the heavenly liquor of knowledge, I was afraid, when I published my pioneer chapters on this subject, to say all that I thought; but I am so no longer, for an aged and most learned German Rosicrucian—the last of his circle, and bound by no vows of secrecy—kindly visited me (shortly before his sudden death) for the express purpose of assuring me that my statements and conclusions were correct, and to exhort me (with graphic accounts of his own painful experiences) to persevere in the line of research which I had taken up.

There can be no doubt that the vessel or pot symbolises the receptacle for the celestial wine—the *San Graal*, or *Holy Grail*, of which most of us know only through Tennyson's famous poem, but which tradition

* Old Baconians may remember a paper on this subject (of the pillars, gateways, and entrance to Solomon's Temple), which was read at the Asiatic Society's rooms before the Bacon Society and illustrated by many lantern slides in 1889.

describes as the means of bringing down divine truth to mortals.

Curious marks, emblems and mystical letters in Baconian books point to a deep acquaintance with occult antiquity such as is not generally attributed to Francis St. Alban. We probably wonder how he could have attained to it, but, by enlarging the circle of reading and inquiry, and slowly, surely, adding link to link, we begin to perceive the full meaning of his devices and the sources from which he drew his knowledge and inspiration.

We learn how this "*Magus*," or magician, was able to turn, twist, combine, and (as he says) to use "*in contrary ways*" and "*for contrary purposes*" the vast multitude of similitudes which he had collected or invented "for shadowing and concealing, as well as for making things understood."

And why, we ask, were these things shadowed and concealed? As Sir Toby Belch asks (*Twelfth Night* i. 3), "*Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them?*" Well might he ask that question at the present hour!

We have to remember Bacon's repeated pronouncement that his own times were gross and ignorant, bigoted and jealously suspicious of new ideas. The promulgation of his New Philosophy must be very gradual and adapted to the simplest understanding:—

"Those that do teach young Babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks."

Deeper truths were kept as things almost sacred "behind the veil," and to be shown to those only who were able to receive them.

So the infant world was taught—first, to know that there is one God, Creator of heaven and earth; then to know that the Spirit of God was breathed into the mind and heart of man and that he became "*a living*

soul." This soul, divinely inspired, was the "gift of God," for which our Francis so fervently and unceasingly prayed. Doubtless, all present know of his beautiful prayers, one of which Addison described as "the prayer of an angel." This, and that other known as "*The Writer's Prayer*," should be familiar to all. Through them we get an insight into the depths of "that great heart of his," and we feel that in spite of all the disappointments, anxieties, and bitter injustice which he experienced, he was conscious of an answer to his petitions.

During the period unaccounted for between his leaving Cambridge and going abroad, the young Rosicrucian seems to have devoted his time to an endeavour to discover "*how God instructed the men of old*." He seems to hint at his quest into Oriental philosophies when he says in the Rosicrucian tract that he is "*now 16 years old . . . having travelled one year alone in the East*." That was, doubtless, a *travel in books*. Later on he says that he has "*studied all their cabalas*," trying to retain all that is good and true and to reject all that is corrupt. He was, as we read in the Rosicrucian tract, proposing to revive "the six kings" (the dead philosophies of China, India, Chaldea, Egypt, Greece, Rome?) and to make them live and *move*, or *advance*; for when things stand still they fossilize or become corrupt, and where there is no growth or motion there is no life.

All religions are based upon the fundamental truth that there is a Supreme Creator, Governor, Father, "All-God"—eternal, wise, just, and all-pervading—and the ancients believed that He is surrounded by other gods of light and beauty, amongst whom one spirit was held pre-eminent.

A modern writer tells us that "the golden fancy of the past exhausted itself in describing the matchless

glory of this exalted being. She was the virgin of ineffable loveliness—the *Logos*, Word of God—by whose intermediate agency the whole spiritual and material universe was fashioned, developed, beautified and preserved."

No wonder that this Divine Spirit (the second Person in the Trinity as it was revealed to man) should be found under so many different names and diverse attributes throughout the mythologies, philosophies, and creeds of the world.* The worship of East seems long to have rested in the contemplation and adoration of the Biune God.

"*Creator Spirit* by whose aid

The world's foundations first were laid,"

as we sing in our hymn at Whitsuntide.

The form of early religion was the passive or contemplative form of which *Bacon* speaks. It was doubtless a part of divine wisdom to begin the teaching of the mind in its infancy by inclining it to *think*. But by degrees we see that these beautiful and poetical contemplations crystallised or froze into torpor. Then, for hundreds of years, came lights into this darkness—prophets, preachers, heroes, teachers, proclaiming the coming of One who would teach, not by precept only, but also by example, to join high thought to noble action, and to live and die, not to themselves but for others. From the advent of Christ no new types or symbols have been grafted into religious teaching or ceremonial. The old ones sufficed and have been used ever since. It is well to know what "Bacon" says about them.

"The most ancient times (except that which is preserved of them in the Scriptures) are buried in oblivion and silence. To that silence succeeded the Fables of the Poets, and to those Fables the written records which

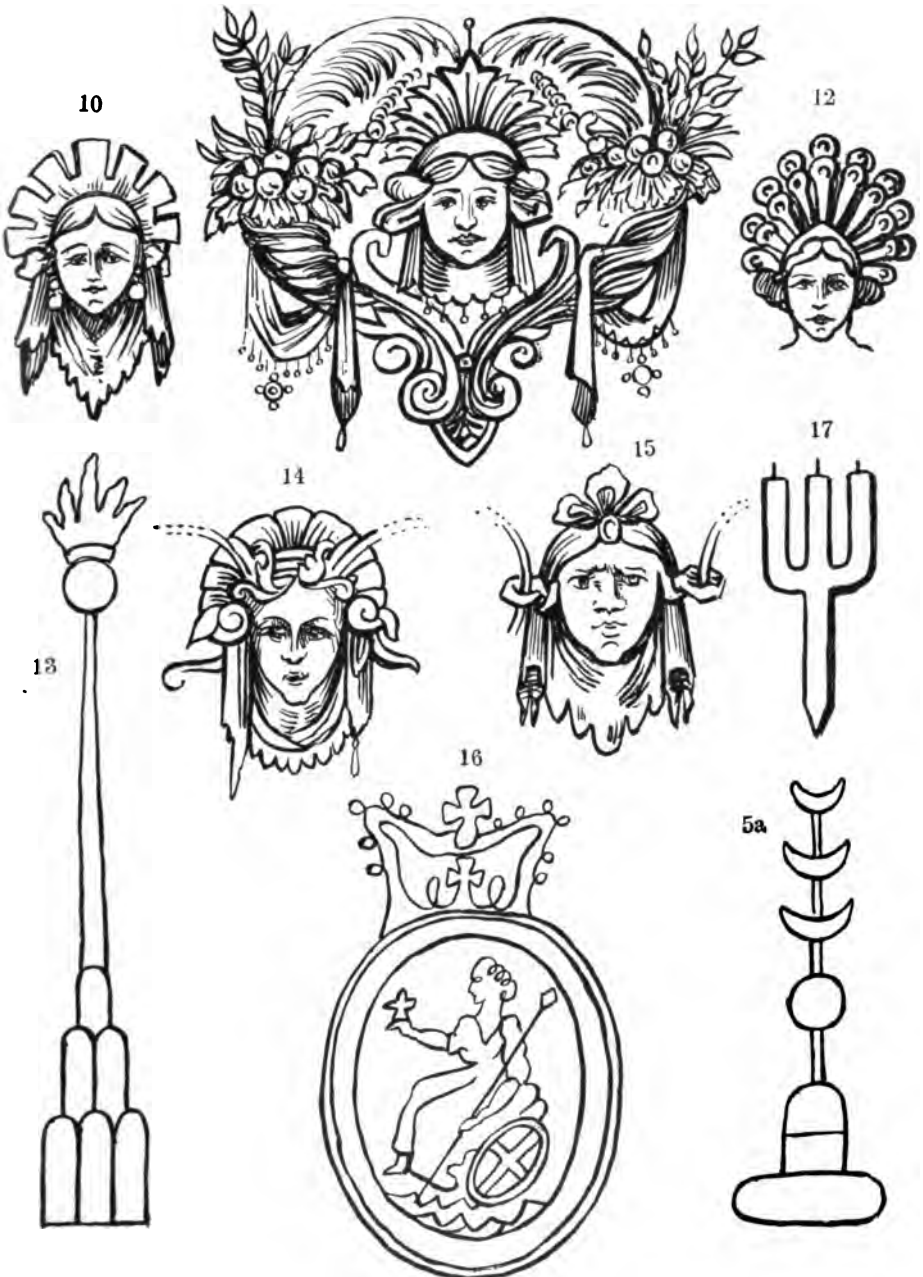
* I have collected and tabulated upwards of 360 of these names and symbols. There are probably many more.

have come down to us. Thus between the hidden depths of Antiquity and the days of tradition . . . that followed, there is drawn a veil, as it were, of fables which come in and occupy the middle region between what has perished and what survives."

He vindicates his new, and of course *unpopular* opinions, and maintains the use of similitudes, even "*in contrary ways and for contrary purposes*," in order "to make difficult things easy to rude and vulgar understandings." . . . "As Hieroglyphicks came before Letters, so Parables came before Arguments; and even now if anyone wish to let new light in on any subject into men's minds without offence or harshness, he must go on in the same way and call in the aid of similitudes."

We may, therefore, return with all confidence to a study of the hieroglyphics and similitudes which smile at us from every Baconian page. We know for certain that these form part of his method, and that if our minds are not too rude and vulgar we shall be able to interpret and learn from them the many contrary ways and purposes to which he applied his similitudes of "*Earth and Heaven mingled*;" of *man* in the image of God, gifted with *reason*; of nature and art, poetry and philosophy, divinity and natural science, and "*Truth in Beauty dyed*." In the watermarks such ideas are suggested by the two candlesticks, bound together in the headlines by the two-handled pots, in the title pages by the two pillars, spires or cones.

Rosicrucian poems and tales reproduce the same thoughts in allegories of the "Marriage of Truth and Beauty"—in the wooing of the fair lady—the love of a humble knight for an ideal princess—and kindred themes. The form varies, but the underlying thought remains the same. This is not the place for analysis, but be sure that these statements are not rashly made.



10—15, Vignettes, etc., 1600 and later. Head of Truth.
16, Paper Mark, modern foolscap.

17, Trident Candle burnt at Christmas in Sweden.

Read the boyish allegory called "Pembroke's," or "Sidney's" *Arcadia*. Through it runs a thread of thought such as this : Strephon is heavy, and mourning for the sight of the fair *Urania* (*heavenly wisdom*). In departing "she has printed the Farewell of all Beauty;" to love and admire her exalts the hearts of men; her glory, like the sun, dazzles mortal eyes unable to endure it; but love of her lifts men above the ordinary level, and "Experience is grounded upon Feeling."

Again, *Pamela** (*heavenly mystery*) is addressed as "the Fair and Virtuous Lady in whom Truth makes up a part with her Beauty, and her Noble Thoughts;" and the noble Amphialus, writing verses in praise of his mistress, says :—

"Her Gifts my study was, Her Beauties were my sport,
My work her Works to know, her Dwelling my resort."

Here in two lines we have the *gifts*, the *works*, the *beauty*, and even the *dwelling* of the Holy Spirit, the *El-Issa-Beth*, temple of wisdom, palace of truth, of which we have so often had occasion to speak. Here is indeed "*a sweet consent of all those graces, gifts, the heavens ever lent.*" Her attire and peerless parts of beauty, her eyes, the sum of sight, her fairness excelling orient pearls, her amber crown, all are noted, and the poet adds :—

"Mira I admired : her shape sunk in my breast,"

showing that "*Mira*" is, like *Miranda* of the "*Tempest*," the new philosophy or study of nature, "*top of Admiration*"—beauty and truth *wondering*; for Bacon notes that "*all philosophy begins in wondering*," and *Miranda* exclaims :

"O wonder !

How many goodly creatures are there here !
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,
That has such people in't !"

* "*Pam-mela*," the Black Virgin, the Holy Spirit in one of her aspects, the Egyptian Neit or Night.

190 Francis St. Alban's "Fair Lady"

These words from "*Arcadia*" and the "*Tempest*," find an echo in the song in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Who is Sylvia? What is she
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The Heaven such grace did lend her
That she might *admired* be.

See how in the "Faery Queen" the poet appeals in his argument or preface to the same "Goddess Heavenly Bright," "Mirror of Grace and Majesty Divine," "Great Lady of the Greatest Isle,"* whose light shines throughout the world. He implores her to shed her fair beams into his feeble eyes, *to raise his thoughts* (as, in the *Arcadia*, *Urania* or heavenly Wisdom is said to raise them), thoughts too humble to be able to think of her glorious type, "*Una*" or *Unity* in holiness, which is to be the theme of the whole poem. (Remember now the *bands* which knit together in unity the candles or lights of God's will and His Word).

If we turn to *Spenser's* shorter pieces, say the *Epithalamion*, "Set forth as a *Bridal Song*;" if we read the *Hymns* "*of Beauty*" and "*of Heavenly Beauty*," or the *Sonnets* or "*Amoretti*" called "*Spenser's*," what do we find but allegories of the *marriage of Truth and Beauty*, all one, ever the same?—poems of the Dawn of the Renaissance, with detailed descriptions of the beauties of the new philosophy which might well have come from "*Mr. Francis Bacon's Speech in Praise of the Queen*," or from the "*Shakespeare Sonnets*," or from any masque, play, or allegory of the time. It would take too long to enter into a due comparison and collation of passages now, but read Bacon's "*Praise*," "*Shakespeare's*" Sonnet CXXX., and "*Spenser's*" *Hymns*, his

* The Island of the Blessed. The Throne of God surrounded by the Waters of Life.

verses to "*Sapience*" and his "*Amoretti*"* and you will recognise the voice which sings for ever of truth or heavenly wisdom and "*sounds her praises everywhere.*" You will find again the same epithets, the same attributes, details, and general descriptions; not all everywhere, but interchanged and mingled in such a way as to assure anyone who is at the pains to write out and compare passages that they all spring from the same fountain. Here are some of the chief points taken from the *Praise of the Queen* and Sonnets :

1. "Of her gait." Stately, queenly, like a goddess.
2. "Of her voice." Sweet beyond the voice of a mortal.
3. "Of her eye." Cheerful and sparkling; often grey or blue.
4. "Of her colour." Red and white. Rose, lily, blushing, pale.
5. "Of her neck." Rosy (alluding to the emblem); but Bacon seems to have felt the comparison inappropriate, and changes it to alabaster, ivory, lilies, snow.
6. "Of her hair and breath." Sweet smelling. Her hair also golden, black, amber, &c.

In the Shakespeare Sonnet 130 we again find the gait of the goddess, the music of her voice, the brightness of her eyes, the sweetness which pervades her, the blackness of her hair, snowy whiteness of her skin, red of her lips and cheeks.

"CORAL is far more red than her lips' red."

We wonder at the simile until we find that the coral,† or *stone in the waters*, is the Word of God, Voice of the Spirit, initiation, grace; and so of all the other attributes of the spirit of life and light.

That some of the Sonnets were used, as is said, for compliments or tributes to Queen Elizabeth is no

* Especially ix., xv., lxiv., and lxxxiv.

† See Lucio's description of his love.—*Tam. Shrew* I. i. 174-176.

doubt true. Her vanity was such that she would receive them as her due, and the more high-flown the better. Yet it is inconceivable that this was their true purpose. For

*"Fair, kind and true is all the Argument
Fair, kind and true varying to other words,
And in this change is my invention spent,"
Three themes in One, which wondrous scope affords
Fair, kind and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which Three, till now, never kept seat in One.*

We have been treating only of *two themes—truth and beauty*—the "true" and "fair." What then is the third theme which came later into the world's great song? It is whispered to us in the word "**KIND**," three times inserted between the other two. For the profound significance of that dear and familiar word we must go back to its very roots, and learn its connection with *child, kindred*, and all things most *natural and harmonious* in life. We must remember Shakespeare's saying, "One touch of *Nature* makes the whole world *kin*." We must look to that spirit of love and active beneficence which is the child of truth and beauty, but which "*never kept seat in One*," never was fully recognised and welcomed by mankind, until the angels' song proclaimed:—

"Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth Peace,
Good-will to all men."

This third theme is beyond our present scope; it is the crowning glory in "Bacon's" teaching. But let us return for a few minutes to the symbols and emblematic figures of truth which abound in our books. Sometimes we see Truth as the Matron, her head partly veiled or mantled, alluding to the mystery or darkness which shrouds the "secrets of God." Or Truth is crowned with the battlements of a fortress or tower; or, like the Indian Parvati, she wears a wreath of acanthus (type of

god); or, like the Olympian Juno, her head-dress is of peacock's feathers, symbol of the All-Seeing.

The symbolic branches of palm and olive, the lotus and the conventional amaranth, wings, pearls, cornucopia or baskets of flowers and fruits (chiefly apples and pomegranates), and other emblems of life, wisdom and heavenly beauty, are found in the ingenious and well-considered designs of the Rosicrucian engravers. There is no detail introduced which has not a well-defined meaning and place in "Bacon's" code and method of instruction.

Then there is the paper-mark now well-known to Baconians, formerly considered to be a mere trade-mark of the paper-makers, and intended to represent Britannia; probably it also does so, although we know that this is an example of the "ambiguities" extensively employed by *Bacon* and his followers, and the symbol is now known to us as a representation of the *Sovereign Lady*, "*Mistress of the Isles*," or "*Islands of the Blessed*," the Eastern Paradise of happy spirits. We see her enthroned on the waters (most ancient emblem of the Spirit of God), bearing in her hand a spear tipped with a diamond (emblems of penetrative wisdom and truth); or sometimes with a fleur-de-lis trefoil or lotus. On her head truth wears a string of five pearls (the microcosm or "Little World of Man" *), or of seven pearls (the seven parts of knowledge), the details varying with the firms which manufacture the paper. Beside the throned truth is her shield, usually bearing the Rosicrucian square cross. The whole design is enclosed, as is the shield, in an ellipse or oval form—the world or mundane egg, a form of great importance and meaning in Rosicrucian symbolism.

At the time when I spoke of these things years ago, I

* Five also means the Soul of the World, Light, Life, and the Five Points of Fellowship in Masonry.

made the mistake of thinking that the design on our national penny had no connection with the paper-mark, because in specimens of the mark collected up to that time truth bore neither helmet nor trident as Britannia does when occupied in ruling the waves. Moreover, Britannia on the penny has upon her shield, or target, the Union Jack—the mingled crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick. I thought, therefore, that the two emblems were distinct; but recant, having found variations in the marks which bring them into harmony with the coin. In one of these, Truth wears the helmet of Britannia or of Minerva, goddess of truth; and mystery or concealment is continually expressed in Rosicrucian or masonic designs by the helmet of Pluto.

It was a shock to me when (in a book printed, I think, in Holland) I came upon a similar paper-mark of truth; but the figure is of a *man* bearing a trident instead of a spear or sceptre—evidently *Neptune*; and what has he to do with truth? I tried to persuade myself that the man might be "that old arbitrator, Time," "the old Justice who," as Bacon and Shakespeare agree, "examines all." But this was not satisfactory, so I inquired into the character and antecedents of Neptune, and recovered my spirits on discovering that he was not really a *god*, but a *goddess* in disguise; for in ancient mythology the same idea appears in many forms, often with the same attributes and meanings, even with change of sex and with names a little altered. The spirit as a rule is feminine.* Thus we can trace Neptunus or Neptune back to the Egyptian Nephthys, Nepht, Nept, "goddess of the waters." She is, Plutarch tells us, the same as *Aphrodite*, also the sacred spirit of the waters. Let me show you something which

* Compare—"A soul feminine, saluteth thee" (*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. ii.), "My brain I'll prove the female to my soul," &c. (*Rich. II.* V. iv. 1-4).

has greatly interested me and which affords another instance of the harmony and *unity* in fundamental truths to be seen in all forms of true religion.

Here is a *triple-candle*, brought by a kind friend from Norway, and which I am told is used in all the "*water-countries*" of the North. It is intended to be burnt at Christmas, and is believed to bring blessings upon the family and household in which this trinity of light is shed.

So the analogy is made clear between this figure and the "lady of the waters," between the three-pointed sceptre or trident of Nept and the spear which Minerva bears, and which gave her the name of *Pallas*, "because" (says a Rosicrucian writer) "*she vibrates a javelin.*" Is this a sly hint that Truth or Wisdom *Shakes a spear*?

Feeling the sad inadequacy and imperfection of this paper, may I yet hope that it may serve to draw more attention to *Bacon's* "Figures in all things," and to the wonderful skill and ingenuity with which he contrived to impart and popularise the "new philosophy" which, in the teeth of opposition, he was setting forth. In his repeated appeal to the *young men* of his day, his "*Sons of Aurora*," "*Sons of Science*," there is, I think, an allusion to the kind of study which he proposed for his "*Speculative Masons*."

"If Time," he says, "be regarded, primæval Antiquity is an object of the highest veneration; if the form of exposition, Parable has ever been a kind of Ark, in which the most precious portions of sciences were deposited; if the matter of the work, it is Philosophy, the *Second Grace and Ornament of Life, and of the Human Soul*. For, be it said, that however Philosophy in this our age, falling as it were into Second Childhood, be left to young men, and almost to boys, yet I hold it to be of all things, *next to Religion*, the most important, and most worthy of Human Nature."

Elsewhere he declares that, *since without philosophy he cares not to live*, he turns to his "Nursing Mother, the University of Cambridge, hoping that the learned there may profit by his labours, and urging that *Speculative Studies* when transplanted into Active Life, acquire new Grace and Vigour, and, having more matter to feed them, strike their roots deeper and grow taller and more full-leaved."

And so I end much where I began, and express my own belief that the *Sovereign Mistress* whom Francis St. Alban would woo and win, the *fair and glorious lady* of the "Shakespeare Sonnets;" the *goddess heavenly bright, majesty divine, great lady of the greatest isle* and *Gloriana* of the "*Faery Queene*;" the "*Beauty Sovereign*" and "*Queen*" of Spenser's poem, *Sapience*, and of the *Amoretti*; the *Euterpe* and *Aletheia* of the Rosicrucian allegories; the *Urania*, *Philoclea*, and *Stella* of "Pembroke's Arcadia;"* Cowley's "*Mistress*," Davies's *Theophilus*, the fair ladies and beauties, in short, of the best Elizabethan literature, are all one—*Truth*, spiritual and material. Heaven and earth mingled. They re-echo the *Song of Solomon* and the *Convito* of Dante through the voice of Francis St. Alban.

CONSTANCE M. POTT.

* See Zelmane's Song, Arcadia, Bk. ii.



Memoria

HAVILAND'S HEADPIECE TO THE "MANES VERULAMIANI"

TO the title-page of the poems in honour of the memory of Francis Bacon, first issued from the printing press of John Haviland in 1626 (welcome translations of which have been recently appearing in *BACONIANA*), there is a headpiece,* which both interests and puzzles me greatly, though perhaps its explanation is quite simple to those more expert than I am in this kind of archæology. This being so, I would ask permission to draw attention to it in the pages of *BACONIANA*, in the hope that such explanation may be forthcoming.

Meanwhile, I have thought that my own unaided surmises about its meaning (for I suppose all such designs as these which were not purely ornamental, had a meaning), though, perhaps, all wrong, might be interesting to those to whose superior knowledge I appeal.

Naturally, finding this piece affixed to a collection of poems all commemorative of the genius and work of Francis Bacon, my idea was that whatever symbolism there might be in the scroll would have a bearing on these points, and this preconception may have led me all

* Reproduced above.—ED.

astray. Nevertheless, as I have said, my errors may, if only from a psychological point of view, be of some interest.

In the first place, then, duplicated in the usual way in the scroll, is a figure of what appears to me the head of a sea-monster, such as one sees depicted on ancient maps and charts on the surface of unexplored or imaginary seas ; or it may be a rude representation of Triton with his horn. If so, as the trumpeter of Neptune, the figure of this demi-god, who

*"Fama viros animo insignes, præclaraque gesta
Prosequitur" . . .*

would not be out of place on any treatise laudatory of Bacon. There may also be a subtle suggestion of the ocean depths—"Deeper than did ever plummet sound"—in which (if some of our speculations are correct) the prototype of the wizard of *The Tempest* had "buried his book," while, immediately above these mysterious figures, is placed (in duplicate) "the amaranthine flower of faith"—a flower which, according to Pliny, neither withers or fades ("*numquam siccetur neque marcescat*") and which, therefore, has ever been regarded as the emblem of immortality.

In the very earliest times the plant had this signification. Blossoms of it were placed upon the tombs of heroes, and I have a picture now before me of Thetis so decorating the tomb of her beloved Achilles, as illustrating the following lines of the poet :—

*"Æacidæ tumulum Rhœteo in littore cernis,
Quem plerumque pedes visitat alba Thetis.
Obtegitur semper viridi lapis hic amarantho,
Quod numquam herois sit moriturus honos."*

Bacon, in his "*Sylva Sylvarum*" (512) refers to the plant, which he describes as "blood-red, stalk and leaf and all."

The next most prominent figure on the scroll is that

of a boy—a winged boy—who, at first glance, might be taken for Cupid. But he has no bow, and the weapon he holds in his hand is not an arrow but a *spear*. And this weapon, when one comes to look carefully, is directed downwards towards what is seen to be a snake or serpent, also winged, but coiled round a bough with its head downwards and apparently attacking the boy's foot. Well, what have we here? Is all this mere ornamentation or is it symbolism? If the latter, can the "boy" be the "youth" of the Sonnets—the personification (according to some) of the genius of the author—and can the "spear" in his hand be the "lance" which, in the words of Jonson's Dedicatory Lines in the Folio, "he brandished at the eyes of Ignorance?" It is true that here the object aimed at is not literally the "eyes of Ignorance," but the figure of a serpent, usually considered the emblem of wisdom. But according to the good authority of Alciatus (*De Emblematis*, p. 429, Ed. 1581), that creature is also the symbol of Dialectics or Logic—the barren philosophy of the schools, "*inutilis ad principia invenienda*," as Bacon pronounced it, to overthrow which was the chief mission to which the great Reformer devoted himself. This may be mere fancy, but it seems to me, as yet uninformed, intelligence not unwarranted.

Then, down below, seated on the branch of the tree stem which forms the body of pictorial design, is a squirrel, also, of course, in duplicate. Why is he here? Well, I find this little rodent, which hibernates, and whose name is traced back through the Latin and Greek to Sanscrit words signifying "tail-covered" or "shadowed," described by a French lexicographer* as "*l'animal qui se cache volontiers*," or, as I might say, which hides himself behind a screen which is part of himself (a description exactly fitting the habits of

* Larousse, "Grand Dictionnaire," art. Ecureuil.

Bacon). What wonder, then, to find him figuring in a design intended as the decoration of pages devoted to the praise of one who said of "secrecy" that it was both "useful and admirable," and who practised it in all things to the extent even, as some think, of self-effacement? The squirrel, moreover, is represented as eating a nut—"fruit à enveloppe dure" (as my French lexicographer well says of it) "*qui ne l'ouvre point à la maturité.*" We all know the squirrel's habit of storing away this fruit. Have we here any subtle reference to the stores of knowledge which our great philosopher-poet left as a legacy to future ages? I do not know, but should like to have some opinion.

Lastly, I see in the centre of the picture, not duplicated, but common to both halves, the face—the beautiful face—of a lady. Is this the "Lady" of the Sonnets—the Muse, as some think, of Poesy, who bewitched the great philosopher and lawyer, beguiling him from severer pursuits, and whom he was obliged to woo in secret? And are the triple fishes suspended below, which the author I have before cited* tells me were the emblems of effeminacy and pleasure—"mollities et voluptas"—indicative of the delights which she dangled before him and which she alone could bestow? Again I say I cannot tell, but should like enlightenment.

Meanwhile, if I am right in my interpretation, it seems to me that we have here in this remarkable piece of symbolism a very exact compendium or "argumentum," in allegory, of the Baconian contention at the present time.

JOHN HUTCHINSON.

Middle Temple Library.

* Alciatus *De Emblematis*, p. 413.

THE GRAVE'S TIRING-ROOM AND SONNET 68

IN the April issue of *BACONIANA* Mr. J. E. Roe, from South-Lima, N.Y., gives an interesting examination of the last introductory poem in the Great Folio, and very appropriately quotes from Bacon's "*Historia Vitae et Mortis*," "Augustus' Plaudite," etc. The most conclusive argument, however, is drawn from Bacon's letter addressed to Gondomar (1621), written in Latin, which reads as follows : *Me vero iam vocat et aetas et fortuna atque etiam Genius meus cui adhuc satis morose satisfeci, ut excedens e teatro rerum civilium literis me dedam et ipsos actores instruam et posteritati serviam. Id mihi fortasse honori erit et degam tanquam in atriis vitae melioris.* (My age and fortune, as well as my Genius, to which I have done hitherto but scant justice, urge me that after quitting the stage of political affairs, I should devote myself to letters and instruct the veritable actors. These pursuits will perhaps yield me honour, and while doing so I shall pass awhile, as it were, in the vestibule of the better life).

The introductory poem mentioned above, which cannot be too often repeated, is as follows :—

We wondered, Shakespeare, that thou wentst so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring room ;
We thought thee dead ; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators that thou wentst but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die and live to act a second part ;
That's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite.

Only two interpretations of this poem are possible. When brought in relation to the actor-manager Shaksper (or Shaxper), there arises at once a glaring contradiction in it. According to the *Century Dictionary*, a tiring-room

is a room where the players dress for the stage. In *Midsummer Night's Dream* (III. i. 4), f. i. we read: "This green plot shall be our stage; this hawthorn brake our tiring-room." Ben Jonson says: "I was awhile in the tiring-room to see the actors dressed." So the *grave's* tiring-room (or tiring-house) can only mean a room or the abode where the "poet," after quitting the world's stage, stays for awhile to await the moment when (like an actor in the tiring-room) he is called upon to play "his last part," namely, to die. And can we say that the stage-manager Shaxper, who retired to Stratford probably in 1604, *i.e.*, nineteen years before the writing of this poem, was leaving the "World's Stage," *to prepare for death*? Was he not rather employed with worldly concerns, with money-making, until he died in 1616 with scarce any voice of praise or lament? In no way the actor or stage-keeper Shaxper can be said to have occupied any eminent place on the "World's Stage," in its pregnant sense. If we take it in a general sense, as the poet elsewhere says: "All the world's a stage where every man must play a part," the poem may have been addressed to anyone else who was not necessarily an actor. Shaxper quitted the world's stage, in this sense, in 1616, and was buried at once, without making a transient stay in "grave's tiring-room." And yet the "poet's" friends say in 1623: "We thought thee dead," which implies, as a matter of fact, that he was not dead.

Quite strikingly, on the other hand, the whole poem is in keeping with what we know about Bacon, and with his letter addressed to Gondomar in 1621. People were surprised when, in April, 1621, after only four years of Lord Keepership, as England's highest statesman, Bacon was suddenly called from the "Stage," and, as the scapegoat for the mistakes of the King and Buckingham, even banished the City for a time. Some people, pro-

bably, considered Bacon quite dejected or ill after this "exit" from London. He then seemed to be "dead" for the world, as "dead" as in 1590, when Spenser, in "Colin Clout's Home Again," wrote of him :—

"Our pleasant Willy, ah, is dead of late,"

while then "that same gentle spirit, with his pen flowing of honey and sweet nectar, was sitting in idle cell, cogitating in study." So also in the years 1621—1623 Bacon was very active in his Gorhambury Tusculum.

And he who goes from the "Stage" like Bacon is most suitably called "an actor," quite in the sense in which Bacon speaks of himself in his letter to Gondomar as leaving the "world's theatre." In this letter Bacon speaks besides of his "Genius," to whom he has hitherto neglected giving what was due to him, viz., Immortality. And what was he actually doing? He instructed the *true actors* or dramatists, finishing and bequeathing to them his "long prepared" collection of plays, or the "*Tractatus ad populum*," as Mr. Edwin Reed has suggested. He gives the world that "monument without a tomb," spoken of by Ben Jonson, "which is to be made of the poet's gentle verse" (Sonnet 81). It is that monument of which R. P. speaks in the fourth elegy of the *Manes* :—

*Dum noster heros traderet scientias
Aeternitati, prorsus expeditior
Sui sepulchri comperitur artifex,*

i.e., with even greater expedition than he published his scientific works, did he make himself known to the world as the architect of his own sepulchre.

With this "jewel" bequeathed to the dramatists as a guide to them or a radiating light from "the Star of Poets," with "this printed worth" the actual poet, Shake-speare, reminded the world, his spectators or ad-

mirers, of his being still alive. When saying : " We thought thee dead," at least some of them knew quite well that he was not dead, but that he was preparing that great work without which his plays would have been forgotten, lost to posterity. And exactly as a true play-actor may, by virtue of his gift, first play the part of " being killed," and notwithstanding re-enter alive for a second " plaudite," in a different part, so our " poet," after he was preparing his re-entrance in the " tiring-room " (*in atriis vitas melioris*), makes his re-entrance with general applause. The rest of the poem is clear enough by itself. Bacon's sudden exit from the " Stage " was seemingly an exit from mortality (*aus dieser Zeitlichkeit*, as we would say in German) ; the re-entrance, two years later, was a joyful surprise still " here," this side the grave (*noch im Diesseits*).

When two literary documents as here, in our case, the congratulatory poem by I. M. and Bacon's letter to Gondomar, are so strikingly correlative or reciprocally supplementary, the joint evidence ought to be considered as conclusive, as a *prima facie* evidence. Where so much direct evidence of truth emanates directly from the literary side of the controversy we ought not to hunt after some superfluous corroboration by cipher. Only a truly scientific method which commends itself to everybody's reason, will in the end lead the " ever-reader " to see distinctly who was the " never-writer," and who was " the ever-living poet."

The Sonnet 68, added by J. A. Roe, in favour of his argument, hardly has any direct bearing on it. But I was struck when, after a long lapse of time, I read over again the group of Sonnets beginning with No. 62 or 63. A situation is described in them which unmistakably resembles the situation of Prospero in *The Tempest*, and I feel tempted to submit my hypothesis in this matter to the criticism of expert Baconians. When in

The Tempest (Act iv., sc. 1) the masque is coming to a close, towards the end of the graceful dance of the Nymphs, when on a sudden a hollow and confused noise is heard, *i.e.*, the dissatisfied clamours of a rebellious mob, Prospero starts abruptly, and speaks aside :—

I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life.

Ferdinand is astonished to see Prospero "in a passion that works him so strangely," and Miranda answers :—

Never till this day
Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

Immediately afterwards, when "the actors are melted into thin air," Prospero pronounces the famous apostrophe :—

And like the baseless fabric of this vision, etc.

After which he says to Ferdinand :—

Sir, I am vexed ;
Bear with my *weakness*, my old brain is troubled,
A turn or two I'll walk—to still my beating mind.

And when the varlets, "crying for liberty," are hunted soundly, he puts on his "magic robe" for the last time.

We ought to observe that there are two sorts of enemies to Prospero, and that they are treated in two different ways. Caliban and his vulgar, low-minded fellows are pinched with bodily pain (not exactly whipped), in order to reduce them to obedience and to reason. The others, being high-placed, illustrious persons, are cured by "inward pinches" to make them feel their wrong. Thus, making use of the *prudential* and *indulgentia* spoken of in "*Cogitata et Visa*" (Vol. III., p. 619), Prospero, in order to work his end, brings his high-born antagonists back to reason "by

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repentance and heart's sorrow." And "Time," who is to "preserve and bear" Bacon's great ideas, "goes upright with his carriage." Prospero's "charms crack not; his project gathers to a head."

According to Verity, the causes of Prospero's sudden emotion are twofold: (1) all his efforts to reform Caliban have proved vain. That thought (*not any fear*) touched him. (2) His reflections on life in general must have reminded him of his own life in particular, and of all the wrongs he had endured unjustly. The sting of these wrongs lay less in the suffering they had caused him than in the regret that his fellow-creatures could fall so low to inflict them. I take this reasoning of Verity's to be a spider-woven speculation, lightly built on the stage-keeper Shaxper, about whose dealings in life we know too much to admit him to be capable of any such deep-felt, philosophical reasoning, of any such ethical sentiments, whilst in the plays and in the Sonnets nearly every line betrays powerful personal feelings, and indicates a wonderful perceptivity and idiosyncrasy. Prospero's emotion was quite that sort of anguish and agony which the actual poet reveals in the group of Sonnets beginning with No. 62 or 63.

There we find exposed, exactly as in *The Tempest*, first the poet's thought about the instability of all earthly things, his anxiety as to the continuance "of his work," then the cogitation and intuition of some imminent danger threatening his "innocent love," his "guileless genius." This is the position also in *The Tempest*. Prospero, after his reflections on the instability of all earthly things, thinking of what will become of his newly-married child, is suddenly moved by *some near, imminent peril*. To become aware of this, we ought to remember the dialogue of Prospero and Caliban, Act i., sc. 2 (which we generally do not read in our school-editions), where Prospero says:—

I lodged thee
In mine own cell till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Whereupon Caliban * replies :—

O ho, O ho !—would't had been done !
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

By a transitory thought of some such surprise, of a possible victory of the Caliban rebellion, Prospero's (the poet's, *i.e.* Bacon's) mind is really troubled for a short time. Like the poet of the Sonnets mentioned above, Prospero, thinking of the frailty and decay of all earthly things, wishes to see his work, his dear "love, fortified against confounding age, against Time's cruel knife." Though Time's fell hand defaces brass and stone, the beauty "of his love," *i.e.*, his book of poetry, will still shine bright, shall "*as a miracle*" continue living through ages : "*in black ink*," like the verse of Homer. For when palaces, temples, castles, cities, etc., are decayed and demolished (as Bacon says in the close of "Advancement"), the images of men's wits remain in books, exempted from the wrongs of Time, "generating still, and being capable of perpetual renovation,"

* I should like to call the attention of my esteemed brother-Baconians to a suggestion of Professor Konrad Meier's, at Dresden. In a contribution about *The Tempest*, to the *Dresden Anzeiger*, of July, 1906, the professor reproduces a curious wood-cut from the *Fischbuch* of Konrad Gessner, who was a famous philosopher and physician at Zurich (1564). Under the name of "*Meerbischof*, or *Episcopus marinus* = seabishop," there is represented, by this cut, a fish-like creature, standing on two legs like a man, which seems to portray the prototype of "Caliban." There we see graphically represented the original which the poet probably had in mind when he "shaped" Caliban : "The plain fish ; legged like a man ; with fins like arms ; with long nails." And Master Trinculo's nose very promptly discovers "a very ancient and fish-like smell."

even "in tongues to be, when all the breathers of this (=present) world are dead, and when the poet himself, once gone, to all the world must die" (Sonnet 81):—

There his verse shall live

Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths of men.

Being alternately alarmed and relieved by the thought that the works of man are doomed to ruin, but that the monuments of Wit and Learning are more durable than the monuments of Power or of hand; the poet of the Sonnets (like Prospero, whom Miranda never till this day saw with anger so distempered), is still more troubled by some *present*, imminent evils (Sonnet 66). What if his "love" were to be infected, polluted by this "ill-natured Time, when Nature bankrupt is?"—if his "love," his dear child, were defiled, contaminated and deprived of its primitive, matchless beauty, as Miranda might perchance be by the monster Caliban? Some such thought keeps running in the poet's mind in the Sonnet 68, in which he complains (in the language of Bassanio) "of these false ornaments of Time, when outward shows are least themselves, when every vice assumes some mark of virtue." What horror and dismay if, by a premature death, he were to leave behind him alone, in such a wicked world, Miranda, his love, so simple, so guileless, as innocent as an angel? And is not she, as it were, a "map," or a table of primitive, paradise-like purity, a model or prototype of true art? What is to become of her when quite defenceless left behind in a world "where simple truth is called simplicity?" So, in contradiction to Verity, we hold that "*fear*" was the cause of Prospero's sudden emotion. It is striking, no doubt, to see ever-recurring in the poet's mind that same flow of thought about his Genius, and about immortality, which we find

in "Advancement of Learning," in the Sonnets, in *The Tempest*, in the letter to Gondomar.

Whenever we earnestly try to interpret Shakespeare according to a set method, fully convinced that Bacon is Shakespeare, we are sure to stand on firm ground, for Bacon-Shakespeare's work is one throughout and all of a piece. If once we come to understand that the final victory of "humanity" and true natural science (*i.e.*, the happy union of Miranda with Ferdinand) was the be-all and end-all of Bacon's endeavours, then we shall begin to realize that his greatest care must have been by every means to see "his dearest love saved through age's steepy night."

GUST. HOLZER.

Heidelberg.

REVIEWS

The Life of Sir Tobie Matthew, Knight—Bacon's Alter Ego. By his kinsman, Arnold Harris Mathew. (London: Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street, W.; 12s. nett.)

THE volume before us affords evidence that public interest in matters Baconian continues to grow in spite of the sneers of the orthodox Shakespearians.

The life and achievements of Matthew in their essential aspect are too remote from present-day events and interests to excite more than a very slight amount of notice in any minds but those of the antiquarian and the zealous Roman Catholic. For to what work did Matthew devote his life? Mainly to that of watching the interests of his co-religionists and to making proselytes. In spite of some evidence to the contrary, we are bound to regard him as, on the whole, a sincere and virtuous man; but his special work, and even his trials and adventures in pursuit of what he regarded as his duty, appeal very slightly to this age of *laissez faire* in matters of religion. However, it was Matthew's fortune to become intimate with the man whom we are gradually recognising as the greatest mind of the age, and it is seen that for this reason his life-story was worth writing.

The author has been at considerable pains to collect his material, and furnishes us with a thoroughly readable book, embellished with illustrations that reproduce the portraits of some of the most notable persons referred to in the text.

The Name of William Shakespeare. A Study in Orthography. By John Louis Haney. (Philadelphia : The Egerton Press.)

THIS small volume quotes most of the contemporary records of the spelling of the name "Shakespeare," as well as the forms of the name used by very many subsequent critics and authors. The writer shows incidentally that Dr. Murray in his Dictionary is at variance with his own publishers in his preference for the spelling "Shakspeare."

Professor Haney displays a thorough knowledge of his subject and is not afraid to refer to the views of Edwin Reed and other Baconian authors, although he is evidently unconvinced by their reasoning. He appears to prefer the form "Shakespeare," in common with the majority of literary men, while he quotes Dr. Furnivall's somewhat pathetic appeal in favour of the spelling "Shakspeare," as the form used by the "poet" himself in the signatures which have come down to us.

Baconians have not much concern with this kind of tabulated information, where most of the writers ignore what we regard as the essential factor in the case; but there is one point which may be new to some of us, as it is not commonly referred to in Baconian books, and that is that the spelling "Shakespeare" is used in the epitaph of the actor's widow at Stratford.

E. B. L.

NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

Baconian Ciphers

THE antagonisms of Baconians are deplorable. One noted American author pities those who believe that Queen Elizabeth was not a virgin ; another, who finds in the head-pieces of early plays printed in 1594 and later—namely, "The Taming of a Shrew: The First Part of the Contention," etc., and "King Richard II."—capital Script letters of the name Bacon, has characterised the eleven hundred pages of Dr. Owen's "Cipher Story" as "stuff;" and yet on page 26 of the "Cipher Story" he will find these words:—"We make at least twenty repetitions of the ways for finding out the letters. . . . We have enclosed our own name, without regard to safety in the different texts, in such capital letters that, as the prophet saith, 'He that runneth may read.'"

Those capital letters, in Script form, are evidently what were discovered by the author alluded to, who, in a private letter, calls the cipher story "stuff" and who also denounces the Donnelly cipher.

Unbiased experts have certified to the Owen cipher as true, and every sentence of it, we are assured, has been extracted from the open and secret works of Lord Bacon.

In regard to the Donnelly cipher, I listened to a lecture in 1893 by George S. Boutwell, ex-Senator and ex-Cabinet member, on the Bacon-Shakespeare question. Incidentally he said he had detected a vital error in Mr. Donnelly's figures at the outset. Mr. Boutwell had counted the words in the Folio in the First Part of *Henry IV.*, page 53, and he found Mr. Donnelly's count to the word Bacon one word too many, and he said that an expert, to whom he had submitted the case, had confirmed his count.

On returning home I counted the words in my "Reduced Facsimile," and it agreed with that of Mr. Boutwell. But on a re-count from Mr. Donnelly's facsimile in larger print, I found that Mr. Boutwell, his expert and myself, had mistaken the word "Infaiht" at the beginning of the fourth line as two words; that word occurs repeatedly in the plays and, like the word "indeed," is undivided.

At the next meeting of the club I pointed out the error of Mr. Boutwell, who was present.

More than twenty different kinds of cipher have been found, many of which I have verified. One kind I call the grammalogue cipher, in various forms, of which I have myself found a few, disclosing the name Bacon and Ignoto.

The Owen "Cipher Story" gives us "The Tragical Historie of my Brother, the Earl of Essex." In the pathetic "Prologue," near the beginning, is the expression "antique fage." The word "fage" is not in the Shakespeare vocabulary. Can some reader tell us in what early play it is found, and what it means?

Washington, D.C.

WM. HENRY BURR.

German Criticism

IN August, 1904, Dr. Konrad Meier, of Dresden, published a very able review of Mr. Churton Collins' *Studies in Shakespeare*, in which he gives a stern rebuke to the passion and petulance shown not only to the Bacon question, but to other subjects where no special testiness might be expected. Thus Collins writes as to his studies of *Titus Andronicus*:—"I have been anticipated, as I learn from Dr. Ward, by H. Kurz, . . . and A. Schröer. The last two I have not sought and not seen; for, though I love German poetry and am not revolted by German classical prose, I abominate German academic monographs and indulge myself in the luxury of avoiding them, whenever it is possible to do so; being moreover 'insular' enough to think that, on the question of the authenticity of an Elizabethan drama, an English scholar can dispense with German light." Naturally, Dr. Meier resents this insolence, ironically calling it a specimen of insular modesty, courtesy and culture—really an outbreak of passion which is rather suspicious, since for this tasteless attack there is not the least occasion. He comforts himself by the reflection that greater

spirits than J. Churton Collins have unreservedly recognised how much Shakespeare research is indebted to German scholarship.

Dr. Meier then notices each chapter in the book *seriatim*. Some of his comments are so illuminating that they deserve a record in our columns.

Speaking of Shakespeare's knowledge of classic language, he contends that he was also acquainted with Latin legal technicalities. Thus Hamlet (III. iv. 51) exclaims, "What act that roars so loud and thunders in the index." According to Roman law, the *index* is the person who exposes a crime: *Indicium* is *detectio rei occultæ, præsertim criminis*; and in Asconius' commentary on Cicero's speeches we read, in regard to *index*: *Universim de eo dicitur qui occultum (Crimen) quispiam patefacit ei, cuius interest sciri*. The passage in *Hamlet* means, "What is the deed which in the mouth of him who has hit upon it so loudly roars and thunders?" ["*Welche tat die im Munde dessen, der dahinter gekommen ist, so brüllt und losdonnert.*"]

After giving other illustrations of classic knowledge, and even Hebrew, Dr. Meier summarizes: "On the whole it may, for the present, be sufficient to say that Shakespeare had an exact knowledge of Roman and Greek literature, and of the languages in which they are preserved." From this fact, however, Collins does not draw the most obvious conclusion; he seeks to explain it away and put a forced construction on the contradiction between this fact and Ben Jonson's "small Latin and less Greek." The only secure conclusion is that Ben Jonson's statement is false or has been falsely interpreted.

Coming, in conclusion, to Churton Collins's chapter on the "Bacon-Shakespeare Mania"—a review of Judge Webb's book—not having read the book or any other Baconian publication, Dr. Meier cannot speak positively. "But I affirm," he says, "quite unhesitatingly, that this chapter by its irritability [*leidenschaftlichkeit*] and its entirely unscientific tone is utterly repulsive to me. In the Introduction there is a crop of these incivilities, 'frivolities and follies now epidemic,' 'buffooneries of sciolists, cranks and fribbles;' and near the end Collins says, "This Baconian craze is a subject in which the student of morbid psychology is far more intimately concerned than the literary critic." These malicious attacks may perhaps discredit the opponent, but they are quite unscientific. Collins disguises his weakness by passion; science seeks truth.

Dr. Meier adds, "We need not, in my opinion, consider that those have lost their reason who suspect that Shakespeare is Bacon's pseudonym. Even Goethe did not fully believe in the authorship of the player, and, so far as I know, no one has pronounced him fit for a lunatic asylum. R. M. T."

SEVERAL articles and letters are unavoidably held over for lack of space.—Ed.

BACONIANA.

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BACONIANA is devoted to discussion of the problems underlying sixteenth and seventeenth century literature. Its aim is not restricted to the mere advocacy of the theory that the Shakespeare Plays were written by Francis Bacon, but is rather to record hitherto unrecognised facts, and to promote the general study of the English Renaissance. In the endeavour to throw fresh light upon an obscure period every care will be exercised to avoid, as far as possible, the publication of inaccurate statements.

Readers are invited to favour the Editor by communicating any new facts that come under their notice. When quoting extracts it is desirable to follow *literatim* the spelling and punctuation. The place and date of publication should also, if possible, be invariably stated.

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OCTOBER, 1901

BACONIANA

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE



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The Bacon Society.

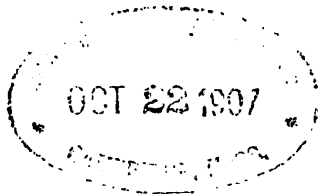
(INCORPORATED.)

THE objects of the Society are expressed in the Memorandum of Association to be:—

1. To encourage the study of the works of Francis Bacon as philosopher, lawyer, statesman and poet; also his character, genius, and life; his influence on his own and succeeding times, and the tendencies and results of his writings.
2. To encourage the general study of the evidence in favour of Francis Bacon's authorship of the plays commonly ascribed to Shakespeare, and to investigate his connection with other works of the Elizabethan period.

The annual subscription of Members, who are entitled to vote at the Society's business meetings, is one guinea; that of Associates is half-a-guinea.

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BACONIANA.

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A FRENCH CYPHER BOOK

IN 1586 appeared in Paris *Traicté des Chiffres*, by Blaise de Vigenère, dedicated to Monsieur Antoine Segurier. From internal evidence we learn that Vigenère was in Rome in 1549 and 1551, and in Italy in 1568.

After a reference to the sacred writings of the Ancients who therein veiled the holy secrets of their theology, he continues (p. 4) that his book is of similar cyphers, but "rare and known to *few people*—learnt partly from others in our travels in different parts of Europe, but the greater part originated in our own thoughts, and not, so far as we know, touched upon by anyone until now." He acknowledges he learnt one cypher on his first visit to Rome, and he explains (p. 227) that some have treated of their philosophy by numbers and proportions, others by geometrical figures, others by the harmony and concords of music, others under the wrappings of fables, enigmas, and allegories. Previous works on cyphers, such as Trithemius, give as keys consecutive *words* (p. 48), such as verses of Virgil and of other poets; others are content with the date of the month or day, or employ the last word preceding the hidden message. Vigenère claims to be the first to use the device of mak-

ing *letters* depend upon each other and serve as keys by 1st, shape; 2nd, size; 3rd, quality or equivalence; 4th, place.

Several cyphers depend on difference of type (p. 241), and he gives four types of each letter, saying (p. 245) the difference between them must be of the slightest—only sufficient to be discerned by the initiated, so that suspicion may be removed. On p. 200 he explains a cypher where each combination of three letters, three numbers, or of dots, dashes, or of long and short syllables in threes, equals *one* letter; thus aaa or 444 = D, aab or 447 = E, eeb or 887 = A. This is worked on the same principle as Francis Bacon's Bi-literal, only whereas Bacon groups his letters in *fives*, Vigenère groups them in *threes*, but both depend on the shape, size, quality, and place of letters.

Francis Bacon's brilliancy of intellect was already noted in Paris in 1578, when the words "*Si tabula daretur digna animum mallet,*" were written round his portrait (see Lord Bacon's Life, by Spedding, p. 7). That his mind was at that time occupied with cyphers we know from "The Advancement of Learning," VI., p. 265: "We will annexe another invention, which in truth we devised in our youth, when *we were in Paris*, and is a thing that yet seemeth to us not worthy to be lost." He then explains the Bi-literal Cypher.

As Bacon claims to have invented his cypher in Paris in 1576-9, and as Vigenère, whose book appeared in 1586, acknowledges that some cyphers he had learnt from people he had met, there is some reason to believe that Vigenère is the mouthpiece of Bacon. The Bi-literal is more fully developed, but Vigenère ingenuously confesses that he has deliberately "cast some shadows over his work in order not to make the cyphers, together with several other artifices which depend thereon, equally comprehensible to the unworthy and the

ignorant as to those who by knowledge, study, and worth deserve it" (p. 194). At that time Bacon would not be ready and willing to place in the hands of the world the key to his secrets.

Two quotations from Vigenère referring to other cyphers may be given. "I should have liked to have touched in passing on Anagrams, reversed words either for proper names or for other uses. It would have been easy to arrange tables which would greatly shorten the extreme labour of those who seek by this artifice, glory and renown and *not* in vain for this is in great favour at present" (p. 190). He gives as an example of hidden words the following, employed by Roger "Bacchon" (Bacon) (p. 147): "*In Verbis Præsentibus Iavenis Terminum Exquisita Rei.*" The initials make Jupiter, whilst the last letters of the last words of each chapter make Stannum, which stands for Jupiter.

Bearing in mind the enigmatic frontispiece of Montaigne's Essays, 1632, to be looked at with "a glancing eye," the following remark may interest the Baconian student: "Some cyphers consist in perspective, for on looking at them from the front one can neither discern nor read but by placing them obliquely in the position suitable to them that which was imperceptible appears" (p. 253). Vigenère mentions in this connection "an English painter called Oeillarde," whose work was so fine that it was impossible for the keenest eyes to discern anything except with glasses, or in bright sunlight. Oeillarde (French for side-glance) is no English name. Can he mean Nicholas Hilliard (1547—1619), who painted a miniature of Bacon in 1578, and others of Mary, Queen of Scots, of Elizabeth, and of James I.? If he does, the name Oeillarde may be intentionally mis-spelt, as he has previously mentioned an Italian, "Spannochio," a name which savours of artifice.

Mrs. Gallup has been called to account for the methods of spelling in her rendering of the Bi-literal Cypher ; but Vigenère says it is permissible in cypher to omit a letter, as "laudo" for "claudio," "Pais" for "Paris;" or to substitute a letter, as "Alexantre" for "Alexandre," and "ollis" for "illis." "There is no question of exact orthography; on the contrary, there are some who pervert it purposely to add to the obscurity" (p. 237).

EDITH DURNING-LAWRENCE.

SHAKESPEARE'S LEARNING

BY DR. KONRAD MEIER.

IT is well known that Shakespeare has for a long time passed as a kind of prodigy. Although he himself was without education—so it is supposed—yet has he by the force of genius produced unapproachable works of dramatic art without exactly knowing what he was doing. This view can no longer be conceded. The axiom must be recognized as an incontestible truth that the productions of the life and work of an artist stand in direct relation to his training. The light which the greatest spirits give forth streams widely forth on coming generations, but it is always first derived from the present and the past.

Homo tantum facit et intelligit quantum mente observavit, nec amplius scit aut potest.

The more wide the observer's sphere, the more does the supreme greatness of Shakespeare show itself to him. And if Goethe, a mind of such extraordinary structure and with such abundant powers of production, maintains that even in his view Shakespeare was a being of higher rank, up to whom he looked, and that with reverence, then must we lesser spirits, who, at the feet

of this sphinx of poetry may crouch like pigmies—we must be modest if we would understand and value a little corner in the boundless world of Shakesperean art.

About the middle of the eighteenth century a notable revulsion of sentiment took place. In Germany, next to Goethe, Schiller was the leader in this revolution. He set himself resolutely against the prevailing opinion, and, like Goethe, as a result of his comprehensive training, at once made his judgment as the poetic greatness of Shakespeare. "For me," said he, "Shakespeare is a profound artist, not a blind, wild, wandering genius. All that is said on this point I hold for the most part as fabulous talk—as blind, wild illusion. In other arts it is self-evident and established that acquired knowledge is the indispensable condition of genuine production. And for any poets who are usually represented as careless fondlings of nature, trained in no art, in no school, on closer inspection I find, if they have created anything excellent, surpassing culture of mental powers, practised art, and ripe knowledge worthily employed." Stapfer expresses himself in the same way: "*Cessons de nous représenter Shakespeare comme une sont de génie inculte, que la nature seule aurait doté richement; aucune faculté ineluctable de race, de moment, de milieu n'a pesé sur sa détermination; il a suivi sa voie en parfaite connaissance de cause, et en toute liberté.*"

The more scientific investigation is applied to the works of Shakespeare, so much less can the fact remain unrecognized that the poet must have possessed a very intimate knowledge of classic antiquity. But all the results of philosophical research stand in arrest before the testimony of Shakespeare's learned contemporary, Ben Jonson, who in a dedicatory poem to the Folio of 1623, is supposed to have expressly indicated that the poet was without learned education—that his know-

ledge of Latin was small, and of Greek still smaller. Ben Jonson's expression, "Small Latin and less Greek," it was supposed, might be reconciled with the obvious familiarity of the poet with antiquity, by the contention that the poet acquired his knowledge of former times by translations of classic authors. But in front of this speculation grave objections soon arise, for Shakespeare has undoubtedly made use of works which, at the time of his writing, had not been circulated in any English translation; and on more exact investigation it appears that in single cases in which he obviously used translations he avoided mistakes which the translator had made; and also that the poet, even with the translation before him, used the original with a better understanding than that possessed even by the learned translator.*

This strange contradiction gives a sufficiently strong inducement to put Ben Jonson's utterance to the test. We will therefore quote the exact words which he uses, and show that it means exactly the opposite to that attributed to it. The passage runs:—

And though thou hadst small Latine and less Greeke
From thence to honour thee I *would* not seeke

* This question has lately been under consideration by Mr. Churton Collins, "Studies in Shakespeare." In the Section, "Shakespeare as a Classical Scholar," Collins concludes his investigations in the following words:—"His familiarity with the Latin language is evident, first from the fact that he has, with minute particularity of detail, based a poem and a play on a poem of Ovid and on a comedy of Plautus, which he must have read in the original, as no English translation, so far as we know, existed at that time; secondly, from the fact that he has adapted and borrowed from the classics many passages which were almost certainly only accessible to him in the Latin language; thirdly, from the fact that when he may have followed English translations it is often quite evident that he had the original either by him or in his memory."

For names ; but call forth thundring Æschilus,
Euripedes, and Sophocles to us, etc.

From this passage, without regard to the connexion, people have detached the words, "small Latin and less Greek," and from this have inferred as a settled fact that Shakespeare's education was deficient. The conditional word *would* in the principal sentence, indicates that we have here a conceded relation, annexed to a conditional one ; and, as in every conditional sentence, the conditional word *would* points to the *unreal* alternative, which is to be taken as the opposite of the actual fact. Translated into German the passage may be rendered—

Selbst wenn du nur wenig Latein und noch weniger Griechisch verstanden hättest, *würde* ich, um Namen, nicht verlegen sein. Ich würde dich—selbst in diesem Falle—den grössten Dichtern der Altertums zur Seite stellen.

Even then thou mightest understand only a little Latin, and still less Greek—I should not be at a loss for names. I would, even in that case, place thee side by side with the greatest poets of antiquity.

If this sentence ought to bear the sense which is given to it, the word *would* would not be used ; the sentence would run—I *will* not seek for names. And most surprisingly the passage is quite frequently quoted in this form, although it is not so given in the Folio.*

In this actual way the relation of concession, in conjunction with that of hypothesis, is often used by Shakespeare. *Ex gr.*, in *Hamlet*—

I'll speak to it though Hell itself should gape.

Again,

Foul deeds *will* rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes.

The unreality of the conditional relation, in Ben

* See *ex. gr.* "Morley's First Sketch," p. 498.

Jonson's lines, implying the very opposite to the actual fact, is again illustrated by the answer which, in Marlow's *Faust* [Quarto 1604], is given by the Duchess to Faust :—

Were it now summer as it is January, and the dead time of winter, I *would* desire no better meal than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faustus.—Alas ! madam, that is nothing. Were it a greater thing than this so it *would* content you, you *should* have it.

And still more striking is the following passage from Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, where neither a conjunction nor inversion of the sentence shows the relation :—

Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
I *would* say—thou best.

So that the constantly-produced witness of the learned Ben Jonson implies exactly the opposite: viz., that Shakespeare understood both Latin and Greek ; and thus the stone of stumbling is moved away, and shows that we have every right to proceed with such investigations as those now before us.

—From DR. MEIER'S "Klassisches in Hamlet."

Translated by R. M. THEOBALD.

A "PIECE OF TENDER AIR"

I WAS lately making some notes on *Cymbeline*, *Pericles*, etc., when I came across an article by Mr. Harold Bayley in an old number of *BACONIANA*, entitled "Hidden Symbols." I am not a Baconian, but some of Mr. Bayley's deductions fit in so well with my own that I thought it might be interesting to associate them in an article for *BACONIANA*. The point of interest is the odd harmony between Mr. Bayley's deductions and my own, conceived from totally different standpoints and without reference to each other. Emerson somewhere says that any truth will swear with every other truth in the universe. A writer on Schopenhaur says that he conceived his philosophy in fragments, without design, and without any conception of their relation; but that when all were done it was seen that they fitted together and made a harmonious whole. However this may be, it is always a singular *denouement* to find two persons brought up to the same goal, although apparently travelling in opposite directions.

Mr. Bayley is writing of emblems, in one of which are three female figures playing upon instruments. These he thinks "denote Philosophy and her hand-maidens, Poetry and Music." He says:—"Bacon, of course, regarded philosophy as a means to tune the discords of this jarring world and draw the music from men's souls. In the grounds of his house at Gorham-bury he erected a statue of the musician Orpheus and inscribed it 'Philosophy Personified.' Hence music was in his mind evidently analogous with philosophy." He further says:—"In the 'Wisdom of the Ancients' 'The meaning of this fable, seems to be this. Orpheus' music is of two sorts. The first may be fitly applied to natural philosophy; the second to moral or civil

discipline. Philosophy, by persuasion and eloquence, insinuating the love of virtue, equity, and concord in the mind of man, draws multitudes of men to a society and makes them subject to laws.' " Mr. Bayley then quotes Sydney :—" Truly, neither philosopher nor historian could at the first have entered into the gates of popular judgment if they had not taken a great disport in poetry. The philosophers of Greece durst not for a long time appear to the world but under the mask of poets." " Poetry," says Mr. Bayley, " has been happily defined as harmonious wisdom or impassioned philosophy," and he quotes Bacon : " Poetry cheereth and refresheth the soul, chanting things rare, and various, and full of vicissitudes." He also quotes Shakespeare in *Pericles* : " You are a fair viol and your sense the strings." And after quoting Bacon's remark on dramatic poetry—that " many wise men have thought it to the mind as the bow to the fiddle"—he concludes by referring to Bacon as " the master musician," the idea being, as I take it, that Bacon in his character of philosopher is, or would be, the grand harmonizer.

The idea is sound. The music of the spheres is in truth only the beautiful poise of contending forces which we see everywhere in nature and which is fabled in the myth of chaos and love. It is in fact a fundamental tenet, a law of the mind, which every philosopher from Heraclitus to Herbert Spencer has assumed and built upon. It was a favourite theme with Bacon and is implicit everywhere in Shakespeare :—

" Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition."

Midsummer Night's Dream II. ii. 209.

My own article (I should say, notes), written before I had seen Mr. Bayley's paper, deals primarily with *Cymbeline*, but especially with the character of Imogen.

This play has been the subject of much criticism, but, so far as I know, no writer has given a very satisfactory account of its inner significance—if it has one. I think it has. The play is peculiar in several ways, but Imogen in particular challenges attention. She is a "paragon," a "nonpareil," a "lily," an "Arabian phoenix." So rare a creature is evidently worth considering. My own opinion is that she is closely related to the author of the plays and that she figures variously as Perdita, Marina, Miranda and the Lady of the Sonnets. In short, I think she is the poet's art, as displayed in his writings. How I arrived at this conclusion remains to be shown.

For a starting-point we may take Sonnet 45, where Shakespeare speaks of his thought as "slight air." In *Cymbeline* we are told that Imogen is "a piece of tender air." In *Midsummer Night's Dream* Theseus says:—

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name." (V. i. 12.)

Hippolyta :

"But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable." (V. i. 23.)

Plato, in the *Republic*, represents mankind as immured in a cavern and deluded with the shadows of the images that are carried past the entrance. Imogen is an odd name; it has a suspicious resemblance to *imagine*—in fact, it appears to be a kind of German plural of *image*. Let us suppose it is equiva-

lent to imagination—something fancied or feigned. In this connection we may refer to a line in the Sonnets wherein Shakespeare says :

"What is your substance, whereof are ye made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?" (LIII.)

Hippolyta says of the Yokels' play: "This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard." Theseus says: "The best in this kind are but as shadows."

I think, then, that Imogen is meant to personify the author's art, or thought—that is, his poesy. At any rate let us assume it.

Imogen wanders away, is lost and supposed to be dead, like Perdita and Marina. In the end she is restored like the others. It is odd that these three plays should involve the same motive. The *Tempest* belongs in the same category, though there it is a kingdom that is lost—to be restored, however, in the sequel. If I were a Baconian I should argue that this lost daughter or kingdom was meant to signify the dramas which were left to make their way in the world—abandoned, so to speak, and without a father, or, at best, with only a putative one. The restoration would imply that "Triumph of Time" spoken of in the title of Greene's *Pandosto*, wherein *truth*, though long concealed, is in the end most manifestly revealed.

The argument takes a wide sweep. In the limits imposed it is necessary to plunge at once into the middle of things. I begin with the old creation myth. Diana, Jupiter, Ceres, Cupid, Hermione, Venus, Adonis, &c., are but names for one and the same thing—the creative or generative principle in nature. It is well known to those who have given any attention to the matter that all the gods and goddesses are finally resolvable into one "or at most two." * All the old

* Sir William Jones, Prichard, &c.

mysteries—Eleusinian, Egyptian, &c.—revolved around this central myth. The same symbolism was common to all. In all the lion, eagle and dove figure conspicuously. The whole proposition is summed up in a convenient phrase, "The Sun Myth." Everything creative, whether spiritual or material, here has its origin. The analogies are exact. Without dwelling upon the theme, note the significant name, *Winter's Tale*, which is simply the Ceres' myth.* Note how the names persist in Shakespeare: Lucius, Lucina, Luciana, Hermia, Hermione, Helena, Demetrius, Solinus, Leontes, Leonatus, Leonine, &c.† Observe how often Diana appears, as in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Tempest*, *Pericles*, &c. Observe how peculiar the language quoted above is:—

"More witnesseth than fancy's images
And grows to something of great constancy,
But howsoever strange and admirable."

In the *Tempest* the daughter who was cast away is Miranda. Why is this creature (Marina, Miranda, Perdita, as the case may be) addressed as "O rare one," "O you wonder," "O fairest, sweetest lily," &c.? Prospero says, "Thou wert a cherubim" (of which more anon). Why do we hear so much of the phoenix? a thing rare, unparalleled, unique. This is the thought of the Sonnets over and over again. Arguing upon this Baconian hypothesis, read the sorrow and lamentation of the Sonnets, the regret for separation, &c. Take the curious name Posthumus in *Cymbeline*. Take the lament of Sicilius, Leonatus:—

"I died whilst in the womb he stayed. . . .
Great Nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,

* Cf. Peele, "The Old Wife's Tale."

† *Midsummer Night's Dream* is in this category, since Oberon and Titania are but names for the same things.

A "Piece of Tender Air"

*That he deserved the praise of the world.
 In Britain where was he
 That could stand up his parallel :
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity ?
 With marriage wherefore was he mocked,
 To be exiled and thrown
 From Leonati seat and cast
 From her his dearest one
 Sweet Imogen.
 Why hast thou thus adjourned
 The graces for his merits due.
 Help, Jupiter; or we appeal
 To the shining synod of the rest
 Against thy deity.* (Cymb. V. iv. 37).*

After the invocation above, Jupiter descends, seated upon an eagle. He says :—

"Whom best I love I cross : to make my gift,
 The more delayed, delighted. Be content
 Your low-laid son our god-head will uplift. . . .
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen.
 This tablet lay upon his breast wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine." (V. iv. 101.)

Posthumus, awaking, says :—

"Poor wretches that depend
 On greatness's favor dream as I have done,
 Wake, and find nothing." †

He then exclaims :

"A book. O rare one."

He then reads the oracle, and says :

* Compare Love's Martyr where Dame Nature comes weeping to the Parliament of gods. She had placed in the world "One fair white dove, one none such lilly." The author of that work says, "Of a rare peece of art must be my song."

† Cf. Sonnet 87 : "Waking, no such matter."

"'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not. . . .
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it."

If we suppose that Posthumus is Bacon, and Imogen his poetical genius, we shall get the sense and sentiment of the Sonnets, and see the force of the line that "Posthumus anchors upon Imogen."* This, however, is a digression. Let us return to our theme.

Imogen is a "piece of tender air." I have supposed that Imogen is the poet's art or genius; in other words, his poesy. Let us look into this word *air*. We call a tune an air. A musician in the old times was a poet (Orpheus, Arion, the bards, scalds, &c.). The terms were synonymous. Apollo was the patron of both arts. We have assumed that Imogen was not a real woman but a creature feigned, a piece of fancy. In Spenser, the most allegorical of poets, we find something of the same kind. The enchanter Archimago has occasion to create some unreal women, and he makes them out of "liquid" or "subtile" air (F.Q., Book I., Canto 1, verse 45; Book I., Canto 2, verse 3). We first note the name Arch-imago. If we suppose that Imogen represents the author's art, or poetry, can we connect the idea with anything that warrants the assumption? I have already suggested that air, music, and poetry are one. In Brinton's *Myths of the New World* are some curious observations on the great god of the Indians, which it seems was Hurrikan, "a great wind." This was the god of creation. It appears that our words, mind, soul, spirit, come from Greek and Latin roots, signifying air or wind. Thus spirare, animus, anima, anemos, psuche, ghost, geist and gust have reference to air. Morgan Kavanagh,

* "Hang there like fruit, my *soul*." (V. v. 263.)

writing on the Origin of Language and Myth, shows, or seems to show, that wind and mind are literally synonymous, the Sanscrit W being written M in Latin. Anyhow, spiritus, anemos, psuche, ghost, &c., simply mean air in their derivation. Air of course is life. God breathed into Adam a living soul. God's breath (creative) passed over the waters. In death the soul expires in a breath and is figured as a butterfly floating away.* We here find significance in the statement that Imogen is a piece of tender air. Now let us revert to Ariel. Ariel is plainly fancy or imagination. This creature deludes the shipwrecked men with sweet music and various shows. He is the servant of Prospero.† Now take Puck. He belongs to the same tribe. He can put a girdle around the earth in forty minutes and go anywhere. He, too, is a servant. The anonymous poem in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, "Love will find a Way," shows how nearly Puck is related to Cupid.‡ He is, however, a kind of comic Eros, or Cupid Pandemos. Cupid is Nature. Whatever is Nature is important in Shakespeare, whose works are "a map of Nature" and with whom "quick Nature died." He was the man "whom Nature's self had made, herself to imitate" (Spenser).§ In the Greek Anthology, among the miscellaneous parentage of Erebus and Night, the wide ocean, Venus, earth, &c., Cupid is "produced

* "Christians attribute the regeneration of the world to 'holy breath' and Mary."—Inman, "Symbology," p. 92.

† Ariel in the Cloven pine. The pine was sacred to Cybele. Cybele is the same as Venns. Her lover Atis (Adonis) was slain by the wild boar (Winter) and his soul passed into a pine tree. Atis, Adonis and Apollo are the same. Apollo was the god of music and poetry. Adonis was enclosed in a *myrtle* tree, from which he was released. The subject is obscure.

‡ Cf. Crashaw, Cupid's Crier.

§ See the line Supra "Great Nature, like his ancestry."

of the Winds," and he goes about "thinking of good and evil for mankind" (Puck-like).

In view of the foregoing it is easy to associate Imogen, "a piece of tender air," with the idea of imagination or poesy. Air=music=poesy=soul, or imagination. In short, it is a piece of the author's thought, which we have seen in the Sonnets is "slight air." Imogen is lost but in the end restored. Baconians may fairly argue that this has reference to Bacon's poetical writings, which seem lost to him but which will in time be restored. Perdita (=Persephone, the Summer) is likewise lost. In the Sonnets the poet's mistress is likened to a "summer's day." Yet though "devouring Time may blunt the lion's (Sun's) paws, and make the Earth devour her own sweet brood" (Son. 19), yet his love will live in verse. Marina is lost. When Pericles meets her after long separation he abruptly says, "Hark, what music" (V. i. 224). No music is being played, hence Helicanus pertinently says, "My Lord, I hear none" (V. i. 229). Pericles persists, "None! The music of the spheres. List my Marina." When Prospero works his spells he puts on his robe. Pericles on meeting Marina says, "Give me my robe" (V. i. 223), then immediately, "Hark, what heavenly music!"*

It would require too much space to go into the details of the plays in question. Cymbeline is perhaps the most significant, but a few references may be made to Pericles by way of illustration. The device on Pericles' shield is, "A withered branch that's only green

* This robe is commonly supposed to be derived from those worn by astrologers, magicians, &c., but a more significant note may be made on the subject. Anciently there were ceremonial robes, inscribed with representations of the continents, seas, and heavenly bodies, "Maps of Nature," in short, and these were placed upon effigies of the gods when the sun rose so that his beams might illumine them.

at top" (VI. iii. 43), the motto, *In hac spe vivo* (In this hope I live). Does this fit Bacon? I think it does. After the tournament, when Pericles is known, Simonides says to him,

"Sir, you are music's master. In framing an artist Art hath thus decreed, to make some good, but others to succeed; and you are her labored scholar."

What earthly warrant there is for this language in the context I have not been able to discover. Pericles, speaking of his father and his own condition, says—

"Where now his son's like a glow worm in the night,
The which hath fire* in darkness, none in light."

Simonides says of Pericles, "He's but a country gentleman." Of Marina, Pericles says, "Now mild may be thy life, for a more blustrous birth had never babe." Does this suggest the noise and tumult of a theatre? Gower says of Marina:

"Now to Marina bend your mind, trained in music and letters; who hath gained of education all the grace, which makes her both the heart and place of general wonder."

It is pathetic to think of Shakespeare's daughter, who could neither read nor write. Marina, "with rich and constant pen vails to her mistress Dian." She was born in a "tempest."

"This world to me is like a lasting storm, whirring me from my friends."

Still she is a "paragon," "a princess to equal any single crown O' the earth in the just compare." She died (putatively) "by foul play," and Gower as Chorus says:

"Let Pericles believe his daughter dead and bear his courses to be ordered by *Lady Fortune*."

* Fire. See Post. It is a large subject.

Lysander says to Marina in the brothel (the stage ?),

"How long have you been of this profession? (IV. vi. 78.)

Mar.—As long as I can remember. I am a maid, though fortune have placed me in this sty."

Gower says—

"She sings like an immortal,* (V. Gower 3.)

Deep clerks she dumbs,
And with her needle composes
Natures own shape."

The First Lord says, of Pericles—

"We have a maid in Mytilene I durst wager would win some words of him.

Lys.—'Tis well bethought, she, questionless, with her sweet harmony and other chosen attractions would allure, &c. (V. i. 42.)

Marina says to Pericles—

"I am a maid that ne'er before invited eyes, but have been gazed on like a comet. My derivation was from ancestors who stoof equivalent with mighty kings. But time hath rooted out my parentage and *to the world and awkward casualties bound me in servitude.*" † (V. i. 85.)

Pericles perceives she is a paragon "Who starves the years she feeds and makes them hungry," and finally recognises her for his daughter.

A very little attention will discover a well-marked family likeness between Marina, Miranda, Perdita, and Imogen. This girl who is lost is invariably "a rare one," "a wonder," "a nonpareil," "a phoenix," &c. Miranda was only a babe when the storm threatened to overwhelm the ship in which she and Prospero were embarked. She tells Prospero she must have been a sore trial to him at this time. On the contrary we find she was his greatest consolation! A loved child is not

* Cf. Imogen, "How like an angel he (she) sings." † Cf. Ariel.

much consolation in a storm at sea. It is perhaps fanciful, but Prospero's remark, "Thou wert a cherubim," is peculiar. Superficially a cherubim is a cupid. Cupid is closely associated with the poet's art.* Cherubim, however, was also the name of the Assyrian winged bulls, which were solar emblems, therefore identical with Adonis, Apollo, Venus, the Phoenix, &c., all of which symbolize nature, but especially the generative principle in nature.† To Baconians the argument is inevitable that the four late plays dealing with a rare and wonderful thing that is lost or separated, to be restored in the end, and which may be identified with the author's work (poetry), shadow the Baconian authorship. I have no theory of my own to offer on the subject.

A word remains to be said. Anyone versed in mythology will perceive that the symbolism of the plays is solar. The sun is the great creative force in the world. Nature and Creation are the master ideas of the myth. A symbolic portrait of Bacon shows him in a medallion. By the side of this is another medallion showing the rising sun, with the words "*Exortus ut Aetherius Sol.*" Between the two is Nature in the guise of the Ephesian Diana. Spenser addresses Shakespeare as "Aetion," the eaglet.‡ The eagle is the symbol of the sun. Jacob Bryant (*Antient Mythology*, Vol. I., p. 21) says Ait was a name of the sun. "It relates to fire, heat, and light; and the consequences of heat. It was also a name given to the eagle, as the bird particularly sacred to the sun: and Homer alludes to the original meaning of the word when he terms the eagle *Aierós*

* See Sonnets, the Stratford Monument, &c.

† The learned Jacob Bryant says Assyria is derived from a word meaning fire or heat. Heat is always associated with the idea of creation. (See Post.)

‡ Imogen says, "I chose an eagle."

ditto. Ham, as the sun, was styled Ait, and Egypt, the land of Ham, had in consequence the name Ait, rendered by the Greeks Aetia." In Drayton's *Idea* is a remarkable Sonnet addressed to the eaglet, which palpably refers to Shakespeare. Why do these writers call Shakespeare an eagle? Bacon says: "Some writings have more of the eagle in them," referring, of course, to the piercing glance of the eagle.

"Bacon erected a statue of Orpheus, and inscribed on it 'Philosophy Personified.'" My scholarship does not enable me to speak with much confidence of etymology, but I think we may find some connection between Bacon's *Aetherius Sol* and philosophy as thus personified. The sun was the grand object of religious veneration with all antiquity. The idea of associating knowledge with light is a law of the mind. The idea has a very rational basis. Our modern scientific view of the sun does not differ essentially from the poetic gropings of the ancients. They recognised by a necessary intuition that the sun is the source of all life, and by a mental law, absolute and inevitable, this luminary became symbolic of mind, soul, intellect and genius. Mind and matter unfailingly reflect each other. As Emerson says: "One is seal, the other print." Which is the seal and which the print we do not know, and, as Kant showed, cannot know. The mind is great, but we must not forget, says Tyndall, that "this mysterious substance which we call matter is at bottom essentially mystical and transcendental." But Plutarch had said this long before Tyndall.* That poetry and science are one at bottom cannot be doubted. We see every day the plodding verdicts of science anticipated by the fiery oracles of the poets. Induction has been vastly overrated in our time. As

* "Matter, though it were never so despicable, is spirit."—*Carlyle*.

much, perhaps more, has been gained to the world by deduction. The mind has inherent, *a priori* powers by which, independently of experience, and unconsciously, it makes great discoveries. Socrates knew this when he said the poets uttered great thoughts without knowing it. Wordsworth meant the same thing when he finely spoke of poetry as "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." Geometry was originally a toy, an intellectual abstraction. After a thousand years or so it was seen to be a law of the universe, which gave us the beautiful science of astronomy. The mind, however unconsciously, is in contact with reality, and out of its depths will utter truth. How else could the ancients conceive of atoms, evolution, the attraction of gravity, &c.? The mind, in fact, seems a sensitive organ, which, if we let it, is played upon by elemental truth as the *Æolian* harp by the winds, and trembles responsive to these light touches. The Mystics express this "influx of deity" variously as "union," "illumination," "intuition," &c. It comes only rarely, and usually in a mental state which they call the "divine dark." The cast of this thought is determined by the constitution of a man's mind, that is, it is temperamental. In one it will be vague, subjective, mystical, in short, religious. In another it will be dreamy, impassioned, emotional, that is, poetic. In another it will be logical, discriminating, and clear, and we have a philosopher or scientist. In all one characteristic is more or less constant—imagination. It is the power of dreaming that has given us civilisation. All men dream, but the faculty of realising great dreams is what makes great men. Poetry, said Socrates, is a kind of day-dreams, or dreaming awake. It is the scientific imagination, says Tyndall, that leads to great discoveries. Without prolonging the discussion I think it must be evident that finally and essentially

poetry, religion, and philosophy are the same. In the fable, Love, through harmony, created all things. Harmony is Truth, because every truth must "square" with all truth. Truth is philosophy. The harmony of things is musical, therefore poetical. What is the meaning of the words "truth" and "beauty" in the Sonnets if not this?

We finally return to the statue of Orpheus, inscribed "Philosophy Personified," and Bacon's *Aethereus Sol*. The solar symbolism is everywhere implicit in Bacon and Shakespeare. The endless Lucinas, Lucianas, Lucios, Luciuses, Leontes, Leonatis, Leonines, Helenas, Hermias, Hermiones, &c., of Shakespeare are solar. The Eagles, Aetions, &c., of Spenser, Drayton, and others, as applied to Shakespeare, are the same. The Cupids, Phoenixes, Dianas, Ceres, Demetriuses, Venuses, and Adonises have the same significance. All have reference to Nature and the creative, generative functions of heat and light, symbolised by the sun, the great source of all. We find that the words Or, Our, Ur, Aur, are common radicals in solar terminology. The ancients worshipped primarily the "bright gods," although these same deities, under other names, were worshipped in their dark or winter aspect. Jupit-ur is the sun, or more generally, "as the name implies, the bright, luminous sky." Our-anus is the same. Bald-ur is the Scandinavian Apollo, or sun. Or-us, the Egyptian. Or-ion has, properly, the same significance;* hence, Or-acle. Thus far my authorities. I feel sure, however, that we must include Orpheus in the list. "Ur, Aur," says Jacob Bryant, "means fire, heat, or that which proceeds from heat." The authorities agree that all the Culture-Heroes—Dag-on, Oannes, Hermes, Vishnu, Osirus, Dionysus, &c., were solar deities. Orpheus was the Greek Culture-Hero.

* Bryant, "Antient Mythology."

He came into Greece from Thrace, teaching the people the arts and sciences, and softening their manners by the power of his music. "All the legends and traditions of Thrace," says Mitford, "are more or less bound up with music." If Orpheus does not belong in this category my deductions are greatly at fault. Orpheus is called a muscian. But if we read the Orphic poems we find they are gravely philosophical. It requires no great stretch of imagination to conceive of Orpheus as Philosophy Personified. In this sense Mr. Bayley speaks of Bacon as a "Master Musician."* My paper deals with Imogen as Music Personified. By music, however, I mean mind, soul, poetry, art.

If truth and harmony are the same, as they must be, then poetry and philosophy are one.

C. G. HONOR.

DUOLOGUE

Characters—LORD VERULAM AND ENQUIRER.

Enquirer.—Hamlet [Act III., Scene iii.] quotes half a proverb: "While the grass grows." Can you supply the rest?

Lord Ver.—While the grass grows, the horse starveth [*Promus*].

Enquirer.—Hamlet, in the next line, taking a recorder in his hand, draws analogies between himself and it. Have you any knowledge of that instrument?

Lord Ver.—The figures of recorders and flutes and pipes are straight, but the recorder hath a less bore and a greater, above and below. [*Nat. History*, p. 52 Fol.]. Flutes and pipes

* Muse is derived from *musai*, seekers, or discoverers.

. . . will not give sound by a blast at the end as recorders do [p. 33].

Enquirer.—Thank you. You must tell us more. Hamlet pretends to a considerable knowledge of the instrument. He bids Guildenstern, "Play upon this pipe," and says, "'Tis as easy as lying." And again: "Give it breath with your mouth . . . and it will discourse eloquent music." What do *you* think?

Lord Ver.—When the air is pent and straitened, mere breath or other blowing, which carry but a gentle percussion, suffice to create sound. As in pipes and wind instruments . . . recorders go with a gentle breath [*Ibid.*].

Enquirer.—What did Hamlet mean by saying "as easy as lying?"

Lord Ver.—All speech, which is one of the gentlest motions of air, is with expulsion of a little breath [p. 36]. We see likewise that in pipes and other wind instruments the sound lasteth no longer than the breath bloweth [p. 50].

Enquirer.—Hamlet speaks of something yet to be done in using a recorder. "Govern those ventages," he says, "with your finger and thumb." And again: "Look you, these are the stops." Can you tell us anything about the stops?

Lord Ver.—As for the stops . . . it will best appear in the bores of wind-instruments. Mark what fall of tone every one giveth . . . It is not unlikely that those that make recorders . . . know this already [p. 44].

Enquirer.—Guildenstern says, speaking of those same

stops, "These cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill." How would you express a maker of music?

Lord Ver.—Skilled in all kinds of harmony ["Wisdom of the Ancients:" Orpheus].

Enquirer.—Did Guildenstern need to be in sympathy with Hamlet to play on him harmoniously?

Lord Ver.—All concords and discords in music are no doubt sympathies and antipathies. Out of question, equality and correspondence are the causes of harmony [p. 31, *Nat. History*]. Pleasures . . . of the ear are but the effect of equality, good proportion, or correspondence [p. 31].

Enquirer.—Do you understand the scale of a recorder? Hamlet says, "You would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass."

Lord Ver.—In a recorder the three uppermost notes yield one tone, which is a note lower than the tone of the first three [p. 45].

Enquirer.—Hamlet uses the word "excellent" in speaking of music: "There is much music, *excellent* voice in a recorder. Do you endorse that expression?

Lord Ver.—The heavens . . . in some dreams . . . have been said to make an excellent music [p. 32].

Enquirer.—What kind of excellent voice is in a recorder? What did Hamlet mean?

Lord Ver.—The quaverings and warblings in . . . pipes [p. 63], with a sweet degree of sibilation or purling [p. 54]. The quavering

which please so much in music . . . as the moonbeams playing on a wave [p. 31].

Enquirer.—From the musical standpoint, how do you explain Hamlet's words, "You would pluck out the heart of my mystery?"

Lord Ver.—The strangest secrets in sounds [p. 46]. The secret of numbers and proportions. Music in the theory hath been . . . reduced into certain mystical subtleties [p. 29]. Sound is one of the most hidden portions of nature [p. 63].

Enquirer.—Besides saying, "You would pluck out the heart of my mystery," Hamlet adds, "Sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass."

Lord Ver.—Mark what fall of tone . . . diligently observe what . . . distance of stop . . . maketh what rise of sound, then the great secret . . . will appear [p. 44].

Enquirer.—Then Hamlet is quite within his rights as a musician when he speaks of his "mystery?"

Lord Ver.—The just and measured proportion of the air percussed towards the baseness or trebleness of tones is one of the greatest secrets [p. 44].

Enquirer.—One thing more. What instrument was Hamlet thinking of when he said, "Call me what instrument you will; though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me?"

Lord Ver.—Trial may be made of lute or viol [p. 54].

Enquirer.—Why so?

Lord Ver.—The bow tortureth the string continually

and thereby holdeth it in a continual trepidation [p. 37].

Enquirer.—You mean Hamlet now describes himself as a stringed instrument, which Guildenstern is sounding unskillfully?

Lord Ver.—The sound being produced between the string and the air . . . by the return . . . of the string, which was strained by the touch [p. 37].

Enquirer.—Strained by the touch?

Lord Ver.—We see in strings the more they are wound up and strained . . . give a more quick start back [p. 43]. As for the stops, you are to take the number of frets [p. 44].

Enquirer.—Hamlet's frets were certainly numberless! They did not make for concord!

Lord Ver.—Of the concords and discords . . . we have touched before [p. 44].

Enquirer.—Yes, in describing his pipe.

Lord Ver.—His pipe . . . plainly denotes the consent and harmony, or the concords and discords of things ["Wisdom of the Ancients:" Pan].

Enquirer.—According to you, the play of *Hamlet* seems to . . .

Lord Ver.—To hold out a picture of universal philosophy [*Ibid.*].

Enquirer.—And Hamlet himself, who was he—Orpheus or Philosophy?

Lord Ver.— . . . skilled in all kinds of harmony, subduing and drawing all things after him by sweet and gentle methods and modulations [Orpheus or Philosophy: "Wisdom of the Ancients"].

Enquirer.—That sounds like the Hercules Lucian saw represented in Gaul. He drew after him an infinite multitude of persons by imperceptible chains fastened to their ears. A Druid told Lucian that Hercules in that country was called *Ogonius*, which means “Man of letters,” and did not signify strength of body, but of mind. What have you to say of this?

Lord Ver.—The labours of Orpheus exceed the labours of Hercules, both in power and dignity, as the works of knowledge exceed the works of strength [“Wisdom of the Ancients :” Orpheus or Philosophy].

Enquirer.—Saxo Grammaticus represented his *Amleth* as strong of body, *Hercules*, the “club-bearer.” Our English play improves on this view of the Danish Prince, though certainly there is a suggestion of Hercules’ reforms in his cry—

“The time is out of joint, O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right.”

Lord Ver.—The voyage of Hercules made in a pitcher . . . bears an allusion to the Word of God coming in a frail vessel to redeem mankind [“Wisdom of the Ancients”].

Enquirer.—You are as interested in Hercules as Hamlet is. He alludes to him three times—pathetically enough when he says, “Let Hercules himself do what he may” (V. i. 315). Then we may consider our Shakespeare plays parables?

Lord Ver.—Every man of learning must readily allow that this method of instruction is grave,

sober, or exceeding useful, and sometimes necessary in the sciences, as it opens an easy and familiar passage to the human understanding ["Wisdom of the Ancients"].

NOTES FROM GERMANY

IN the January contribution entitled: "The most recent Contributions of German Scholarship in the Bacon-Shakespeare Question," Rob. M. Theobald, M.A., kindly speaks of the modest attempt I made to popularize in Germany Begley's excellent book, "Bacon's Nova Resuscitatio," and some other recent books of research concerning the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. This attempt of mine, first given in three papers to the September, October and November issues of the *Südwestdeutsche Schulblätter* (1906), was afterwards published in pamphlet form with the title: "*Die Apotheose Bacon-Shakespeares*,"* the result of which has not been as yet very successful. Our Shakespearean champions in Germany did not condescend to take notice of it. Some of them to whom a copy was sent did not even take the trouble to acknowledge the receipt of the same. From England, whither a few copies were likewise forwarded, an answer was returned by Professor Edward Dowden, who writes as follows: "Having read a good part of what has been written by the Baconians, I remain firm in my belief. But I am not so bigoted in my orthodoxy that I cannot try to learn whatever I may from 'heretics' [the inverted commas are his], who have made a real study of the subject," etc. I consider this a gentlemanly and straightforward answer. So

* "*Die Apotheose Bacon-Shakespeares, eine Studie*," published at Karlsruhe, Verlag der Hofbuchhandlung von Friedrich Gutsch, price 6d.

long as the opponents in this controversy readily acknowledge each other's *earnest* endeavours to discover truth, there is hope for a final agreement.

The sum total of the answers I have received from the "Fatherland" is this: Many learned people in Germany freely admit, with the Baconians, that the authorship of Shakespeare's plays by the playactor Shakspeare is to be regarded as a very doubtful matter. They find it interesting to be taught how the mental development of Bacon, as shown in his life and writings, is strikingly similar to that of "Shakespeare" as exhibited in his poems. But they need confirmation by documents in order to make the evidence complete and incontestable. Some of our most learned men, being persons of rank and quality, fight shy, fearing the anathemas of our recognised combative Shakespeare leaders. They are, as I would say, Kryptobaconians. Yet I would not go so far as Bleibtreu, the Rutland champion, who asserts that some of the leaders are not only Kryptobaconians, but rather Pseudoshakespeareans, not having the courage of their opinions.

Our leading papers shew the same weakness. About a dozen of them to whom I sent comments upon Bleibtreu's lucubrations "blazoned forth, by his friends, with flourish of trumpets," sent polite answers to the purport: That they could not possibly enter, in their columns, into a thorny controversy about this doubtful and much debated subject. What a pity that Karl Bleibtreu himself, who has so many literary friends and supporters in Germany, while following the will-o'-wisp-like "Shakespeare Gospel" of Peter Alvor, has slipped into the Rutland rut. He might have been the man to sound the watchword, and to give the whole movement a different turn. He, at least, is one of the few in this country who have made Bacon's works a subject of research, though his study apparently has

not gone deep enough. He does not know Begley's books, or Begley's methods, nor the recent Baconian publications, nor, as it seems, the *Manes Verulamiani*. What if Bleibtreu, adopting the Baconian side of the controversy, had tried, for instance, to give a good and current translation in verse of the 32 elegies published by Professor George Cantor, in 1897, in the pamphlet *Resurrectio Divi Quirini Francisci Baconi*? When this little book was published, the ground, it is true, was not sufficiently prepared in Germany to appreciate this revelation. A short time before (on the 23rd of April, 1895) his Excellency, Herr Geheime Rat Kuno Fischer, the highly honoured "præceptor Germaniæ," had delivered at Weimar his great fiat against the Baconians, and the whole of the Weimar audience worshipped at his feet. *Magister locutus, causa finita est*. Quite slowly, however, the spirits have been recovering since from that staggerer, and if Bleibtreu, as another past-master, had given us, instead of his Rutland, a masterly translation of the "Manes," from a Baconian point of view, as no doubt he could have done, he would have awakened resounding echoes throughout Germany, and would have carried with him thousands of staunch followers; whilst now with his Rutland theory he stands deplorably alone.

There was a time in this country, in the middle of the last century, when our most learned men, as George Gervinus, and with him Kuno Fischer, in his first brilliant career, anticipated or seemed to feel, as it were, the identity, the univocal thought and reasoning in the dual genius Bacon-Shakespeare. Spedding's edition was not available then, unhappily, and a few years later the quiet course of events was dismally disturbed by Donnelly's Great Cryptogram. Von Eckstaedt and Edwin Bormann, who partly based their opinion on Donnelly, were condemned along with Donnelly by

Kuno's sweeping anathema. The great teacher of philosophy, Kuno Fischer, who is now 84 years old, was, I regret to say, seized with some mental disorder some five years ago, and has resigned his professorship of late. When one of his friends, while paying a visit, told him once in his retirement of a recent re-awakening of the Bacon myth, he is reported to have replied: "If that be so, and if Bacon really turns out to be Shakespeare, this would be the greatest disillusion of my life."

Well, the time is sure to come when some of our exalted Shakespeare pilots will have to go through those Caudine Forks of disillusion (humiliating when stubbornly opposed), and when competent German scholars shall march side by side with the English and American Baconians "to dig out, metaphorically speaking, the world's greatest author and benefactor from the obscurity with which he has enshrouded most of his writings," as Parker Woodward says in his January contribution. And I make bold to add that the upshot of this digging will lead mankind, "in a far-off perfected time," to view the Bacon-Shakespeare work from an altogether higher standard than most of the diggers of our time, still steeped in traditional views, are dreaming of. There seems to lie in store for us a world of thought and suggestion of which we hardly have an inkling as yet. It will be a revelation as important as the unearthing of the Ancient World by the recent archæological excavations, or the invention of the prospective glasses three hundred years ago.

But we ought to do something to accelerate the progress of this re-awakening of Shakespeare research. Our learned professors and literary men storm as yet against Bacon, without having read his works. Calculating roughly, there are now hardly sixteen or eighteen copies of Bacon's works in Spedding's edition to be

found throughout Germany. There is one in the University library at Strassburg, of Freiburg i. Br., and Heidelberg respectively. One was purchased of late by the University library of Wurzburg. As to Baconian literature, there is an abundance of it at Strassburg and at Leipzig. But there are, presumably, some libraries annexed to our Universities where there is hardly a singly copy of Baconian literature to be obtained for love or money. I have tried, of late, to have our new Heidelberg library enriched in this respect, and some Baconians, as R. M. Theobald, Parker Woodward and George James were kind enough to present some books from their own private libraries. I am glad to say, besides, that our head librarian (Oberbibliothekar Dr. Wille) was most obliging in purchasing some of the recent Baconian publications, such as the books of Edwin Reed, Begley's "Resuscitatio," and the third series of BACONIANA. Yet, while reading Begley's investigations and Parker Woodward's "Early Life," I find that we lack still a great deal of Baconian literature, as, for instance, the Bodenham Series and others.

GUST. HOLZER.

Heidelberg, 25th May, 1907.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF *TAMBURLAINE* AND THE OTHER MARLOWE PLAYS

I NOW approach a question which has proved the most difficult of all I have hitherto tried, and its offered solution is not by any means so satisfactory as I should wish. It is, however, only collateral with the Bacon-Shakespeare question, and whether my solution be right or wrong, it will affect very little the arguments by which I claim to have established the Baconian authorship of the Shake-speare Poems and Sonnets.

I know I shall be met with the initial difficulty that the authorship of *Tamburlaine*, *Faustus*, and the rest, is absolutely undisturbed by any cogent criticism whatever, that it is *per se* incontrovertible, and that the plays have always passed under the name of that unfortunate genius, young Kit Marlowe, who was stabbed before he was thirty. All the best critics have acknowledged this, and have also said that none of Shakespeare's predecessors came so near to his genius and power as did Marlowe. And for more than 300 years no critic or editor of Marlowe's works has so much as breathed a suspicion against his authorship. Is it not foolish to raise the question now? Is it not worse than Bacon-Shakespeare folly? Yes, it seems so, most certainly. I admit the charge, but I hope that the line I intend to take in discussing the Marlowe Plays will prevent my readers from dismissing the case in disgust, for it will not be dogmatic in any way, but rather suggestive and interrogatory. I do not say that "Bacon wrote Marlowe" any more than that "Bacon wrote Shakespeare." I think that neither assertion is entirely correct, nor do I think that either can ever be proved. I know some Baconians say that the last assertion is "triumphantly

proved already," and in BACONIANA, p. 197, for July of this year (1903), a gentleman does not hesitate to say so. Such people either misunderstand the difficulties that are before them, or else mistake the full meaning of their assertion.

I claim a hearing on far less dogmatic grounds than these, and will begin by explaining how I first came to examine the matter. The question arose when I was dealing with the authorship of *Lucrece* and the Shakespeare Sonnets. I came to the conclusion, which I still firmly hold, unshaken as yet by orthodox critics, that Francis Bacon was the writer of this wonderful poetry, and I was strengthened in my conviction by remembering that Sir Thomas Bodley had hinted pretty plainly in one of his letters that Bacon had wasted much time in his youth over poetry and such-like literary toys. I was then confronted by the puzzling thought that we had nothing of Bacon's poetry extant belonging to that productive *decennium* of a poet's life between the twenty-second and thirty-second year of his age, and it struck me that if he proved so secretive about *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* and early plays when he was about 33, he would very likely be equally secretive during the ten or so previous years. If Bacon allowed "Shakespeare's" name to be subscribed to his poems in 1593 and 1594 why should he not also allow someone else to get the credit of his earlier literary work of 1583—1593? But was there any poetry in that *decennium* at all equaling his wonderful firstfruits of poem and drama? Yes, undoubtedly there was. Kit Marlowe, if he had lived (so some excellent critics assert), might have gone even beyond Shakespeare; and some of his plays can be hardly distinguished from Shakespeare's best by the most discriminating mind. What if Bacon hid his fine dramatic talent under Marlowe's name? "Absurd" is the first answer to this. "None but a crank would say

so" is the second, and possibly the third answer will be, "Why, Marlowe's authorship is as clear as day; there's any amount of evidence for him—go and look it up." Well, I *have* looked it up, with the result that I found the evidence, both external and internal, very much weaker than I had even suspected, and what is more, I have effectually demolished the last remaining piece of contemporary external evidence for Marlowe that the critics had in their budget—at least I think so, until the contrary be shown.

So with this explanation I will proceed to lay down in succession the evidences and inferences which gradually brought me to see some possibility of the truth of that conclusion which I had admitted at first to be, in my own opinion, most highly improbable.

The first thing that made me start on this apparently "wild-goose chase," and startled me as well, was the discovery of Bacon's cipher FRA. B. stamped on the very beginning of Marlowe's first great play—*Tamburlaine*; stamped rather differently, but almost as convincingly, as upon the beginning of *Lucrece*. This made me read through all Marlowe's plays again, with my eyes open to anything that might point to Francis Bacon. The thought has never once entered my head of *effacing* Marlowe altogether, as some people nowadays try to *efface* Shakspeare of Stratford. Such ideas are simply ridiculous. We have the best of evidence from contemporaries that Marlowe was an excellent poet. He had not been dead many weeks when George Peele spoke of him by name :

— unhappy in thine end,
Marley, the muses' darling for thy verse.

These words are from the Prologue to *The Honour of the Honourable Order of the Garter*, written when the Earl of Northumberland was created Knight of that

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Order, June 26, 1593. There is other evidence of the highest kind from Drayton, Chapman, and others who knew him and give praise to his mighty verse, but unfortunately they do not give us the necessary information we require about *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus* and the MSS. which were published in such a doubtful way after Marlowe's death. Admitting Marlowe to be an excellent poet, it does not therefore follow that *Tamburlaine*, *Faustus*, &c., as we have them are his. So I proceeded to examine. I soon noticed that Marlowe's style was very extravagant—but there was a sweet extravagance in it again and again, which recurred most distinctly in some of the finest passages of the Shakespeare plays. I saw, too, that the plays, *Tamburlaine*, *Dr. Faustus*, and *The Jew of Malta* were in the Eracles vein and were in the very style of, and had to do with, the same exaggerated claims for power and influence which were such a marked feature in that megalomaniac *Nebermensch* Francis Bacon, whether we consider him in youth occupied with his *Greatest Birth of Time*, or, in later and more philosophical days, occupied with schemes and methods of investigating and conquering Nature, of which schemes even now his best interpreters can hardly rise to a just or sufficient appreciation.

Next I saw there was much mystery and difficulty as to finding out when these plays were really written and produced. It seemed, too, as if Marlowe's name was never attached to the printed copies; they were strictly anonymous as long as he was alive.

And what is still more important, there is "no *decisive* piece of *external* evidence to fix the authorship on Marlowe." These last words are not mine but are from the excellent preface that Mr. Bullen adds to the last edition of Marlowe's works that has been given to the public.

We are left, therefore, to *internal* evidence. It was not quite so in the last generation, for it was then held

that Mr. Payne Collier had "proved very conclusively that Marlowe was the author of *Tamburlaine*."

This was the opinion of Mr. Knight in his Edition of Shakespeare, and indeed of all critics, until Mr. Payne Collier's conclusive proof was found to be one of his numerous forgeries. For this disgraceful "Old Corrector" had inserted in a vacant space in the MS. of Henslowe's Diary, which the Dulwich authorities had allowed Mr. Collier to prepare for publication, an account of a payment to Dekker for writing a prologue to *Marlowe's Tamburlaine*.

TAMERLANE AND TEMER CAN, TAMBER CAM

THERE seem to have been two plays produced between 1590 and 1594 of somewhat similar name, and possibly similar character as well. Henslowe writes them down for us in his original spelling as Tambercame and Tamberlin. The latter is undoubtedly *Tamburlaine*, but of the former play it would be very interesting if we could find some particulars; we really only know the dates, or some of the dates, on which it was played. Like *Tamburlaine* it had two parts. This is what we know of it from Henslowe's Diary.

		Proceeds.
29 April, 1592.	2nd part Tambercame	£3 4 0
10 May, 1592.	" "	1 17 0
26 May, 1592.	" "	1 16 6
19 Jan., 1593.	" "	1 16 0

This play was certainly not *Tamburlaine*, for on 28th August, 1594, we find Tamberlin was produced and brought in as proceeds (share) £3 11s., and afterwards

very frequently up to 29th January, 1595, when the 2nd part of Tamberlin was produced.

We know next to nothing about this play of Tambercame, but Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, says "The true artificer will not fly from humanity with the Tamerlanes and Tamer-Chams of the late age, which had nothing in them but the scenical strutting and furious vociferation to warrant them to the ignorant gapers." According to Ben Jonson's spelling (Tamer-Cham) it looks as if the hero of the play would be some Khan or Cham of Tartary, perhaps Temir Can or Timur Khan. Now here I am reminded of what Puttenham says (p. 77, edition 1811): "A great Emperor in Tartary whom they call *Can* . . . was surnamed Temir Cutzclewe. This man loved the Lady *Kermesine*, who presented him returning from the conquest of *Corassoon* (a great kingdom adjoining) with this *Loxange* made in letters of rubies and diamonds entermingled thus:—

Sound
O Harpe
Shril lie out
Temir the stout
Rider who with sharpe
Trenching blade of bright steele
Hath made his fiercest foes to feele
All such as wrought him shame or harme
The strength of his brave right arme,
Cleaving hard downe vnto the eyes
The raw skulles of his enemies,
Much honor hath he wonne
By doughtie deeds done
In Cora soon
And all the
Worlde
Round,

To which *Can Temir* answered in *Fuxie*, with letters of emeralds and ametists, artificially cut and entermingled."

Thereupon follows another shaped verse, longer and narrower, like a spindle or Fuzie.

Where Puttenham (? Bacon) managed to find all this curious information about Cantemir or Timur-Can and the Lady Kermesine I cannot tell. I have turned over many books and sought carefully for some clue, but as yet I have found none satisfactory. The Lady Kermesine induced me to refer to the "Romances of Chivalry," and I there found that a Princess Carmesina, daughter of the Emperor of Constantinople, was the heroine of the early romance, "Tirante the White," but I found nothing corresponding to Cantermir and the shaped verses. I next found that Demetrius Cantemir was a Moldavian of princely family and literary tastes, but posterior to Elizabeth times. However, he called to mind the Prince of Moldavia, whom Ben Jonson, in his *Silent Woman*, couples with Nomentack, the Virginian, as a pair that Sir John Daw (or Bacon) took a great interest in. Gifford could find nothing about this prince, but I came across a reference to him in Nichol's "Progresses of King James" (II. 157). "The Turk and the Prince of Moldavia are now going away" from London, and another when £3,000 is given to him by King James to assist his projects. This prince was known as John-Bogdan, and as the Moldavian succession to the throne was contested he went about Europe getting help, and in the year 1607 came to England. But he was not the first Moldavian prince who had come to London in Bacon's time. About the year 1590, or earlier, there came to London a Moldavian pretender to the throne named Aaron, who sought for the influence of the British Ambassador at Constantinople and eventually ruled Moldavia for some years.* Bacon,

* Urechi, Gregoire, "Chronique de Moldavie." Paris. 1878.

who took great interest in distinguished foreigners and in foreign politics generally, would be sure to know all he could about Aaron. Whether Aaron had anything to do with the name chosen for the Moor in *Titus Andronicus* I do not know, but both in Puttenham's reference to the Tartar Khan, and also in *Tamburlaine* and the *Jew of Malta*, there seems a knowledge of Tartar and Turkish history drawn from sources which do not seem at present accessible even in the British Museum. For instance, Barabas, the Jew of Malta, is supposed by Leon Kellner ("English Studies," X., 80) to be drawn from Juan Miques, or Joannes Michesins, or Marrano, who fled to Venice and Constantinople, professed Judaism as Joseph Nassi, rose step by step at the Turkish Court of Soliman, and was by Selim II. made Duke of Naxos.

I can find little or nothing about this Jew of Naxos in the time of Selim II., nor yet about Cantemir who loved the Lady Kermosine, and my impression is that these histories are embedded in Italian sixteenth century books not possessed by our great libraries. The fact is that after the fall of Constantinople many Greeks went to Italy and settled there and wrote, no doubt, many books about the Tartars and the Turks which have not come down to us.

To sum up ; the inference I draw from these curious out-of-the-way allusions is this—That Bacon is more likely than anyone else to have interested himself in Moldavian politics and in Italian accounts of the Turks and Tartars, much more than Marlowe. I can also hardly believe that Ben Jonson is really referring to the famous play *Tamburlaine* at all, but to some play *Tamerlane* on which *Tamburlaine* was built. For why should the form *Tamerlane* be written by Ben when every edition of the play has *Tamburlaine*?

Moreover, Jonson was an excellent critic and he

must have discerned that there was something more than "scenical strutting and furious vociferation" in many parts of this wonderful play. I have no doubt that Marlowe wrote many plays for his company of players, and he may have written a *Tamerlane* and *Tamer Cam* before *Tamburlaine* was committed to the Press through the printer, Richard Jhones, for Ben Jonson refers to such plays with strong censure, and Greene, in his *Perimedes*, 1588, had spoken with scorn of those poets "who set the end of scollarisme in an English blank verse," and then goes on to mention "that atheist Tamburlain daring God out of heaven." But *Tamburlaine*, as we have it in print, has not an atheist for its hero, but one who professes to be "the scourge of God," and says again and again :

There is a God, full of revenging wrath
From whom the thunder and the lightning breaks
Whose scourge I am, and Him will I obey.

For He is God alone and none but He.

—2 Tamb., V. i.

And in connection with "that atheist Tamburlain" Greene mentions verses "getting upon the stage in tragical buskins . . . blaspheming with the mad priest of the sun."

This latter play is lost,* and so may be the case with the original play. Greene speaks of the authors of such plays as "mad and scoffing poets," and Peele is placed far above such writers by him, and I cannot help thinking that when Greene wrote these words in 1588 he had never seen the later *Tamburlaine* so carefully expurgated from "fond and frivolous gestures" and presented to the world without the name of any author by R. Jhones, the printer, some years later.

In 1596 appeared the following Folio :—

* Unless the mad Jeronimo of *The Spanish Tragedy* is meant.

The Historie of George Castriot, surnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albanie . . . comprised in twelve Bookes. By Jaques de Lavardin, Lord of Plessis Bourrot, a nobleman of France. Newly translated out of French into English by Z. I., Gentleman. London, 1596. T. Field's Printer's Mark.

Mr. W. L. Rushton has given in *Notes and Queries* several examples of curious phrases and words which occur in Shakespeare and seem evidently derived from the perusal of this book. I infer, then, that Bacon had read this book when it first came out, and phrases had impressed themselves on his mind, or, still more likely, had been transferred to his note-books of formularies for future use.

If Bacon wrote, or even if he only admired, *Tamburlaine*, how likely would he be to read Scanderbeg. He used him, it seems, chiefly for *Macbeth*, and it is very remarkable to observe the number of passages in *Macbeth* where the Marlowe style is unmistakable. Mr. R. M. Theobald, who deserves the credit of this, points out no less than thirty-six passages of a Marlowesque character in this great tragedy of Shakespeare.* Here is one:—

And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fixed his head upon the battlements.

—*Macbeth* I. ii. 21.

Which takes us back to Marlowe:—

Then from the navel to the throat at once
He ripp'd old Priam.—*Dido* II. ii. 255.

And, as I would suggest, takes us farther back still to Puttenham and Kan Temir the Stout, of whom we have just read above:

The strength of his brave right arme

* "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light," p. 428.

Cleaving hard down unto the eyes
The raw skulles of his enemies.

And there are several notices of skull-cleavage in *Tamburlaine*.

Nor must it be forgotten how strongly the famous plagiarism from Spenser's *Faerie Queene* found in the 2nd Part of *Tamburlaine*, points towards Bacon and his peculiar methods. I will first give Spenser's simile :—

Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
On top of green Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily

Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little breath that under heaven is blown.

Faerie Queene I. c. vii. st. 32.

Next the passage from *Tamburlaine* :—

And in my helm a triple plume shall spring
Spangled with diamonds dancing in the air,
To note me Emperor of the three-fold world ;
Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
Upon the lofty and celestial mount
Of ever green Selinis', quaintly decked
With blooms more white than Hericina's brows,
Whose tender blossoms tremble every one,
At every little breath that through heaven is blown.

2 *Tamb.* Act IV. sc. 4 *ad finem*.

See how the second version is elaborated and "bom-basted" out from the first version. Notice the true signs of an alchemic change which ought not to be new to us if we are students of Shakespeare and Bacon. Have we not the great Alchemist here? Have we not here that great coiner and amplifier of words and phrases who changed the "simple robe," as he read it in North's translation of Amyot's Plutarch, into the "napless garment of humility" by his own heavenly rhetoric? Not many, even in those spacious times,

would be equal to the task of transmuting the fine original ore of Spenser's line :—

With blossoms brave bedeckéd daintily,
into the more brilliant and showy metal of *Tamburlaine* :—

—quaintly decked
With blooms more white than Hericina's brows.

Who, indeed, was it that could always say better what other men could say well? Rawley, his chaplain, and other of his friends have named that man for us with one consent. Is not his handiwork evident here?

Again, in 2 *Tamburlaine* iv. 2 we have a strange incident borrowed directly from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, which had not been translated into English when *Tamburlaine* was first produced. In fact, the whole of scene 2 is due to Ariosto. We have no evidence that Marlowe was an Italian scholar, and so the usual excuse is that Marlowe saw Sir John Harington's translation of Ariosto in MS. before it was printed in 1591. Just possible, of course; but not so likely to happen in Marlowe's case as in Bacon's.

Again, *Tamburlaine* was the very first play published that had been performed at a public theatre,* and it was published with all the jokes and low scenes intended for the vulgar completely cut out. Should we expect this of Marlowe? Should we expect such reticence from any of the loose-living university pens of that period? Should we expect *them* to publish at all? Why, the play-wrights wrote for their company and their plays belonged afterwards to the company and not to the authors; so they could not publish their own productions, unless they were "grand possessors," such

* My authority for this is a high one, viz., Mr. F. G. Fleay, *Shakespeariana*, vol. ii., p. 296.

as I verily believe Bacon and Southampton were, and perhaps other "sweet gentlemen" as well.

Then, again, there is that puzzling play called *Selimus*, which ought not to be left out of consideration when Marlowe and Bacon are our subjects. I should for many reasons attribute this play to the same author as *Tamburlaine*, and, apparently, it preceded *Tamburlaine*. Now, whenever plays seem pushed back by internal evidence to an earlier date than the Armada, there always becomes a greater reason to *exclude* Shakspeare or Marlowe, who would be too young and inexperienced at such a date, and a greater reason to *include* Bacon as a probable author, he being an older man, and at such a date full of leisure. *Selimus* abounds in striking parallel passages to the other Marlowe plays, and also to the early books of the *Faerie Queene*. *Selimus* was claimed for Greene by Dr. Grosart, but Mr. Crawford, in *Notes and Queries* (Jan.—May, 1901), claims it for Marlowe, with much detail.

That *Selimus* and *Tamburlaine* should borrow from *The Faerie Queene* and other early poems attributed to Spenser, such as *The Ruines of Rome*, in the daring way that has been pointed out in *Notes and Queries*, is a fact difficult to interpret, considering the obscurity that envelops some of the minor Spenserian pieces; but when that obscurity is able to be removed, I think the evidence will be stronger still in favour of the older man, Bacon, rather than the younger, Marlowe.

I will now proceed to show that Marlowe's contemporaries and friends apparently did not attribute *Tamburlaine* to him.

It is Greene and Nash whose evidence I have to deal with in those well-known passages of *Menaphon* and the *Groatsworth of Wit* which are so much used and misused in Baconian controversy. I will be as brief as possible here, for the subject is dealt with by me else-

where. As far as *Tamburlaine* is concerned, it is enough to say that both Greene and Nash had for four or five years (1587—1592) felt annoyed that certain playwrights in conjunction with certain actors had been encroaching upon the public favour at the expense of the university men who wrote for the stage. One of the *writers* complained of is clearly Kyd, who had "left the trade of noverint to which he was born," and the actors meant were Alleyne or Burbage, or both. Nash begins by saying that "every mechanicall mate abhors the English he was born to," but mouths and rants and delights "*to embowel the clouds* in a speech of comparison; thinking themselves more initiated in poets' immortality if they once get *Boreas by the beard*, and the heavenly *Bull by the dewlap*."

Greene runs on the same theme and makes his shepherd Doron in *Menaphon* say in a "speech of comparison" whereby he describes Samela, the heroine: "We had an ewe amongst our rams whose fleece was *white as the hairs that grow on father Boreas' chin*, or the dangling *dewlap of the silver bull*, her front curled like the Erimanthian brow . . . her eyes like *fiery torches tilling against the moon*."

And again Nash says: "What can be hoped of those *that thrust Elisium into hell*, and have not learned, so long as they have lived in the spheres *the just measure of the horizon without an hexameter*."

The uncommon expressions which I have put into italics in my extracts refer clearly to acted plays. Let us, if we can, identify them usefully to our present purpose.

x. Thrusting Elysium, or heaven, into hell.

"Now hell is fairer than Elysian."

—2 *Tamb.* IV. iii.

"Hell and Elysian swarm with ghosts of men."

—1 *Tamb.* V. ii.

"For I confound Hell in Elysium,
My ghost be with the old philosophers."
—*Dr. Faustus* I. iii.

Kyd, in his *Spanish Tragedy* I. i. 59, makes a somewhat similar confusion, but this identification is not so plain and direct as the *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus* references.

2. But who is it delights "to embowel the clouds in a speech of comparison?"

Surely we have identified *Tamburlaine* as the play here referred to, for we read:—

"As when a fiery exhalation,
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud,
Fighting for passage makes the welkin crack
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth."
—*Tamb.* IV. ii.

"Father Boreas' chin" points to the old play *Taming of a Shrew*, and the just measure or metrical quantity of horizon points to the old plays, where horizon is wrongly used. These, though interesting, need not detain us now.

We come then to the third *Tamburlaine* reference.

3. *Fiery torches tilting against the moon.* Here the allusion seems to be to a fine passage of *Tamburlaine*—

"And till by vision or by speech I hear
Immortal Jove say, 'Cease my Tamburlaine,'
I will persist a terror to the world,
Making the meteors (that like armed men,
Are seen to march upon the towers of heaven)
Run tilting round about the firmament,
And break their burning lances in the air
For honour of my wondrous victories."
—*2 Tamb.* IV. ii. *ad fin.*

But one also thinks of Shakespeare's metaphor in his *Comedy of Errors*, where we hear of a man's

T

" — meteors tilting in his face "

(*Comedy of Errors* IV. ii.),

the "fiery torches" in this case being his eyes and cheeks.

And *Tamburlaine* has other similar passages :—

"And in his eyes the furies of his heart
That shine as comets menacing revenge."

—*1 Tamb.* III. ii.

But the first passage suits best.

And elsewhere *Tamburlaine* says :—

"Our quivering lances shaking in the air,
And bullets, like Jove's dreadful thunderbolts,
Enrolled in flames and fiery smouldering mists,
Shall threat the gods more than Cyclopan wars :
And with our sun-bright armour as we march,
We'll chase the stars from heaven."

—*1 Tamb.* II. 3.

So I think there can be little doubt that Nash and Greene in some of the satirical quotations aim pretty clearly at *Tamburlaine*. But do they thereby seem to aim at Marlowe? No, certainly not, and that is the curious part of it. From the whole contents and tenor of the attack we gather that they are satirising either actors like Alleyne or Burbage, or non-university men like Kyd, or else some "sweet gentlemen" who had tricked up a company of poor actors, or else a Johannes Factotum of a Shake-scene who was stripping them of their feathers and adorning himself with their choicest spoils.

I shall not pursue this Shake-scene and these "sweet gentlemen" any further now. It is sufficient if I have shown reasonable ground for my suggestion that Nash and Greene did not credit their "fellowe scholler" (Marlowe) with the authorship of *Tamburlaine* and "the drumming decasyllabons" they so much disliked.

When they do mention Marlowe it is in praise of him as a "gracer of tragedians," and Greene calls him "friend" and implores him to reform his moral life. But surely if Marlowe was known to be the author of *Tamburlaine* there would have been some clearer reference than we have from those who knew him so well.

WALTER BEGLEY.

NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Crawford on the Bacon-Shakespeare Question

It is so seldom that I find myself out of perfect accord with Father Sutton in matters relating to Bacon and Shakespeare that he will find it a not unpleasant departure from monotony if I express a slight divergence from his views in regard to Mr. Crawford's essay on this subject in his "Collectanea."

Father Sutton, in *BACONIANA* for July, 1907, calls attention to the abuse and ridicule on the part of Mr. Crawford directed toward the Baconians.

Now it appears to me that while perhaps Mr. Crawford does not approach the subject in quite the calm and dispassionate spirit properly demanded in the discussion of a purely impersonal and academic question like this, yet his manner in the treatment of his opponents contrasts so favourably and pleasantly with the abuse and vituperation with which the partisans of Shakspeare are in the habit of interlarding and weakening their arguments that his paper may be regarded as almost decent in comparison with others. Witness Mr. Churton Collins, for instance, whose estimate of "Shakespeare's" scholarship almost agrees with that of the Baconians, and yet to him crucifixion, the stake or boiling oil would not be too bad for these pernicious heretics.

In spite of the fact that Mr. Collins reaches identical conclusions in regard to the learning shown in "Shakespeare" with the Baconians, nobody yet, so far as I can learn, has accused him of ignorance, presumption, incompetence and silliness. Why this difference? Is it because of the unlimited abuse he bestows upon the Baconians? This characteristic of comparative mildness, as shown by Mr. Crawford, is so rare in what

passes for debate on the Shaksperian side of the question that it seems well even to strain a point to acknowledge it. This is, I think, the only phase of the subject in which I differ from Father Sutton. His point is well taken that Mr. Crawford selects for his attack Mrs. Pott's argument in the "Promus," published nearly a generation ago, ignoring all the work done since except that of Dr. Theobald, against which he makes very little headway.

One position taken by Mr. Crawford appears to me to be undeniably strong and reasonable. The Baconians have—many of them—tried to prove too much, and have seriously weakened their position by leaving exposed very vulnerable places in their line of defence. If the argument had been confined first to the moral and physical impossibility of the actor-manager from Stratford doing the work attributed to him and, second, to the wonderful harmony in thought and diction between the philosophy of Francis Bacon and the whole spirit of the Shakesperean drama and poetry, together with the demonstration of such easily proved facts as tend to show the close association—if not identity—of the great philosopher and the great dramatist, a position would have been taken and held against all assaults—a position which could not have failed to command the attention and respect, if not the acquiescence, of all serious scholars and thinkers; but, as it is, breaches have been left in the wall through which many wooden horses have been introduced, and this, incidentally, may be taken as my reply to the objection of Mr. William Henry Burr in *BACONIANA* for July.

In all fairness, a certain degree of attention and respect must be paid to Mr. Crawford's argument, if only for the reason that it is argument and not merely diatribe, as so many answers to the Baconian contention have been. It cannot be denied that Mr. Crawford has apparently weakened to a considerable extent the value of the argument from parallelisms. Parallels between Bacon and "Shakespeare" do not seem as striking as they did before Mr. Crawford set forth his formidable array of other parallels with Bacon. But perhaps the weakening of the argument is only apparent. Let us see. Nearly all the passages brought forward as parallels to Bacon are from the works of Ben Jonson.

Now a group of passages paralleling Bacon from the works of Jonson bear no such implication as does a similar group from the works known as "Shakespeare's." Jonson was an acknowledged friend and admirer of Bacon. We all know his lines to the latter on his 60th birthday and the tribute to his memory in "Timbre." He appears to have acted as his secretary; at all events he assisted in the translation of some of Bacon's works into Latin. There can be little, if any, doubt that he was Bacon's ardent admirer and follower; moreover, he was his junior by nearly ten years. There is no mystery in finding the influence

of Bacon in the writing of Jonson. Shakspeare, on the other hand, was only three years younger than Bacon; there is no external record that the two men had any association or connection whatever, and students of the literature of that period tell us there is no reason to believe that either of them was aware of the existence of the other, and many—if not most—of the passages cited by Mrs. Pott and others as Bacon parallelisms were used by "Shakespeare" prior to their appearance in Bacon's acknowledged works; whereas, in the case of Jonson, they may easily and naturally have been appropriated after their use by Bacon.

Of course, granting all that Mr. Crawford claims in his Paper (or can claim for it), it is by no means a refutation of the pro-Bacon argument, but, at the most, only goes to detract from the force of one particular branch of it. Of the many other reasons for associating Bacon and "Shakespeare," Mr. Crawford takes no notice whatever.

ISAAC HULL PLATT.

Mr. F. Bacon, 1623

OF the methods employed by Bacon for the reclamation of his works, published in the names of others, none is more simple and open than the dating of the First Folio—1623.

The letter equivalents of these figures are A F B C ; in alphabetic sequence A B C F.

Then $1+6+2+3 = 12$: equivalent M.

M is the very letter to be set in combination with A in the double alphabet cipher :—

A B C D E F, &c.
M N O P Q R, &c.

Thus we have as double equivalents of 1 2 3 6, or, as Bacon writes it, "double letters under one character" :—

1 2 3 6
A B C F
M N O R,

and these letters make the anagram—

MR. F. BACON.

It is needless to add that, when the plays were written, Bacon was untitled.

J. C.

Spurious Ciphers

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

R. A. S. did not receive his BACONIANA for January, 1907, until nearly the end of March; therefore he was unable to prepare a reply to the letter of H. C. F. for the April number. As stated, the quotations were from BACONIANA of 1892 (American edition). He examined the Folio of 1623, and, finding that the quotations were correct, did not notice the arrangement in four lines instead of three; in modern editions the song is printed in four lines. Here it is as found in the 1623 Folio, p. 108, 1st column, except that BACON is printed in italic capitals:—

"But let them goe,
And be you blithe and bonnie,
CONverting all your sounds of woe," etc.

With all his anxiety about the text being "juggled," H. C. F. did not copy exactly; he left out the old style "s," and the " ; " at the end of the second line is not correct; it should be a " , ".

The writer cannot see that he "juggled" very seriously with the text. Bacon's name is in those three lines just the same whether the "B" is at the beginning of the line or in the middle. He would also state that he has found over fifty quotations from the various plays which contain "BACON" infolded in them, and, in using the Cowden-Clarke Concordance, he has only reached the letter "concealing," leaving seven pages and two and a-half columns still to be examined. Here are a few specimens:—

[*Midsummer Night's Dream*, p. 146, 1st column.]

" . . . some Businesse
Against our nuptial, and CONferre with you

[2 *Henry IV.*, p. 99, 2nd column.]

Is in Base Durance, And CONTagious prison:

[*Henry VIII.*, p. 211.]

But leaue their Flockes, And vnder your faire CONduct."

On page 26 of the "Word Cipher," Lord Bacon says:—

"We make at least
Twenty repetitions of the ways for finding out the letters. . . .
We have

Enclosed our own name, without regard to safety, in the
Different texts, in such capital letters, etc.

• • • •

And if you have digested a sufficient number
Of the books, no doubt the first point you found
Was our name."

Some of these "twenty repetitions" are the six ciphers enumerated on page 167 of Mrs. Gallup's "Bi-literal Cipher," another in the "capital letters" that are found in the Bacon monograms that first appeared in the 1579 edition of the "Shepheardes Calendar," afterwards in the Shake-speare plays, in the 1609 edition of the Sonnets, the 1611 edition of Spenser's works, the 1623 Folio and elsewhere; another is the "Medfurl Cipher," by which Bacon's name is found "infolded" in the first verses of the poems of Spenser, Marlowe, Shake-speare, Heywood, Guilpin and others, in the first or last paragraphs of the plays of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Shake-speare, &c.; while still another is the cipher exhibited above. The writer has searched out and discovered *nearly all* of the "twenty repetitions."

In the same January number of BACONIANA is a letter from Mr. Parker Woodward. Will he state the proof he possesses that William Shagsper or Shaksper (1564?—1616) lived or visited in London after purchasing at Stratford in May of 1597 "New Place," until he bought property, in 1613, in London? The fact that Richard Quinney (15[?]-1602) wrote that letter of Oct. 28, 1598, to Shaksper at Stratford is sufficient proof that Shaksper was not in London. Quinney was in London for nearly a year in 1598 and 1599. The fact that Shaksper never received that letter is proof that he was not in Stratford. The mathematical cipher in the Folio, as translated by the late Hon. Gov. Ignatius Donnelly in the Cryptogram, states that Shaksper was compelled by Harry Percy, the servant of Lord Bacon, to flee from Stratford over to the Continent; this will account for his absence from Stratford. Property in London would have brought better returns than in Stratford, but Shagsper did not invest in it because he was not in London, but was living in Stratford and spending all his money there.

The pamphlet, "Who wrote the Plays?" by Major G. H. P. Burne (reviewed in BACONIANA of 1903), gives a record of Shaksper's life in Stratford for nearly every year after 1596 to his death in 1616.

Mr. Woodward has done excellent service for the Baconian cause in proving many statements of the "Word Cipher" of Dr. Owen and the "Bi-literal Cipher" of Mrs. Gallup. He would also find a good field in proving from the histories of the times many of the statements of the mathematical cipher that is to be found in the plays of Shake-speare.

R. A. S.

To a Baconian Convert

WHAT newer light can reason bring to thee,
 The man who doubted once, but doubts no more !
 Whose mind will dare for ever to be free
 And cast away the fictions that of yore,
 As a fair surface hid the rotten core.
 The worn-out story waits a new review,
 For eager voices of the time implore
 That some fresh witness, brave and strong, and true
 Should with no partial favour tell the tale anew.

The shades and ghosts of olden, darkened days,
 The phantoms hovering o'er a vaulted tomb
 Must vanish as no more the light delays
 To unmask the lies that flourish in the gloom.
 The usurping cuckoo now shall meet his doom,
 For the clear light of Bacon 'gins to loom
 On the pretended bard of yonder town,
 Whose narrow brow wears an unlawful crown ;
 While Avon's idol, Dagon-like, shall tumble down.

And Justice, long delayed, at length is done ;
 Truth shall no more be banished from our stage,
 However long the weary years may run,
 Before the mighty toiler takes his wage
 Amid the clamours of the critic's rage
 And dark traditions of a time that's passed.
 Hence ! idle fancies of departed age !
 The unloaded dice of fate again are cast,
 And outlawed truth and honour win the day at last.

FRANCIS MORELL.

The Editorship of "Baconiana"

OWING to more insistent claims upon his time, Mr. Harold Bayley, who has edited *BACONIANA* during the past five years, has been compelled to resign his position. In the meantime contributors are requested to address communications as hitherto to the Editor, 11, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

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BACONIANA is devoted to discussion of the problems underlying sixteenth and seventeenth century literature. Its aim is not restricted to the mere advocacy of the theory that the Shakespeare Plays were written by Francis Bacon, but is rather to record hitherto unrecognised facts, and to promote the general study of the English Renaissance. In the endeavour to throw fresh light upon an obscure period every care will be exercised to avoid, as far as possible, the publication of inaccurate statements.

Readers are invited to favour the Editor by communicating any new facts that come under their notice. When quoting extracts it is desirable to follow *literatim* the spelling and punctuation. The place and date of publication should also, if possible, be invariably stated.

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